Liberty

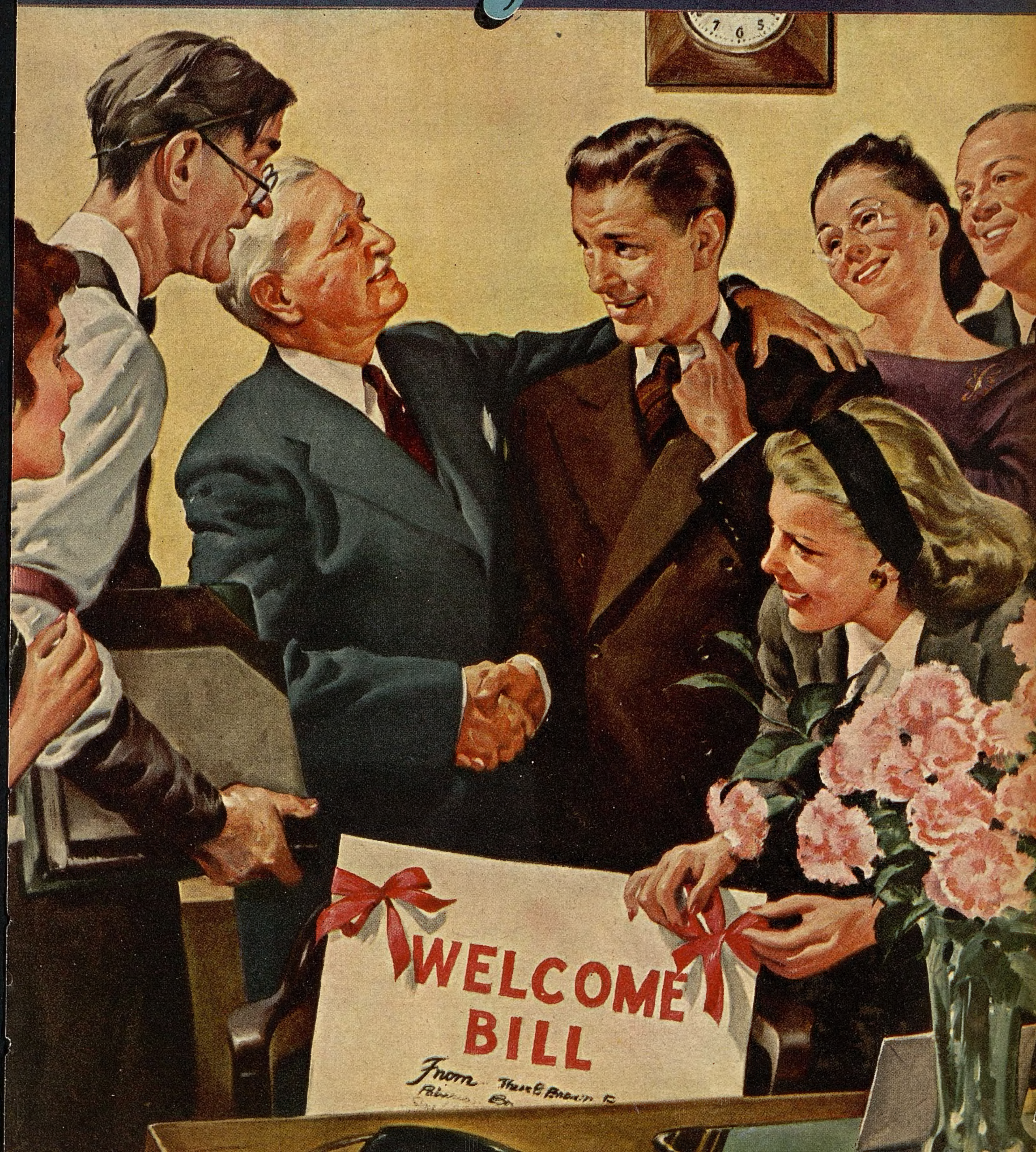
MARCH 17, 1945

10c

Bo

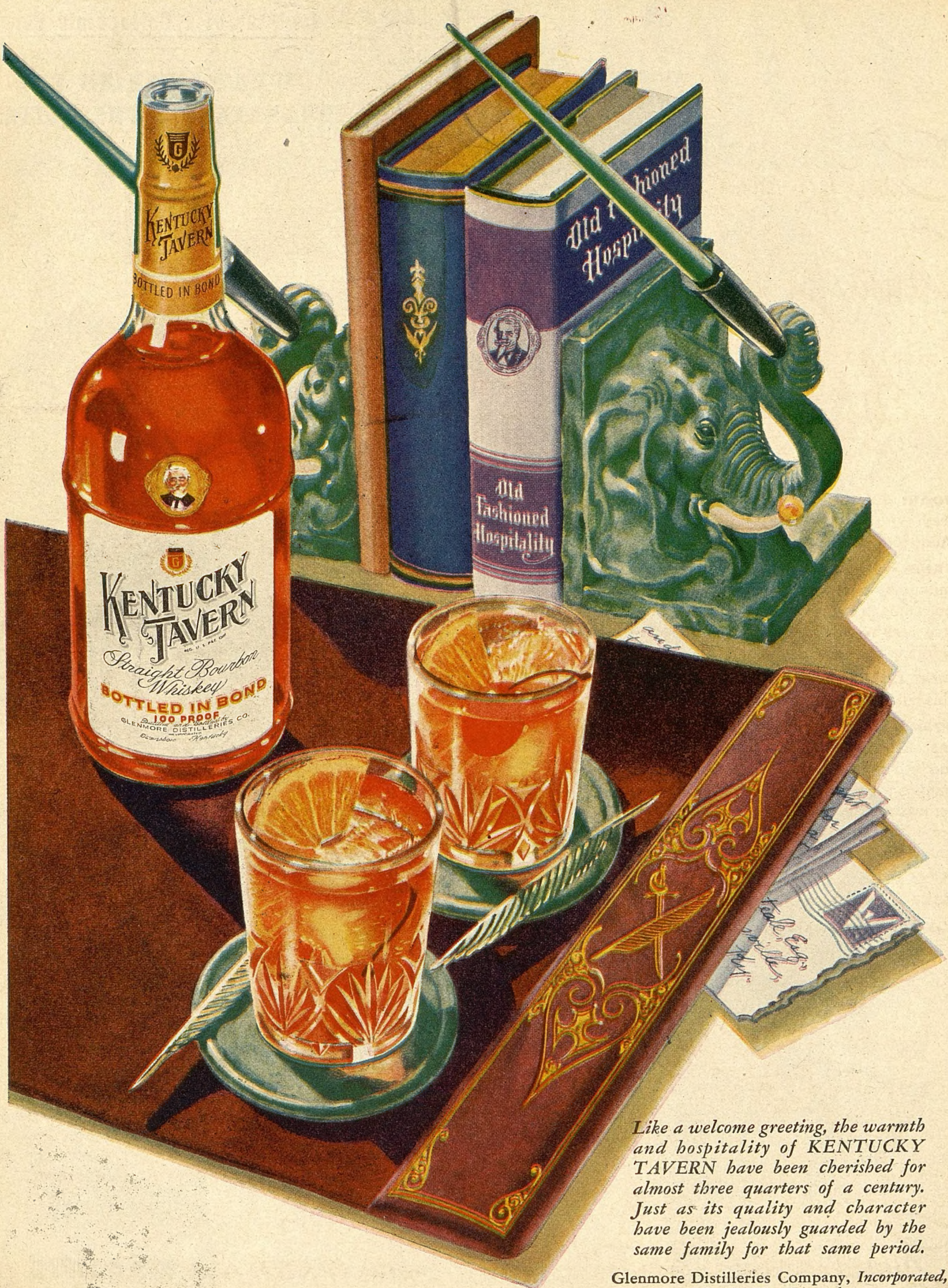
Adv

WHAT'S BEHIND THE QUARRELS OF THE ALLIES?



7 6 5
WELCOME
BILL
From

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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Owensboro Kentucky
Old Fashioned Hospitality
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Like a welcome greeting, the warmth and hospitality of KENTUCKY TAVERN *have been cherished for almost three quarters of a century. Just as its quality and character have been jealously guarded by the same family for that same period.*

Glenmore Distilleries Company, *Incorporated,*
Louisville, Kentucky

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

"Can ya 'magine? Aunt Judy of all people!"

JOAN: Yes, isn't it *terrible*—brushing her teeth without massaging her gums! Think Aunt Judy doesn't *know*...?

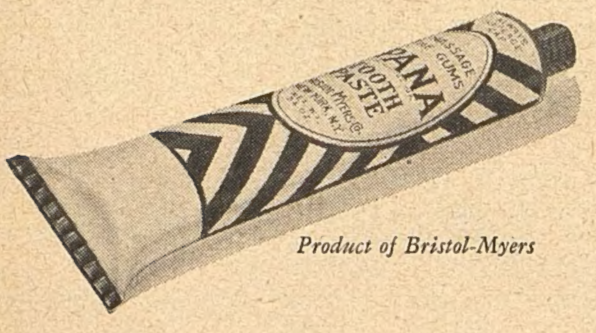
JANE: Guess not, Sis. Better tell her this minute how we learn in school to exercise our gums. Jeepers, if she wants her *teeth* to stay healthy, you'd think she wouldn't go skipping her *gum massage!*

AUNT J: All right, chicks—*give!* What's all this talk about gums—and massage?

JOAN: Oh, Aunt Judy—you must be fooling. *Everybody* knows about today's soft foods not exercising gums, often letting gums get tender and flabby. And so you better massage them every time you brush your teeth because, well... Aunt Judy, don't you know that "pink" on your tooth brush is a *sign?*

AUNT J: Sign? Sign of what?

CHORUS: *Sign to see your dentist right away!*



Product of Bristol-Myers

IN THOUSANDS of America's schoolrooms, children now learn the importance of gum massage to sound, sparkling teeth.

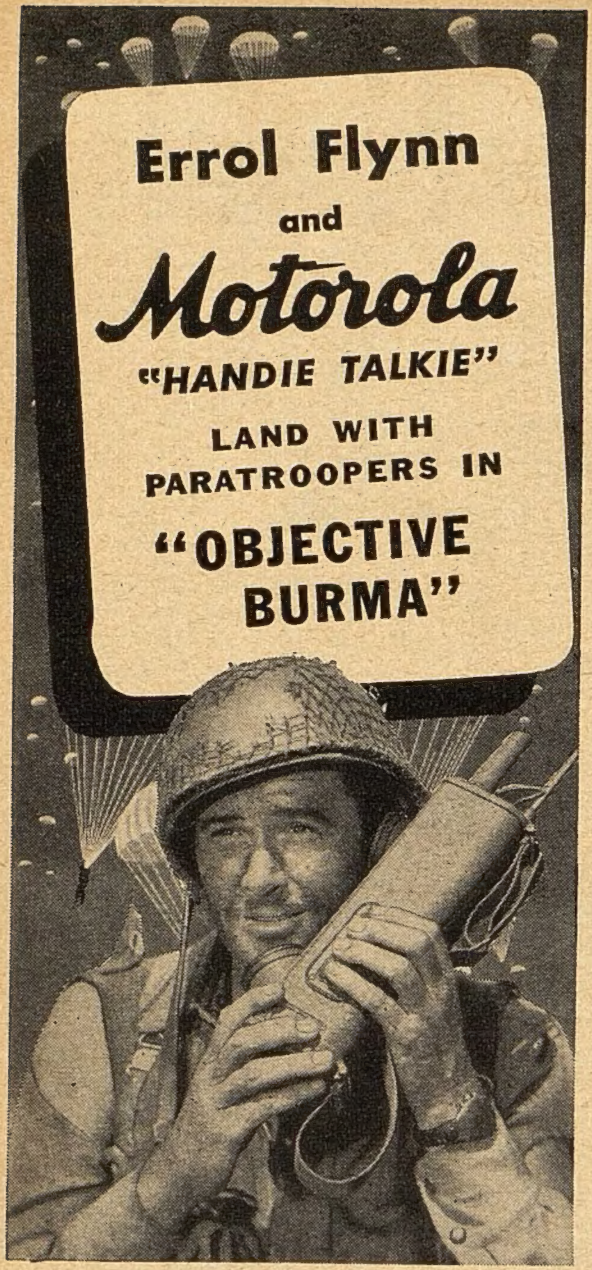
Also, according to a national survey, 7 in 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby, tender gums and safeguard your teeth.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore this warning. It means *see your dentist right away.* He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage," as so many dentists do.

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is especially designed to wake up circulation within the gum tissues, helping gums to firmer health.

Is it any wonder a nationwide survey shows twice as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dentifrice! Remember then...

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush" WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE



Here's the story of our paratroopers jumping into battle in the jungle vastness of the East . . . told by Warner Bros. in "Objective Burma," starring Errol Flynn. This picture captures the excitement, the gallantry, of our men in action against the Japs.

The Motorola Radio "Handie Talkie" plays a vital role in this great picture as it has on every battle front in this war.

Motorola Radio Engineers have pioneered and developed many significant radio "Firsts." With greater resources than ever, they will, soon after Victory, have exciting improvements to offer America in A-M and F-M Radios for Home and Car.

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Tarzans of the A. A. F., *Sidney Shalett*..........
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The World's Greatest Diamond Robbery, *Meyer Levin*..........
How to Cultivate an Old Log, *William Byron Mowery*..........

★ FICTION

Mr. Meep's Double Double-Cross, *Stanley Disney*..........
Paid in Full—Short Short, *L. L. Foreman*..........
Fair Land of France, *Gordon Malherbe Hillman*..........
A Salute for the Sergeant, *George Armin Shaftel*..........

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Assistant Hero—*Gene Coughlin's hilarious tale of a forty-year-old G. I.—abridged to a reading time of one evening*..........

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Liberty Goes to the Movies, *Eve Stanley*..........
This Man's War, *Old Sarge*..........
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback*..........

★ EDITORIAL

The Much-Maligned OPA, *Paul Hunter*..........

Cover: Welcome Back to the Job
Painted by Jay Nourbel
(See Page 89 for story)

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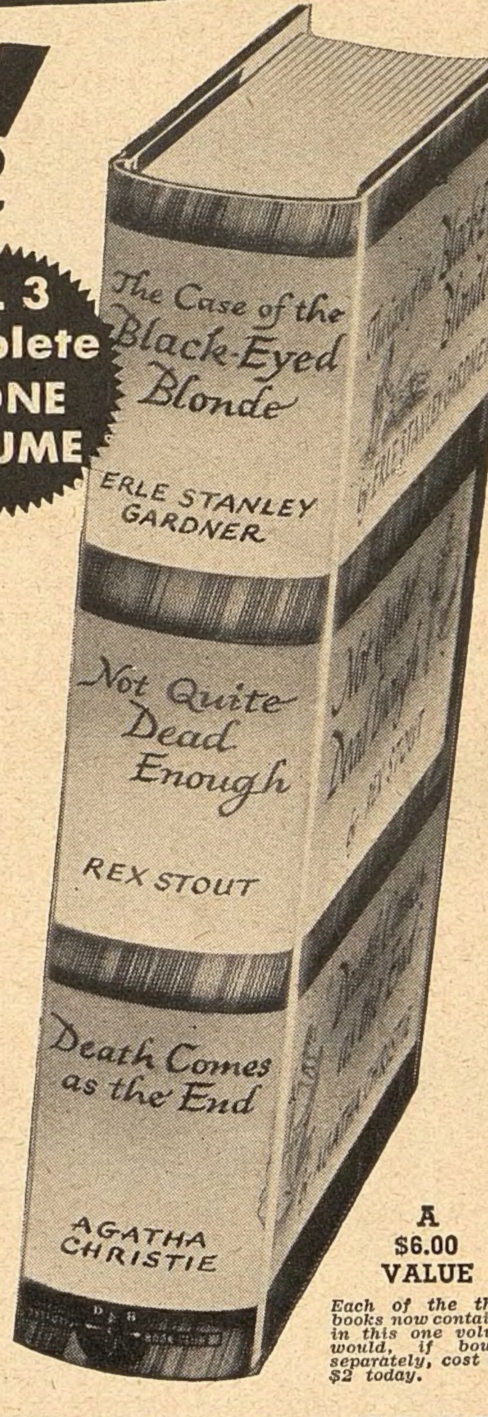

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ONE blonde can cause enough trouble—and lawyer-sleuth Perry Mason is all tangled up with THREE of them! Blonde No. 1 bursts into his office wearing practically nothing but shoes, a fur coat—and a "wow" of a black eye! Blonde No. 2, an ex-trapeze artist, is having odd "in-law" trouble. And Mason finds No. 3 sprawled in the mud, a bullet through her head!

How can No. 2 help Perry Mason prove that No. 1 didn't murder No. 3? Why had the victim concealed her true identity from a traffic cop? How did Diana *really* get that black eye and what does it have to do with the murder? And how can Perry Mason keep his mind on his work with so many blondes around?

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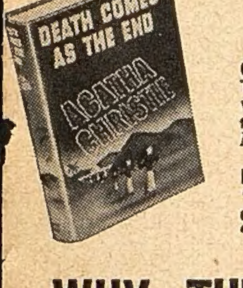
The first story has Nero's man Archie gumming up the works to a fare-thee-well! His orchid-loving boss doesn't *want* to take the case—so Archie deliberately plants *his own* fingerprints all over the scene of the crime. So Nero has to go into action!

The second case is a corker, too! Enemy forces are trying to get at U. S. Army secrets. A colonel who knows too much is blown to bloody bits when he opens his suitcase. A BOOBY TRAP! So it's up to Wolfe to booby-trap the booby-trapper. But suppose the wrong "booby" falls for it? Suppose—but before you get through a lot of your "supposings" are going to be barking up the wrong tree!



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The cycle of doom began the day the wealthy landowner brought his beautiful concubine to his "happy" home. But it did not end when death chilled Nofret's lovely limbs! "Accident" follows "accident." The two brothers drink poisoned wine. The laughing boy is drowned. His mother is brutally murdered! And the rest of the family, paralyzed with terror, dare not even save themselves by clinging together—lest the murderer be one of their own!

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

JOINT CONTROL

PENSACOLA, FLA.—A few weeks ago I read in your Vox Pop column (January 6) a letter from L. T. Dunning about Germany's future after the war. I agree with Dunning on permitting Germany to keep her industrial plants under Allied control. However, I strongly disagree on the question of dividing Germany up among neighboring nations, for I believe it would prove disastrous in future years.

Yes, Germany will lose many sections of her territory to neighboring countries, but to do what Dunning suggests would be contrary to the ideals we are fighting for today. It would be much more practical and sensible to place the whole of Germany under joint control not only of neighboring countries but of all Allied nations under the leadership of the Great Powers.

There are many millions of Germans today who oppose and are fighting Hitler, but do not want to see their nationality exterminated, as Dunning suggests—by erasing Germany as a nation.—*A Young G. I. German-American, G. N. C. Seaman 1/c.*

ME, TOO!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I got a real kick out of the article It All Happens to Me, by Henrietta A. Hirshfeld (December 30). Those of us who do the same type of volunteer work in the Travelers Aid enjoy reading about the amusing experiences of someone just like us.—*Rose N. Desser.*

WORDS OF WISDOM

OSBORN, OHIO—I'd like to urge everyone who has a loved one in the services to read the condensation of Willard Waller's The Veteran Comes Back (January 20), particularly the chapter entitled The Disabled at Home: Stoicism or Realism? (page 46).

In my humble opinion, the success of Mr. Waller's whole outline for rehabilitating *disabled* veterans depends upon the veterans and their families following the advice given by the author in this chapter.—*N. J.*

KICK OR BE KICKED

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Erika Mann's article, Our Newest Problem—German Civilians (February 3), is one of the early signs of U. S. softness toward a beaten foe; we have that "Shake hands after a fight" decency. But if we show the slightest signs of pity for the Germans after this war, we are greater suckers than we w
after the last one.

There is only one way to treat the G
mans when they are vanquished—s
them to the countries they conquered,
let those countries do unto them as t
have been done unto.

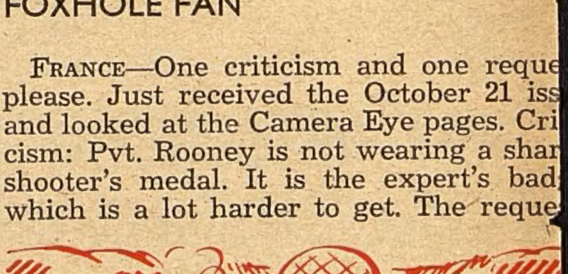
If Russia is not vengeful enough,
England writes another of her White
pers, and if the United States says, "L
not kick the poor people in the face w
they're down," the Germans will start p
paring for World War Three. They
consider us weaklings who can easily
licked the next time.—*John A.*

N. P.s DESERVE JOBS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I was much
terested in Mrs. O. R. B.'s letter in V
Pop (November 18). I agree with her t
neuropsychiatric cases should not be den
employment. However, I can tell from
letter that she does not know that in
great majority of cases the so-cal
neuropsychiatric casualties have ne
seen combat. Our experiences show t
men who need surgical and general medi
treatment have gone through more h
rifying experiences than those men
neuropsychiatric wards. The majority
neuropsychiatric cases are those w
would have broken down in civilian lif
enough strain had been put on them. Be
away from home and their wives, fear
the unknown, lack of adaptability
sometimes cause men to break down wi
out having heard a shot fired. Howev
most of these men are fit for any job
soon as they are back in the States.
neuropsychiatric "casualty" does not n
essarily remain one. Getting back home
often enough to bring about a compl
recovery. So *there is no reason why th
should not be hired.*—*Captain A. J. M.*

FOXHOLE FAN

FRANCE—One criticism and one reque
please. Just received the October 21 iss
and looked at the Camera Eye pages. Cri
cism: Pvt. Rooney is not wearing a shar
shooter's medal. It is the expert's bad
which is a lot harder to get. The reque



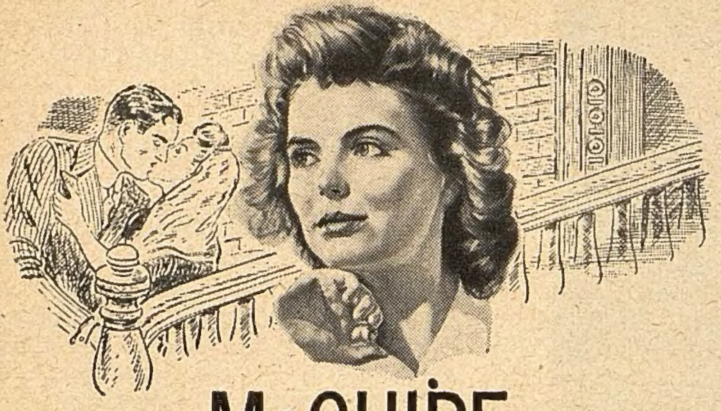
How about printing a full-length pictu
of Mandell Hagen in a bathing suit
help keep my snowbound, ice-filled fo
hole warm?—*Pvt. J. C. D.*

DE GUSTIBUS

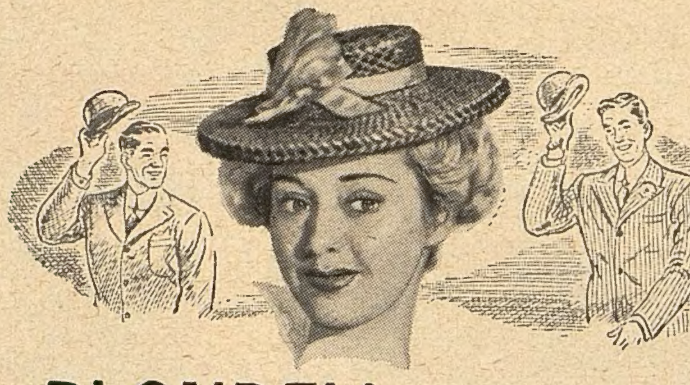
BUFFALO, N. Y.—I always like to look
Liberty's cover and to make up my o
story about it. Well, I must admit I w

(*Continued on page 8*)

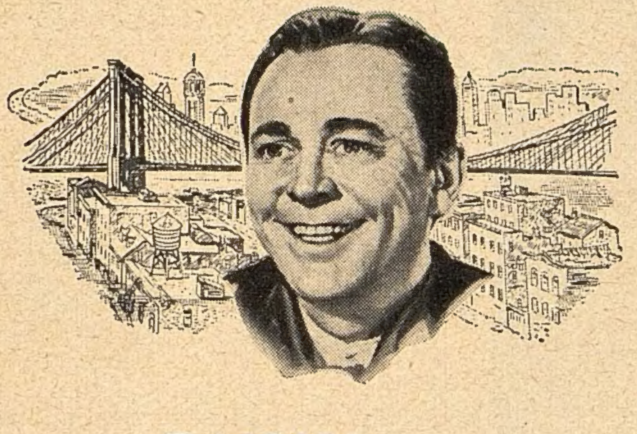
The best-selling book in years... The best-loved picture of a lifetime!..



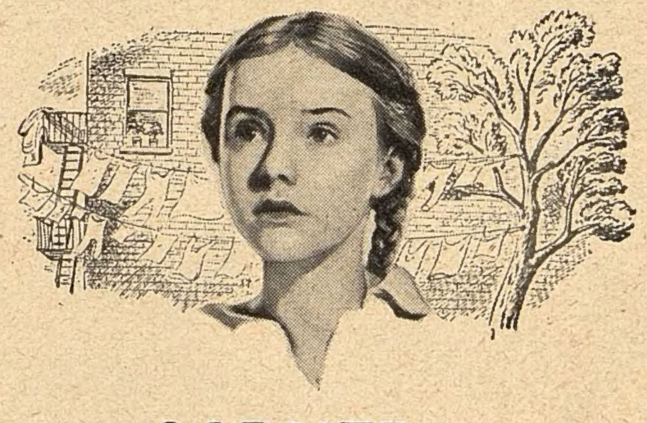
Dorothy **McGUIRE** as Katie...



Joan **BLONDELL** as Aunt Sissy...



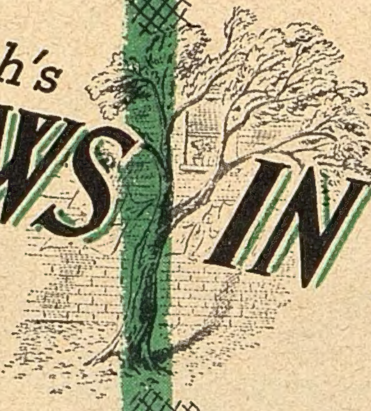
James **DUNN** as Johnny...



Peggy Ann **GARNER** as Francie...

Betty Smith's

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN



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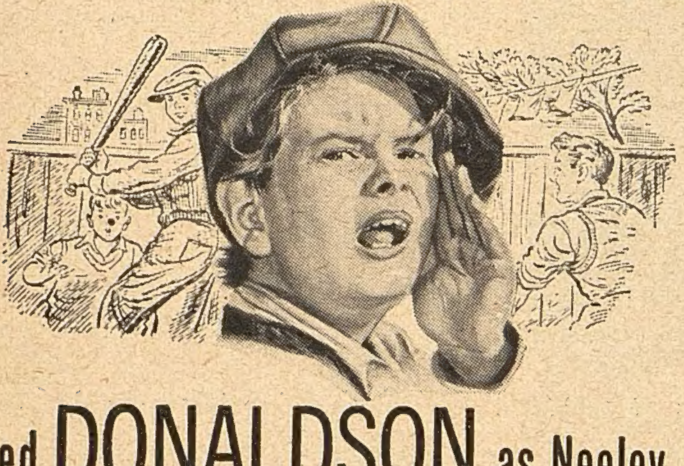
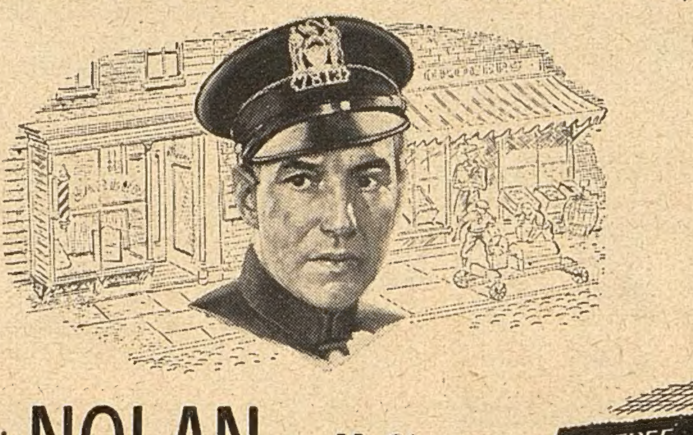
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE



Ted **DONALDSON** as Neeley...



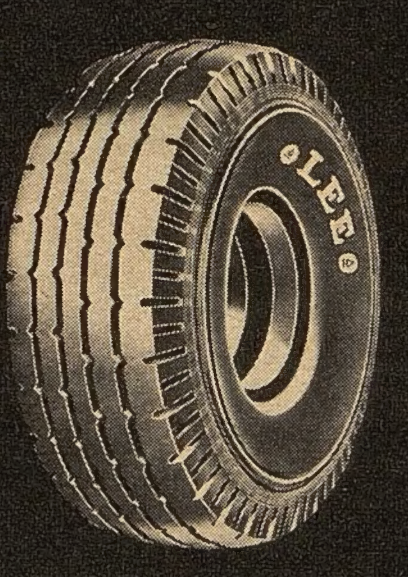
Lloyd **NOLAN** as McShane...

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN
BETTY SMITH

and JAMES GLEASON • RUTH NELSON • JOHN ALEXANDER • B. S. PULLY

Directed by ELIA KAZAN • Produced by LOUIS D. LIGHTON

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis • Adapted from the Novel by Betty Smith



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LEE *of Conshohocken*

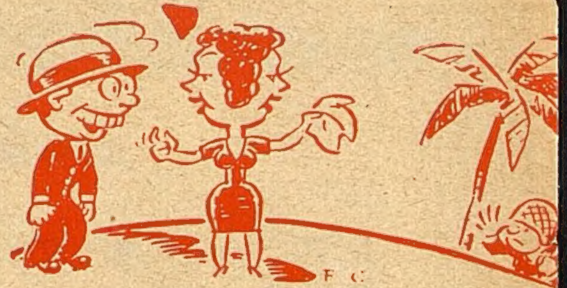
DIVISION OF
LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION

(*Continued from page 6*)

disappointed when I found that the co
picture on the January 20 issue rep
sented a boy and his younger sister a
brother. I thought it was the childre
daddy and that they were proudly watc
ing him pin up his trophies.—*Jean*
Lombardo.

SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME N

NEW GUINEA—I have just read T
Brush-off (November 25 Vox Pop). I agr
with Dorothy Stauffer to a certain exte
My version of the matter is this: If
girl loves you, she will wait for you. B
if a girl ditches a soldier overseas
brother, let her go, for she is not the g



for you. There will be plenty after t
war who will be like mine—loving a
true.—*Pvt. Royce E. Withers.*

NO UTOPIA NOW

STATE CENTER, IA.—A word in referen
to Destitute Italy—An Unsolved Proble
by Gretta Palmer (January 20).

How could anyone assume that in o
and a half years a state of plenty a
good will could exist, after a nation h
waged a war of conquest, pillage, robbe
and degradation on weaker nations?

Can Gretta Palmer possibly believe th
women and children should not be ma
to suffer even though not personally r
sponsible for the reprehensible actions
their rulers?

No indeed. As ye sow so shall ye re
and the war is no respecter of persons.

This war is by no means over, and un
it is, there is very little chance of esta
lishing a Utopia in the beaten or liberat
nations.

Hate existed long before Italy's libe
tion.—*A. G. Christoffersen.*

HATS OFF!

VISALIA, CALIF.—I have just finish
reading for the second time They Ke
'Em Flying at Tacloban, by Lucien Hu
bard (January 27).

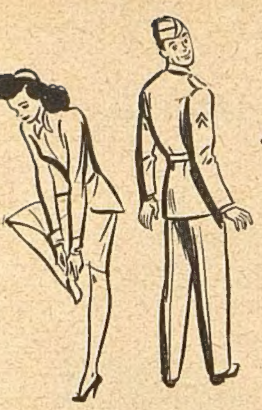
How can anybody help feeling pro
that he is an American, when we ha
such kids as that combination of Worra
Forrester, and Halpern, plus a fine bun
of naval fliers?

The action in the article is just one
the many thousands of similar incide
that take place daily in our armed forc
—*V. S. Pug Connor.*

ANALYZING AN ATOM

LA CROSSE, WIS.—I've just read The R
tioning of R. P. Hume, by Robert Cars
(January 27). It seems Mr. Carson is
little mixed up. He states that "atoms a
built up of positive and negative electron
I don't pretend to be an authority, but
electron is the negative unit, and the pos
tive unit is a proton. A positive electr
would be a neutron.—*K. M.*

this is how they met



..and they clicked

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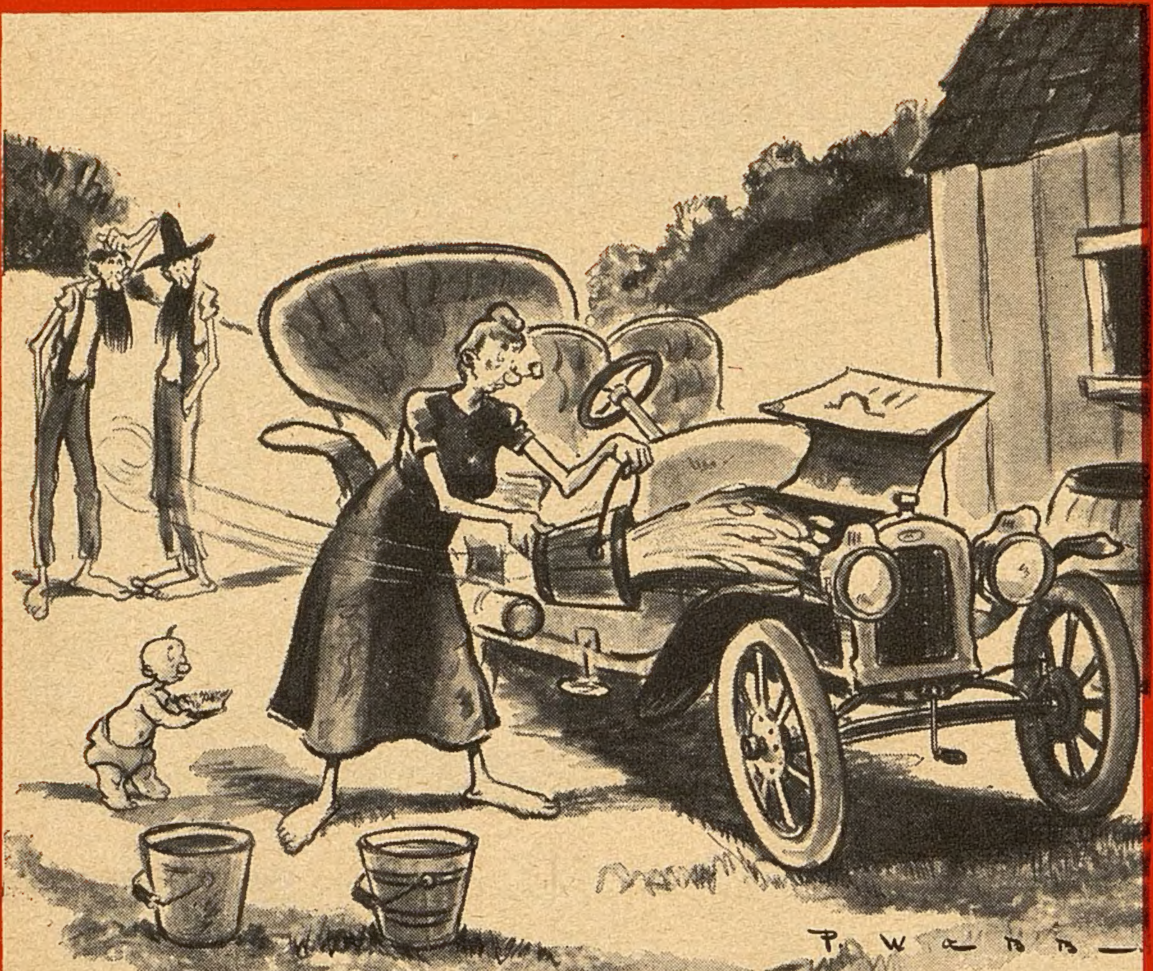

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Meyer Levin

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Frank Nugent

THE PEN AND THE SWORD

PHOTO JOHANNA ONDECK
Stanley Disney

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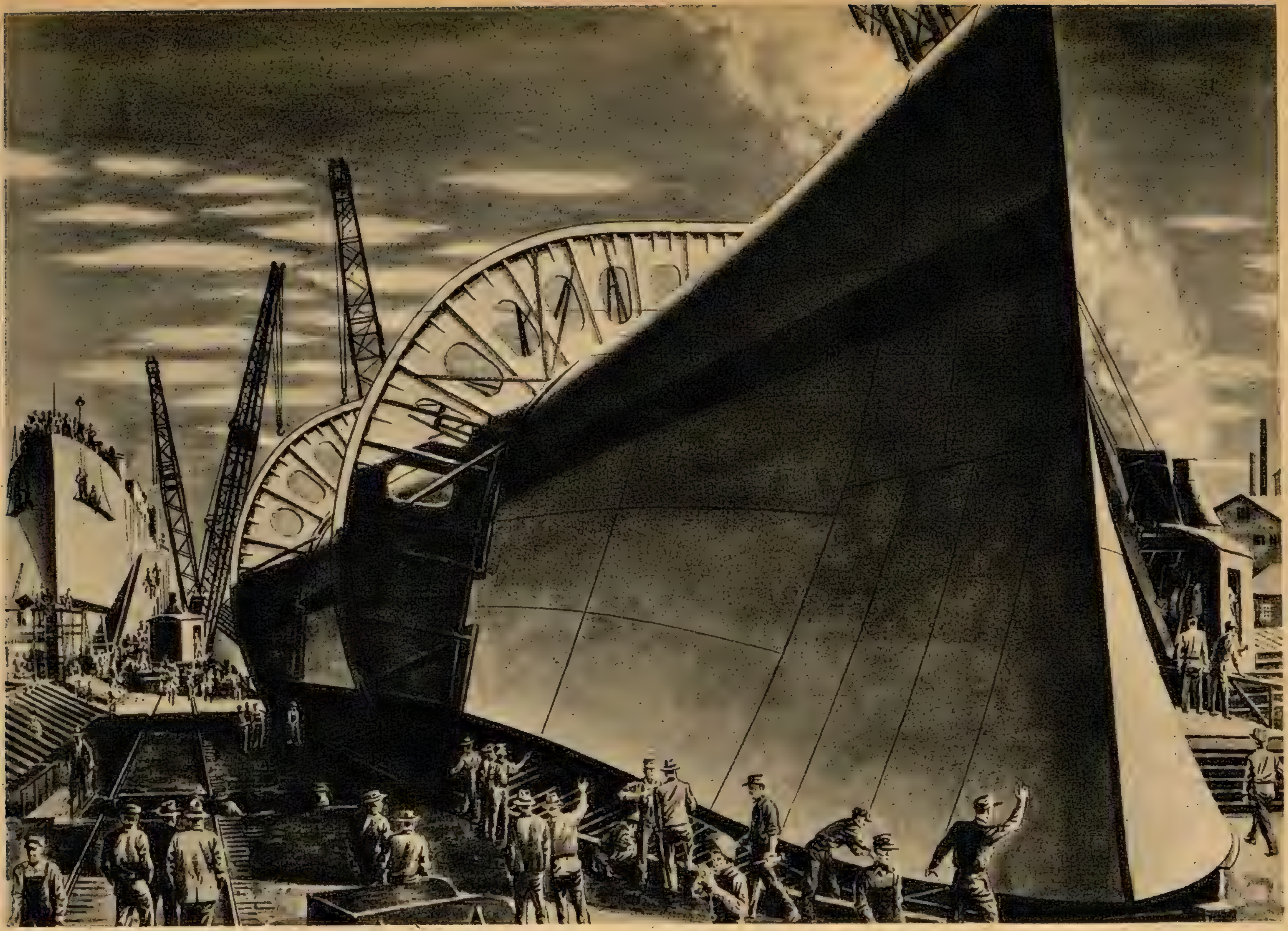

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Maybe you're one of the lucky 20,000,000 who will get money back from Uncle Sam on March 15. You'll be able to judge better after reading

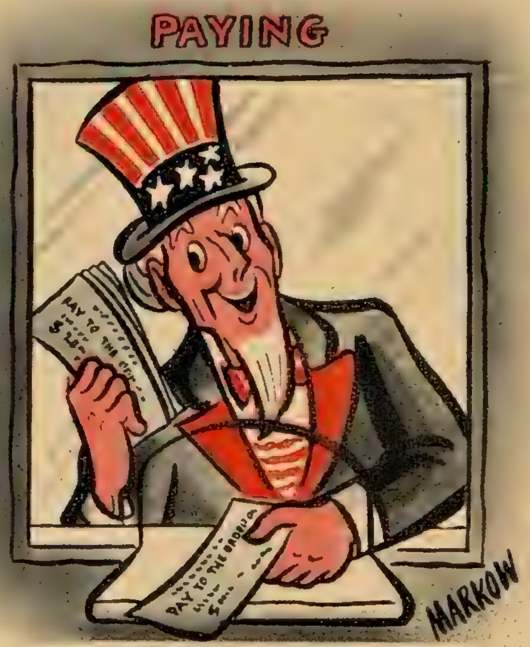
Millions Coming in Tax Refunds

BY FREDERICK G. BROWNELL

TWENTY million American wage earners are going to celebrate a second Christmas on March 15, with Uncle am doubling as Santa Claus. Instead of helling out for income taxes, they are oing to receive 800 million dollars in the orm of refunds. That's an average of forty ucks apiece.

You may be one of the lucky ones, deending on how your employer computed our withholdings. If you are a salaried orker earning less han $100 a week, hances are you will e. As a single person naking $30 weekly, vith no outside income nd the ordinary deuctions, you could get ack $31.20. As a maried man with two kids, naking $70 a week, you night get $70.60.*

These are minimum gures. If last year you aid out money for realstate taxes or mortage interest, if you aid alimony under a ourt order, or if you ad medical expenses xceeding 5 per cent of our gross income, our refund check may e a whole lot fatter.



Even though you're not on the receiving nd when the old gentleman with the vhiskers distributes his presents, you'll nd the Ides of March have lost their rmer terror. No need this year to stew nd fret while filling out a complicated ax form.

If your 1944 gross income was less than 5000 and all but $100 of it came from vages subject to withholding, Uncle Sam's xperts will figure your tax for you and ither automatically hand you back your efund or bill you for any slight balance u may owe. All you have to do is to nswer half a dozen easy questions on the vithholding receipt furnished by your emloyer and file that in place of a return.

Three out of five taxpayers are going to t the government do their arithmetic for hem this March. Half of the remainder eed only fill out a simple one-page form, onsulting an accompanying table to find t what they owe.

Half of the forty million salaried workrs who were subject to withholdings durg 1944 are due for refunds, since the mount withheld by their employers is reater than the tax they owe. Moreover, e several million Americans who earned ss than $500 don't owe any tax at all.

For example, there's Jim, the boy who es across from me. Jim made $260 last summer working in the post office during his high-school vacation. He's entitled to a refund of the entire $31 the government held out of his ten weeks' pay. And there's Mary, down the street, who helped out at the Bon Ton Department Store while the Christmas rush was on. Mary earned $175, from which $23 tax was withheld. She can get this $23 back. (Incidentally, according to new provisions of the law, Jim's and Mary's dads should ignore these earnings in reporting their own incomes for last year, and Mary's dad can count her as a dependent although she's more than eighteen years old and not attending school.)

However, Jim and Mary won't receive their refunds if they fail to file their withholding receipts. And thousands of other wage earners who overpaid their taxes through withholdings won't get back the full amount that's due them, simply because they're too lazy or too indifferent to make out their own returns and claim credit for all the deductions they're legally entitled to, or because they are not fully aware of the provisions of the tax laws.

Take my neighbor Steve Burgess. Steve has a wife, two kids, and a job at the Nut and Bolt Works that paid him $2,642 last year. Until I talked with him, Steve planned just to file his withholding receipt and let the government compute the amount he should get back.

"Let's see," I said. "Your withholding amounted to $197.60. According to the table, your tax is $131. So you're due for a refund of $66.60."

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "That's pretty good."

"Yeah, but wait a minute. You own your house, pay taxes and interest on the mortgage. You have union dues and contributions to knock off. What did they all come to last year?"

Scribbling some figures on the back of an old envelope, Steve came up with a total of $622.

"Well," I said, "by making out your own return you can reduce your tax to $49.60 and get a refund of $148. That's a clear profit of $81.40 for just a few hours' work!"

Any taxpayer whose deductions exceed 10 per cent of his gross income can obtain refunds the same way. A man I know had his house destroyed by fire. The loss was $5,000 greater than the insurance. He is entitled to a refund of almost $1,000.

(*Continued on page 87*)

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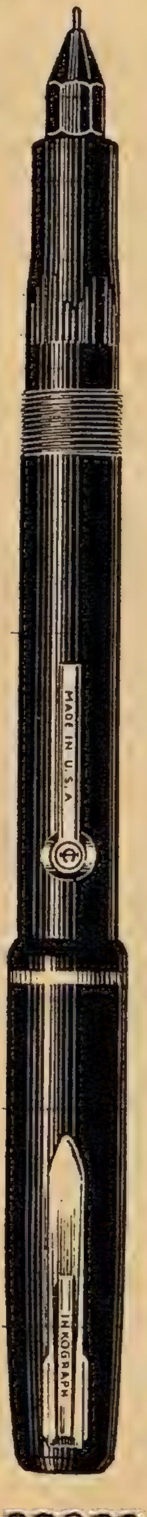
*This applies to the wage-bracket method of withlding. If your employer used the exact-computaon method, you won't be so lucky.



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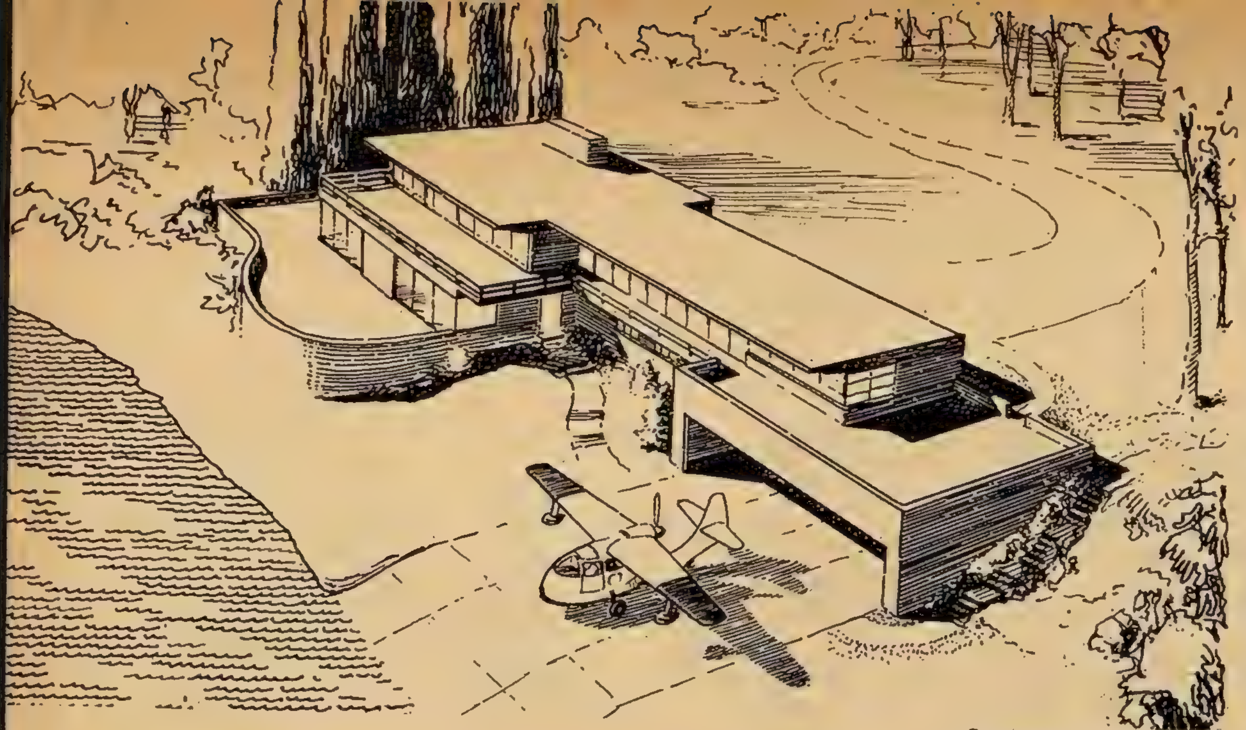
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The postwar small home with hangar for the family plane—as conceived by Robert H. Edwards of Republic Aviation Corporation's engineering staff.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

oming Up: Swifter than Sound

here's an epoch-making revolution in peed coming out of this war. Developments are under way that eclipse all revious concepts of movement from one art of the world to another. And the key o this revolution was only found during he past year.

The decade beginning this year will be he most important in the history of transportation. The vast wartime layout of experimental and research machinery is now etting into high gear, and you'll see many reat and surprising results within the ext two years.

When the war began, the rush was on o develop further the fine radial air-cooled internal-combustion aircraft engines. Work progressed, too, on the liquid-cooled in-line engine which Britain had ioneered. Predictions were made as to peeds and horsepower, and great strides orward were guaranteed. Fighter planes egan flying at 400 miles an hour or more. ombers were doing better than 300 miles n hour. It seemed certain that fighters vould reach 500 miles an hour and bombers 400 miles, with the knowledge and echnique we had at hand.

Then came jet.

The British had been working on jet ropulsion for some time, but had reached stalemate. The key was metallurgy, and efore long there was a collaboration between Britain and the United States in vercoming the obstacle to high sustained peeds with jet-propelled airplanes. General Electric found the answer. First came he announcements about the first jet-propelled airplane, without a propeller nd with a simple jet engine using kerosene as fuel. Now the jet development is oing all out and the engineers have earned more and more about the possibilities of using cheap fuel. The gas urbine as an intermediate stage, using a ropeller, was developed. And the predictions have gone sky-high. Simultaneously vith the rapid development of the internal-combustion engine, with its speeds of 400 nd 500 miles an hour, has come a brand-new phase of power with far greater possibilities. At least, so the engineers say.

Pure jet propulsion is efficient only at high altitude. That is why the Army and Navy concentrated on fighters, for it appeared that only fighters offered an opportunity for the use of jet during this war. But the gas turbine, using a propeller at low altitudes and switching to jet at high altitudes with the propeller feathered, has opened the field of jet to bombers and commercial airplanes of all sizes and types. There are all sorts of possible combinations—even a combination of internal-combustion engine and jet for different altitudes.

As for speed—well, the speed of sound ranges from 662 miles an hour up to 763 miles, depending upon altitude and latitude conditions, and nobody is saying any more that the speed of sound cannot be outdone by an airplane.

Conservative engineers don't even blink now when they speak of commercial speeds of 500 miles an hour after the war. There isn't an executive in the aircraft and air-transport industries who isn't wide awake to the revolution in speeds which the gas turbine is making possible. They all know something big and important is in the offing. And for military airplanes, it's far beyond the dream stage—it's here.

We were just in the process of getting adjusted to 300-mile-an-hour transport planes for postwar travel when along came the very real possibility of 500-mile-an-hour speeds. Divide any distance in the world by 400 or 500 miles an hour, and you come out with a breath-taking answer. Try it on your maps.

Furthermore, the gas turbine can be used efficiently, we're told, in small airplanes as well as large ones. Kerosene seems to be the chosen fuel, and the engineers claim a very great reduction in costs of operation is coming.

How much of this revolution in speed will be seen in the next two years? Well, if the claims of the gas turbine experts are warranted, the gas turbine will surpass the speed of the existing radial internal-combustion engines. Top speeds will be kept secret until the war is over, but you can make some guesses. There's a lot of hot stuff on the way. It shouldn't be many years before you can leave Australia on a Tuesday and arrive in San Francisco on the preceding Monday!

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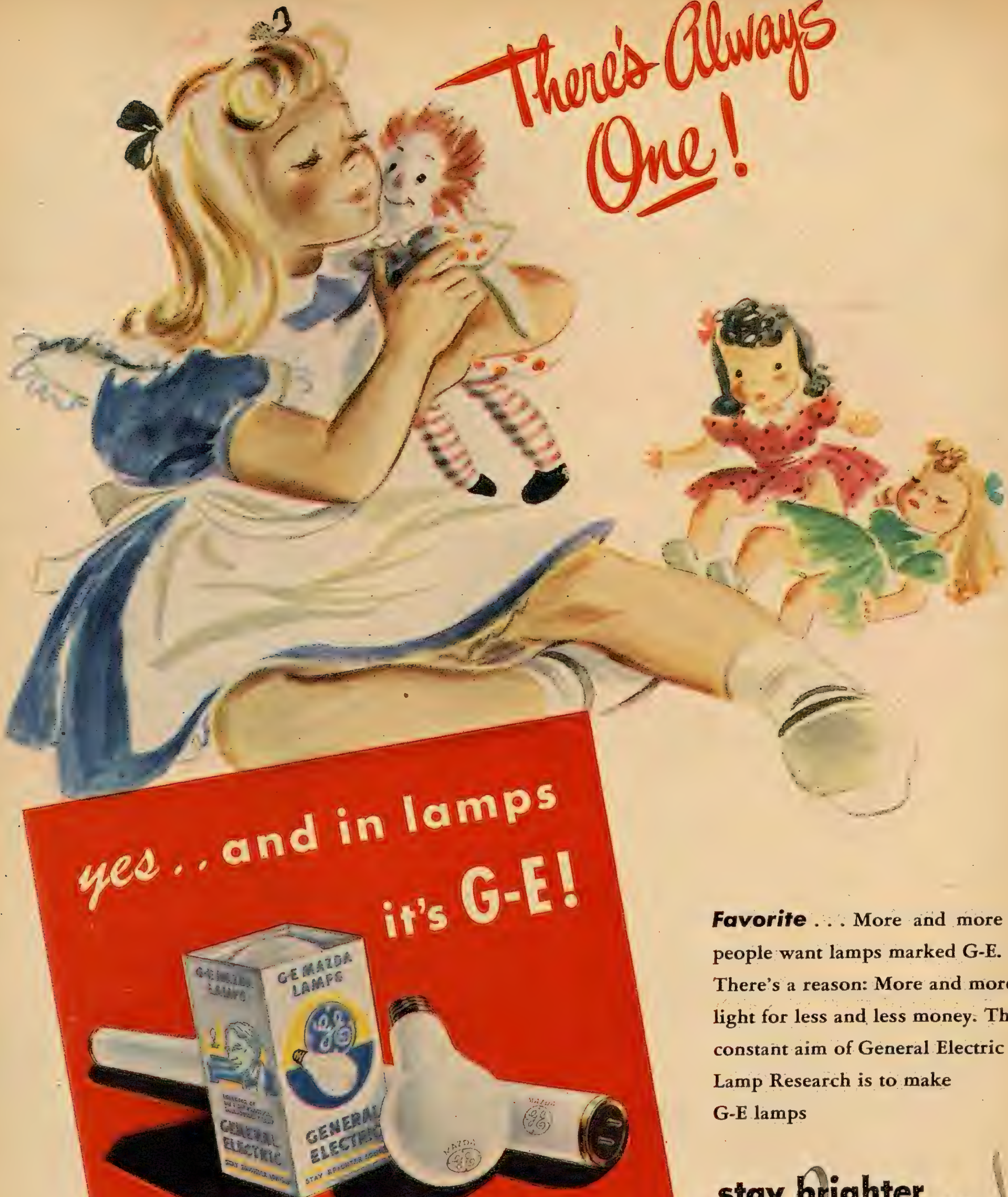
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GREAT DANE

[redacted]

p, expands genially on an M-G-M set with Director Henry Koster, Mrs. Melchior, Jose Iturbi.

Two hundred and fifty pounds of tenor—but no butter tub —effervescent Lauritz Melchior brings his high jinks and high notes to Hollywood so we can all look and listen

BY FRANK NUGENT

nd his mass year-old façade rks the spirit of a Puck, a Penrod, a lickey Rooney. His specialty is pegging nowballs at opera's high hat.

In a Fred Allen broadcast a while back, said the trouble with opera was "long air and short dough," begged Allen for chance to swoon-croon, and soon was erpetrating an accurate (except for size) ke-off of Frank Sinatra in a mock pro-ram sponsored by make-believe Pasternak retzels. Like most Melchior snowballs, is one had a lump of gold in it. By appenstance, Hollywood's Joe Pasternak no pretzel bender, but Deanna Durbin's vengali—was listening in, and promptly ut in a long-distance bid for his services as omedian first, singer second, in M-G-M's hrill of a Romance.

Congratulating itself on having lured e tenor to the Gold Coast, Metro made e sheepish discovery that he had bought Los Angeles mountaintop home in 1939, d spent part of every summer on its agstoned terraces wistfully looking down n the film factories. A studio wag made point of greeting him and introducing im around as "Fred Allen's little protégé." nembarrassed, Melchior took wag and ollywood in his ample stride, induced letro (haughtiest of the movie plants) to nbend enough to keep a case of iced beer the set when he worked, and within few days had been nicknamed Minocchio y the crew.

No *mi-mi-mi* tenor, Melchior rarely prays his larynx with anything but beer, smokes the stoutest of Havana cigars (thirty-two and a half cents each), eats like an alderman at a clambake, and has been known to sandwich a night of wassail with Danish cronies between two taxing performances at the Met.

In spite of this, or maybe it's the other way around, he has missed only eight performances through illness since 1926—only three at the Metropolitan—and meanwhile has sung his way through more Wagner than any other tenor in history. He keeps the record in a schoolboy's paper-backed composition book, and a recent count showed 200 Tristans (no one ever had equaled half of that before), 95 Lohengrins, 135 Tannhäusers, 164 Siegmunds, 74 Parsifals, 219 Siegfrieds, and a merely incidental 590 concerts. That does not include his radio work, his performances for soldiers, his phonograph recordings, or his OWI transcriptions beamed to the Danish underground.

A program like this would burn out an ordinary tenor. Melchior thrives on it, actually gains ten to fifteen pounds during the grueling operatic season, and continually confounds his colleagues by his refusal to take either life or his art too seriously.

On an opening night in Chicago, with a packed house waiting for the curtain to rise on Tristan und Isolde, his costumes could not be found. Edward Johnson, general manager of the Met and chaperon of its tours, was phoning everywhere; members of the cast were digging through their trunks trying to find something—anything —which might fit the role and, more difficult still, fit Melchior's height and poundage. At the peak of the turmoil his dressing-room door swung open and out he strolled, majestic in a Tyrolean hat, a Turkish towel, and a pair of battered bedroom slippers.

"I am ready," he announced, and Johnson still is half inclined to believe he meant it. Fortunately for the dignity of opera in Chicago, the costumes arrived a few minutes later.

Once, on a concert tour with Lotte Lehmann, they were booked into a vaudeville theater which had been dedicated for the night to the higher arts. Mme. Lehmann went on first, leaving Melchior to wander nosily about the roomy backstage. In the course of his survey he spotted a couple of bicycles belonging to the trick cycling act playing the theater that week. Seconds later, he was making a wobbly circuit of the backstage, turning in the wings, picking up speed on the straightaway.

Mme. Lehmann had finished her first song, was well into the next when he swung too wide on a turn. In the next moment the audience gasped, then roared with laughter at sight of the Gargantuan tenor streaking across the stage with flying coattails, legs pumping like mad. Poor Mme. Lehmann, standing close to the footlights, did not know what had happened until it was all over. Hearing an audience break into laughter in the middle of an aria was a shattering experience. It is a tribute to her sense of humor that she and Melchior have remained good friends.

New Orleans still bears a grudge, though, for his practical joke a few years ago. That was when the Met had a special train for its tours. The itinerary had been Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Chicago, Dallas, and New Orleans. No matter what the city, the reception at the station had

Melchior wants the right pitch or a short beer in this scene from Thrill of a Romance.

been the same: the delegation of opera lovers, the speeches of welcome, the flowers for the prima donnas, the bowing and the handshakes. Melchior had had enough of it. An hour before they were due in New Orleans he got the tenors together and summoned the Met's make-up man.

When the train pulled in, the reception committee stepped forward, then stopped in its tracks. Melchior, first to descend, was sporting a bristling gray von Hindenburg mustache. Behind him came Conductor Artur Bodansky with a full beard. Richard Crooks was hidden behind a walrusy soup strainer. When the company had lined up on the platform, every male singer was mustached, every conductor bearded—each in his own fashion, color, and size.

The appearance of his troupe was as much of a shock to Manager Johnson as it was to the New Orleans delegation, but he manfully performed the introductions. Neither Melchior nor the other beavers made any reference to their foliage. They pretended not to notice the stares of the shocked welcome committee during the ride to the hotel. As they crossed the lobby, a bellhop's "What kind of a convention *is* this?" started Crooks sputtering, and that set them all off. The New Orleans contingent joined in the laugh during the grand unveiling which followed, but obviously their hearts were not in it.

MELCHIOR'S rebellion against convention probably stems from the fact that he was born of a long line of schoolmasters. The Melchior School for Boys was the largest institution of its kind in Copenhagen. Being the headmaster's son was anything but an advantage. "When the teacher could find no other behinds to spank, there was always mine," he recalls.

Lauritz was the youngest of a family of six. His mother died a few months after his birth, and two of the children followed her. A brother, Henryk Emil, became a well-known painter and designer of theatrical costumes. One of Melchior's sisters holds an important post in the Danish Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Another, Agnes, who went blind at eighteen, is a teacher in the Royal School for the Blind in Denmark, has traveled all over the world crusading for the teaching of Esperanto to the sightless and for its universal use in Braille.

Agnes can take credit for Melchior's first interest in opera. A gifted singer with concert ambitions, she had to abandon her dream when her eyesight began to fail. To young Lauritz fell the duty of guiding her to the opera. Most small boys would have found it a chore; to Melchior, one of a family which delighted in spending evenings around a piano, it was a treat. However, nothing would have come of it had not Kristine Jensen become the family housekeeper. The arrival of a new housekeeper may seem relatively unimportant even in these servant-short times, but Danes will recognize its significance. To this day few brides in Denmark fail to receive at least one copy of Froken Jensen's Kogebog (cookbook) among their wedding gifts.

Froken Jensen was a bosomy redhead, regal in manner, addicted to large feathers in her hats and imagination in her cookery. Her meals were a succession of triumphs, which Lauritz celebrated with inches and ounces. Some time after coming to the Melchior household, Froken Jensen published her first *kogebog*. Its success was vast and immediate. Other recipes came to her from Danes everywhere. She tried them on Lauritz, smiled when her guinea pig flourished, and published several more volumes. Ultimately she undertook not merely the management of the Melchior kitchen but Lauritz's musical education as well.

When he was twenty-one, Lauritz was admitted simultaneously into the Royal Opera and the Royal Guards. Of the two, he probably was prouder of being a guardsman. They were a picked group, all more than six feet tall, renowned drinkers, fighters, ladies' men. Soldiering by day, singing by night, he managed well enough until war broke out and he was transferred to quarters in the Royal Hunting Park on the coast. That meant dashing for the last train after the opera, walking three miles across snow-blanketed open country to his barracks. One night he fell asleep durin a performance, snored loud enough t ruffle the tenor. The management was kind; merely pulled wires for his assignment t duty closer at hand.

Trained as a baritone, Melchior migh still be one had not Mme. Sarah Cahier American-born voice expert, heard him sing. She insisted he was misplaced, belonged in the rare category of *Heldentenoren*, or heroic tenors. Most tenors have relatively thin voices; the *Heldentenor* has one with the stops open, the safety valve tied down, volume enough to top even Wagner's surging brasses. For a few years Melchior alternated between tenor and baritone roles. Finally he made up his mind (and his voice), studied the Wagnerian operas at Bayreuth, won recognition abroad, and was invited to join the Metropolitan in 1926.

His debut was considerably less than triumphant. It was scheduled for the afternoon of the day when Marion Talley, the Kansas soprano, was to make hers at the evening performance. The Talley debut had been headlined to the skies. Poor Melchior's was merely a footnote. The Met itself had practically forgotten him, gave him no opportunity to rehearse with any of the leading members of the cast. When the curtain rose on Tannhäuser, he had to sing above the hammering of electricians installing equipment for the broadcast of the Talley performance. Only the second-string critics were sent to hear him. The reviews were tolerant, but little more.

It wasn't until 1935, when Kirsten Flagstad joined the company and they were paired in Tristan, that he really came into his own. Since then his prestige has grown to the point where critics are beginning to use him as their standard of comparison, rather than refer back to Jean de Reszke, the great *Heldentenor* of fifty years ago. When a star has reached such eminence, he usually begins tossing his weight and his temperament around. Melchior has been chary of doing the former ever since the flooring gave way beneath him and he almost fell through the deck of Tristan's ship. As for temperament-tossing, he hasn't the temperament for it.

Opera experts thought they had caught a trace of that when they noticed him disobeying Wagner's stage directions and oving around, rather than standing im- obile, during the forty-five-minute temple ene in the first act of Parsifal. Melchior eely admitted the heresy, but grumbled was a matter of temperature, not tem- rament. The Met's stage is drafty. "Wag- r," he sensibly remarked, "has no use r a dead tenor."

His behavior under other operatic emer- ncies has been Spartan enough to ab- lve him of coddling himself on this count. ce something went wrong with the oke-spouting mechanism of the dragon Siegfried, and Melchior was sprayed th boiling water. He sang on. Another ne, in the scene where he forges Sieg- ed's sword, he hit the anvil too hard d a jagged piece of metal flew off and shed his leg. Ad-libbing, he bent down, und the wound, continued with the per- rmance.

His worst experience on the Met's stage as when his suspenders broke and his nts started slipping—they were Tristan's on ones, at that—in the middle of a duet th Flagstad, with 4,000 people watching, me of them through opera glasses. He aited until she was sustaining a high te to whisper, "You'll have to do all the ting." Then he locked his knees to- ther, tried not to give the impression at Tristan was suffering from indigestion, d prayed for the pants to hold up until e curtain came down. They did—just.

MELCHIOR'S anguish on that occasion proves he has some respect for Wagner d art after all, for he certainly has no jection to showing his legs. As a matter fact, his one outstanding vanity con- rns his symmetrical, though hefty, un- rpinning, which he bares on the slight- t provocation.

Despite this idiosyncrasy, he has seldom en a target of the critics, but he bears e breed no good will. "The worst thing yone can be is a music critic," he once id in a moment of extreme candor, hich his wife and his press agent im- ediately regretted. He suspects all critics being disappointed musicians, asks how Valhalla a man can criticize a flautist, tenor, a pianist, a conductor, a violinist, symphony, and a choir on successive nights. "The Almighty Himself would think twice before attempting it!" he thunders.

Melchior also is apt to grow choleric over governmental indifference to the opera, failure to provide subsidies. "In Denmark, under State subsidy, there is a nine-month opera season," he says. "In New York, the Metropolitan has a season of twenty weeks; in Chicago, one month; San Francisco, two months; but in most cities not a day. Shameful! And how can opera be self-supporting? The Metropolitan puts on seventy-one different operas in its season, each with two companies, with an orchestra of 150 men, a chorus of sixty or seventy, ballet the same—and an audience of 4,000. Naturally it does not make money. But if the opera dies, what happens to the prospects of our young artists, singers, composers? Unless we get national and state support, we will never amount to anything as a musical nation."

His solution is a fifty-cent annual tax on every radio set in the country (65,000,000 of them), with the money to be apportioned among the states to endow local operatic troupes and symphonies. These would try out young artists, give them an apprenticeship under experienced tutelage, and bring great music within reach of everyone.

"I should love to work with such groups," Melchior says. "As it is, we go in our graves and no possibility of giving our experience to young singers."

Melchior today shows no sign of "going in his grave" or even of preparing for fireside and slippers. Fifty-five in March, he continues to follow a strenuous, enviable, and somewhat Homeric existence. Everything he does is on the grand scale —from ordering beer by 250-case lots to gunning for grizzlies and undertaking such practical jokes as training a fire hose through a second-story window to awaken a sleeping guest.

He never failed to steal the show at the Met's annual Sunday-night surprise parties, run during depression years to raise funds. One year he and pint-sized Lily Pons did an apache dance, with Pons as the apache, the tenor as the girl who gets tossed around. His costume included a pair of ruffled black panties (although the dainty diminutive scarcely seems appropriate), rosetted garters, the usual skintight skirt, and high-heeled shoes. The team was so successful it returned next year for an acrobatic act. This time they both wore tights and had invisible wires hooked to their belts. The audience, at first unaware of this, was properly impressed when he boosted Pons to his shoulder, extended his right arm and held it rigid while she tiptoed the length of it. The payoff came when Pons stooped, seized him by the great toe and raised him gracefully over her head.

He sings nine months a year, averaging 120 paid appearances—at $880 a performance at the Met, usually $1,000 for a concert. He insists on an annual three-month holiday. "They couldn't buy me for my weight in gold dust," he chortles. He always spends part of his vacation big-game hunting. Before the war it was panther in South America, caribou and moose in Canada. Last winter he was reduced to cutting a few buffalo out of the government-protected herds in South Dakota. He invariably goes afield in *Lederhosen* (those leathern shorts), a Tyrolean hat and corduroy vest, and carries a brass hunting horn slung over a shoulder. This he winds powerfully when he has made his kill.

HIS biggest bag was a 2,000-pound Alaskan Kodiak bear, ten and one half feet from nose to tail, or twelve feet standing, which is the way Melchior first saw him. Two shots failed to stop the animal's charge; the third, just behind the ear, brought it down less than ten yards away. By rights, the huntsman was entitled to an extra flourish of his horn; but he was so frazzled that when he tried a blast, it squeaked.

The hunting exploit he is most reticent about was in New Brunswick a few seasons back, when he set out for deer with Tenor Crooks and Composer Frank La Forge. Melchior insists he knew it was a skunk before he pulled the trigger. He was positive of it for days afterward.

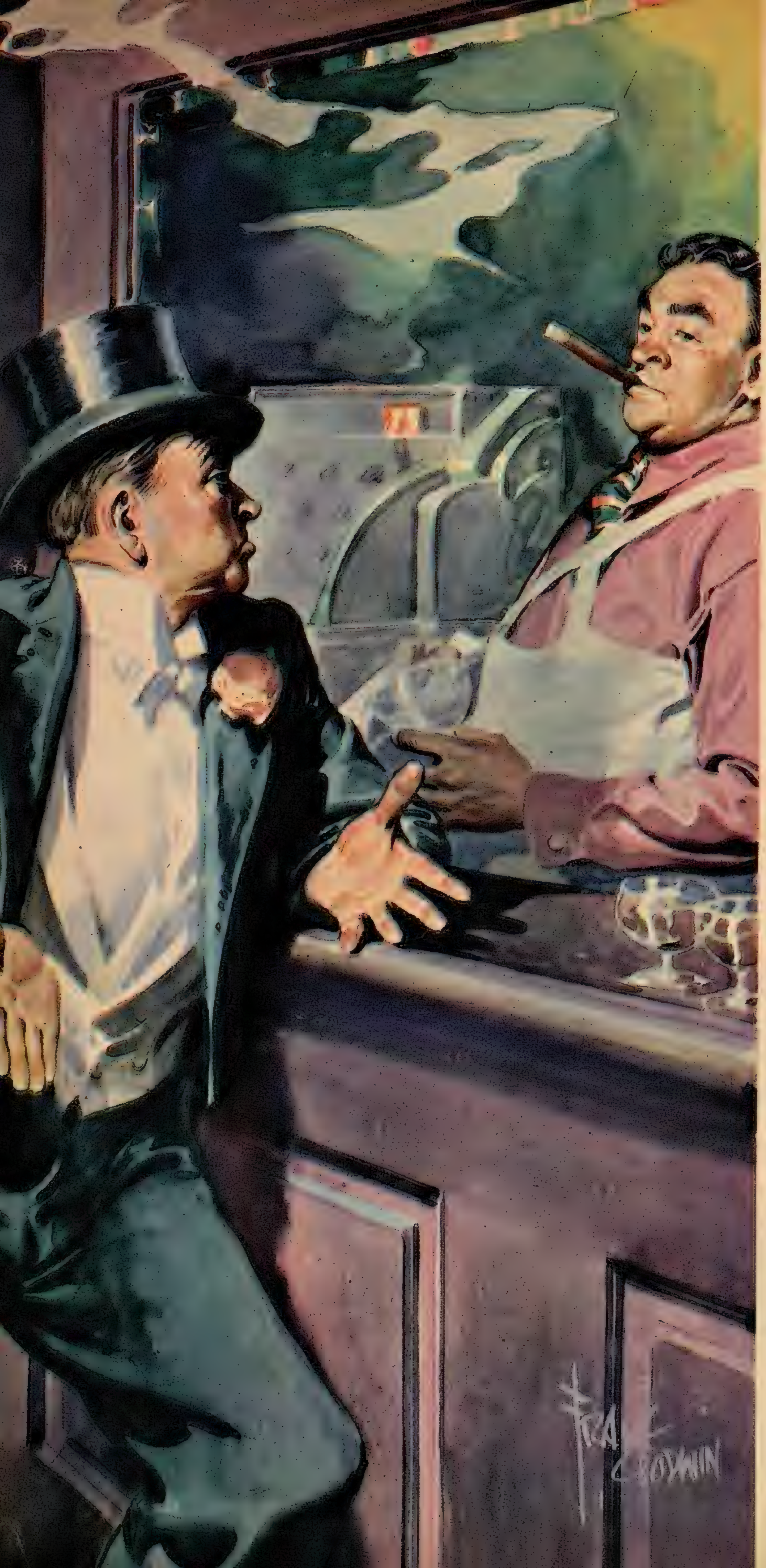
The skunk is one of the few trophies he has not brought back to have mounted

(*Continued on page 70*)

Melchior as operagoers know him. Here the king of Wagnerian tenors puts 250 pounds of dignity into his role in Lohengrin.

BLUE
BLUE
LET'S GET LOST

The Great Dane blows out his tubes with Patsy Kelly, comedienne, on a thing called Let's Get Lost. It was a radio skit.



Mr. Meep'

The sad story of J. Lysander Meep, who liked to do imitations—until he imitated one man too many once too often, and managed to fool even his wife

MAYBE you don't know Mr. Meep:
Lysander Meep, the man with
thousand faces. Or that's what
used to call himself when he was doi
imitations. He's the unpressed little guy
the other end of the bar. And I bet rig
now he's waiting for me to turn my hea
So. And then he'll sort of absent-minded
help himself to the free lunch. What d
I tell you? Like I haven't told him
thousand times the lunch is exclusive
for the cash drinkers.

That lets Meep out. He never has a
cash. His wife won't give him any. B
he used to cadge a drink now and th
by giving imitations. You know, he'd lo
like Napoleon, or Julius Caesar, or an
one you would mention. And then you
buy him a drink. See? But he doesn't
that any more. No, sirree. He looked li
one guy too many too often.

Not that he ever looked like anyo
really. Except this one guy. But he w
always trying. And he was serious abo
it, too. He was always pulling out a coup
of old newspaper pictures of himself. Li
one said, "Local Man Resembles Gan
ster." And it showed Meep chewing a bo
rowed cigar and resembling some gan
ster or other. And the other picture w
about the same, only it showed Me
resembling some actor, or governor.
forget which.

Well, on this night I mean, Meep
standing right there where he is standi
now. And he isn't drinking, because ever
one has seen his imitations already, a
no one is interested in buying him a drin

Who comes in then but Terrence Tooke
owner of the Morning Bugle. And wi
him is "Nifty" Russo, and "Cold Deck
and "Mr. Respectable." Nifty just abo
runs the politics in this ward. And Co
Deck operated a gambling house rig
next door, and Mr. Respectable operate
another one down the block. Anyway, th
did at this time I mention.

Naturally, the rail riders open right
and give these big shots plenty of bar
account of they might want privacy, a
besides, are quite apt to cut off any e
you stick in their conversation uninvite

Like I say, everyone is most respectf
and they are just beginning to talk abo
what a tough racket politics is, and wh
a hard job they are having trying to li
Mayor Bosterwick, who is all the tin
clamping down on the gamblers, whe
Meep, there, elbows his way right into th
group.

"What'll I do?" Meep wails as he turns to me. "If I don't go home tonight, the missus will murder me."

Double Double-Cross

BY STANLEY DISNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

"You ever see my imitations, Mr. Tooken?" he asks eagerly. "Maybe you would like to use a picture of them in your paper?"

Tooken bites right through his cigar, he s so mad.

"Not now," he says. "Some other time, maybe."

"Won't take a minute," Meep assures him. He punches the crease out of his hat so it looks like a derby somewhat. Then he goes through the motions of putting on a pair of nose-pincher glasses and looks at us with his nose wrinkled like he is smelling some overripe Gorgonzola.

"Who am I?" he asks proudly.

"Mussolini," Nifty suggests.

"Napoleon. Lincoln. Santa Claus," Tooken says, getting madder and madder at the interruption. Then he explodes. "What the hell do I care who you look like?"

"That," says Meep in a hurt voice, "was Mayor Bosterwick."

"O. K. O. K.," Tooken agrees. "Now take your barnyard imitations and scram."

Meep shrugs, like this is a free country, sn't it? And he doesn't have to go if he doesn't want to, does he? But he goes.

"You know," Nifty says, as he watches Meep walk away, "he looks a lot like the mayor at that. Same height. Same build. Same pussyfooting manner. Put him in a claw-hammer coat with the fixings, and he'd look a lot like old fancy-pants. Anyway, from a reasonable distance."

"So he looks like the mayor," Cold Deck snaps. "What's that got to do with throwing his nibs out of office? Respectable and me have put up plenty of cash for the power of the press," he says, looking at Mr. Tooken, "but right now, with the reform movement like it is, Bosterwick looks a cinch to be re-elected."

"I can't help it," Tooken answers. "I can't print dirt if there isn't any. Bosterwick never makes a slip."

Nifty studies the ash on his cigar.

"MAYBE we haven't been going about things right," he says softly. "You been running the worst pictures you got of the mayor in that paper of yours. But they aren't bad enough. Maybe we could get some worse ones—using our friend over there." Nifty jerks his thumb toward Meep.

As the idea soaks in, Tooken begins to smile.

"Baby!" he says in admiration. "What a head you got, Nifty! Baby! I got an idea already how we can use those pictures. And it's legal. Legal, mind you," he repeats, like he is surprised any good scheme can be that way. "Legal libel," he says. "Hey, you," he calls to Meep. "Come here a second."

The little guy returns. But huffy.

"How'd you like to do some work for us?" Tooken asks. "Political work?"

Meep lights up like an election bonfire. This is the first time going into politics ever occurs to him. Politics. That's a career for a man. All you need do is get the votes, then take it easy till next election. But he doesn't jump at it. No, sirree. He doesn't want to look too eager.

"I'll be glad to help you fellows out," he says, patronizing-like. "Always glad to help a friend in a pinch," he says. He fits his thumbs in his vest pockets, and rocks back on his heels, like he owns the world. "I don't mind throwing my political strength your way. But just what office do you want me to run for?"

Now the political strength Meep has is the strength he uses personally when he pulls down the handle on the voting machine. And Tooken and Nifty know it.

"We don't want you to run for any office just yet, Mr.—er—" Tooken answers smoothly.

"Meep," the little guy says. "J. Lysander Meep. Pleased to meet you."

"Mr. Meep. I was so taken in by your imitation of Mayor Bosterwick, I thought I'd like to get some pictures of you, after all. Only in proper clothes, of course."

"For your paper?" Meep asks, excited.

"Definitely for the paper," Tooken answers. "Real front-page stuff. You come down to my office tomorrow and I'll turn you over to my photographers. They'll get you any clothes you need. And then, if everything turns out O. K., maybe we can find you a spot in the City Inspector's office."

WELL, I guess this is just about the biggest thing that ever happens to Mr. Meep. He struts around and brags about what he will do when he is in the Inspector's office, and says it only goes to prove you cannot keep a true artist down.

After that, I don't see the little guy for a couple of days. Then he comes in one night, late. At first I don't recognize him. He is wearing a top hat and tails, and a flower in his buttonhole as big as a country-fair cabbage. He stands in the doorway a minute till he sees he has our attention. Then he struts over to the bar for all the world like Mayor Bosterwick.

It is a big entrance, and Meep makes the most of it. He slaps an early-morning newspaper down on the bar.

"Look at it, boys," he says. "Look at it, and see if you can recognize whose picture is there. Right on page one."

It is some spread; a study in contrasts, if you get what I mean. One picture shows a guy I recognize as a reporter on the Bugle, dressed like a bum and digging in a garbage can like he is hunting something to eat, which maybe he is at that. And the other picture shows a drunk seated at a table loaded with food and champagne, which the drunk is sure lushing up. The drunk is dressed and looks just like Mayor Bosterwick himself. And there is a headline which says in big letters, "MAYOR BOSTERWICK"; and in small letters you can read, if you got on strong bifocals, "Deplores scenes like these." There is no mention who the drunk is. Instead there is a question under the picture, "Guess Who?" And for a second I think it is really a picture of the mayor, until I remember Meep. And then I know it is a picture of him. But, of course, everyone else thinks "Guess Who" is the mayor, on account of the picture looks so much like him.

Personally, I do not think the picture of the drunk very flattering, and I should not go around claiming any kin to it. But Meep is different. He has four copies of the paper already, and he asks the boys to save him all they buy, so he can get the pictures.

The next P. M. Tooken and Nifty come in for a quickie to celebrate their idea.

"What a spread! What a picture!" Tooken gloats. "I hear from my reporters it costs Bosterwick fifty thousand votes already. And wait till I run the pictures we're going to take tonight!"

"Heard anything from Bosterwick's headquarters?" Nifty asks.

"His attorney comes around this morning and asks me if I ever hear about the laws on libel," Tooken answers. "So I ask him if he ever hears about the freedom of the press. And then I ask him what law is there against a man dressing like he wants. Then I tell him to go chase himself."

"I HEAR they're hunting for a gorilla who looks like our man Coletti to use for their own papers," Nifty answers. Then he laughs. "We got nothing to fear," he says. "Everyone knows Coletti is a drunk and a bum already. And anyone they get to imitate him is bound to be an improvement."

"Maybe they might try showing Coletti going respectable," Tooken cracks. But it is plain that doesn't bother him. If the reform crowd ever finds someone who looks like Coletti, they got no chance of making him look respectable.

Just then I notice Meep. He is dressed like last night. But he seems unhappy about something.

"Mr. Tooken," he says with a forced laugh, "I am afraid I can't help you make those pictures at the Cheerio Club tonight, like I promised. Mrs. Meep does not like the picture that you took of me. She says it isn't genteel. She says what will her fellow members of the Reform League say if they learn her husband poses for that picture of a drunk." He laughs. "You know how these women are."

"What's that?" Tooken snaps.

"Yes," Meep answers brightly. "She wants to know why you can't have me pose in some respectable pictures."

"If I want respectable pictures, I can use the mayor himself," Tooken thunders. He grabs Meep by the lapels and yanks him close. "Listen to me, you," he says. "I'm out too much dough on your clothes already for you to back out on me now. You be at the Cheerio Club tonight, like my photographers told you to, or your next newspaper appearance will be in the obit column. And soon."

"Yeh!" Nifty says. "And soon."

"Yessir, Mr. Tooken," Meep gasps. "I am only joking. I will be there, like you say."

Well, Tooken and Nifty and the rest of the fellows finally drift along. But Meep, he just stands there, leaning against the bar. He has money. But he isn't drinking. He isn't thirsty. And when Meep isn't thirsty, something is wrong.

"What'll I do?" Meep wails as he turns to me. "If I don't go home tonight, the missus will murder me. And if I do, Tooken will murder me."

Before I can think of anything to say in sympathy, a big unpleasant-looking lug enters and taps Meep on the shoulder.

"Come on, bub," he growls. "You're under arrest."

"Me?" the little guy bleats. "What for? I haven't done anything."

"For impersonating an officer," this lug answers.

"Me? Impersonate an officer?" Meep asks, like he can't believe what he hears.

"Yeh, you!" the gorilla answers. "The mayor's an officer, isn't he? And you're impersonating him. So come on."

Suddenly Meep lights up, then instantly

(*Continued on page 56*)

WHAT'S BEHIN

The points of difference among their leaders . . .

There's a good deal more than just stubbornness behind the differences that we have with our allies. Understanding the problems that cause these quarrels may help us to solve them

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

THE fact that there are major differences among the Allies should surprise no one. It would have been remarkable had those differences been resolved in the fires of the war. Let's be frank and say that even in the face of the peril let loose by the Fascist plan of world conquest, it would have been impossible.

First, the differences are too great. Second, too little effort has been made to bridge the abysses of misunderstanding between Britain, Russia, and the United States.

Frankly facing the differences and disagreements makes it easier to overcome them. It is when they simmer beneath the surface, generating ill will and frustration, that they are really dangerous. That is why the recent airing of British grievances against the United States seems to me to have been a healthy thing.

At the present time it is important to examine the three divergent points of view. They cannot be entirely reconciled, but they must somehow be adjusted to a degree which will make co-operation possible. The alternative is too terrible. It is the destruction of the world that we have known.

Underlying the recent flurry of British criticism was concern about America's future policy. The British wonder whether we really intend to work toward a decent world order. To put it in the slang of the Army Air Forces: "Are we going to sweat it out?"

The British know from long experience that it is going to take a lot of sweating. It is going to take patience and tact and time. Mere liberation will not solve the manifold problems of tortured Europe.

Imagine yourself a Britisher at the time of the recent civil war in Greece. Cabled to England were comments and editorials telling how profoundly America was disturbed by the armed conflict between two allies. They carried an undertone of disillusion. And they were buttressed by statements of former isolationists, who popped out of the woodwork to claim that they had known all the time it would come out this way and that once again we had been mistaken to interfere in Europe's quarrels.

Being a Britisher, you might have felt like this: If the Americans intend to give up the moment the going gets a little rough, perhaps we had better not count on them at all. It sounds a bit like a repetition of 1918-19. We don't like that business in Greece either, but we'll have to try to do something about it.

As a matter of fact, the evidence indicates that feeling in Britain concerning the Greek tragedy was more intense than in this country. Liberals and laborites were incensed at the spectacle of British tanks firing on men who had fought to free their homeland. It was that censure that caused Prime Minister Churchill and Foreign Minister Eden to fly to Athens, and it was because of the feeling in England that they finally agreed to a regency under Archbishop Damaskinos.

Again put yourself in the place of the ordinary Britisher. He knows that Britain must have world trade and world investments to maintain anything like the prewar living comfort, to say nothing of the social advances that returning veterans in England will expect. That means merchant shipping. It means a creditor position in world finance.

But consider what has happened during the war. Britain's merchant fleet has suffered severe losses, and Britain has liquidated virtually all foreign investments. The government has gone into debt around the world to finance this most costly of all wars. England is now a debtor nation.

By contrast, America has built up a huge merchant fleet, and we apparently intend to carry at least part of our export trade in our own ships after the war. We have doubled our plant capacity. The Air Transport Command has thrown air lines around the globe. Our vast aviation industry has been building transport and cargo planes as well as combat planes while Britain's air industry has been devoted exclusively to bombers and fighters.

You, as a Britisher, see this great power developing across the Atlantic, and you cannot help but wonder whether it will be used to crowd other nations off the seas and out of the air.

This fear is at the root of much of the misunderstanding between the two allies.

. . . are the surface expression of

Old habits and old attitudes survive long after circumstances have completely altered. Not so very long ago British power dominated a large part of the globe. Winston Churchill as a young man was a minor actor in the brilliant scenes that marked the closing years of the proud reign of Queen Victoria. In both London and India he was part of the pomp and circumstance of Britain's great days of Empire. Almost inevitably this colored his way of thinking and his approach to the world. This is made clear in the fascinating picture he gives of his early life in A Roving Commission.

On the whole, Britain's rule was beneficent. But the habit of rule, which is hardly compatible with co-operation, is not overcome in a day.

Then take the business of geography. The British Isles are not three thousand miles from tormented Europe but twenty-five miles. I had this impressed on me when in 1943 I was staying in the old town of Rye, which is on England's south coast. German fighter-bomber planes were then about three minutes away and they would come in to strafe the ancient streets before air-raid sirens could sound.

the QUARRELS of the ALLIES?

We sometimes seem to forget that the Battle of Britain is still going on. V bombs re still falling. Living under that threat s certainly not easy.

The average Britisher wants to do everything he can to make sure this will not happen again. He has seen what deadly weapons can do when fired from across he channel. He remembers all too well what life was like when bombers roared overhead night after night and whole areas of London were ablaze. With the Britisher it has long since ceased to be an academic question whether it would be desirable to co-operate with the rest of the world and particularly with France.

In another war the United States would be just as subject to devastation as Britain has been in this one. The range of new weapons is increasing all the time. Yet, despite this fact, you come up against attitudes that resist the swift changes which have taken place in the geography of the world. A great many of us in America still do not realize that the Atlantic has become a millpond which can be crossed in a few hours by stratosphere planes. In this connection, required reading for all of us is Winged Peace, by Canada's Air Marshal William A. Bishop, who tries to make us see how small the world has become and how dire will be the penalty if we do not learn that lesson.

the basic needs of the peoples . . .

We in America have been very remote from the war. Our newspapers have printed millions of words telling of the horrors and terrors of the global conflict. Yet there is apparently no substitute for the actual experience itself. We have little real understanding of what the British have lived through.

The same is true of our attitude toward our other ally, Russia. When the Russians speak of "war criminals," they do not refer to abstract figures who might be brought to abstract justice. They are talking of men whose monstrous crimes are known to every Russian, and to millions from firsthand knowledge.

The Russians have done a poor job of letting the world know the extent of the devastation in the Soviet Union. Life there has never been easy, but today it is grim indeed.

The case of Russia is, of course, more complicated than that of Britain. It is essential, it seems to me, to consider some background.

After the revolution of 1917 the Bolsheviks signed a peace with Germany that imposed ruthless terms. It took chunks of Russian territory and arbitrarily split them off from the mother country. Later, the Versailles Treaty awarded to a reconstituted Poland part of what had been Czarist Russia.

In the years that followed, this was a source of rancor. White Russians in exile said that the Communists had betrayed their native land by parceling out pieces of it. In many Russians this bred a kind of inferiority complex. Now they want to show the world that Russia can have Communism and with it, in her resurgent power, a completely restored fatherland. Back of this attitude is a strong national pride. And it is interesting in this connection to note that a bitter enemy of Stalin and the Communist dictatorship, Alexander Kerensky, who tried in 1917 to form a moderate democratic government, has supported the territorial claims of the Soviet Union. It shows that patriotism—nationalism, if you will—strikes deeper than even the politics-to-the-death which has been characteristic of Russia since long before the Bolshevik Revolution.

More recent history also helps to explain the Russian attitude toward the boundaries of her immediate neighbors. Throughout the 1930s there was continuing evidence that many of the most powerful figures in France and England hoped to turn Germany against Russia in a war to the death. In Poland, in the Baltic states, and in Finland there were important elements willing to collaborate in any intrigue aimed at the Soviets. Riga, the Latvian capital, was a haven for those who manufactured Russian horror propaganda.

The presence of these plotters so close at hand emphasized the Russian feeling of insecurity all through that period of miserable muddle and confusion. Maxim Litvinov went to Geneva to preach his doctrine that "peace is indivisible," but there were few who would listen. In Parliament, Tories went on year after year talking about the "Red menace."

This atmosphere was hardly conducive to understanding and co-operation. Munich put the final seal on that era of distrust and suspicion. We in America were seething with righteous indignation over the iniquity of Munich, but as we and the whole world knew, this country was not prepared to help put Hitler in his place. We were still living under the isolationist illusion—the complacent dream that no matter what happened in the rest of the world, we were secure.

THAT is one thing our British cousins find hardest to take in the American character—our preachiness. We sit over on this side of the Atlantic and at the slightest pretext deliver a sermon to Europe or Asia. Perhaps the British find this hard to take because it is, or at any rate it was, also a British characteristic. Having delivered the sermon, we seem to feel that we have done our duty and if other people are not sensible enough to take our advice, then they deserve everything that happens to them.

The habit of isolation is a persistent one. There were many Americans who even in 1940 and 1941 refused to see the danger that confronted us here at home. Our military leaders knew it well enough. They knew that the Germans had a carefully worked-out plan for moving down through Africa; then across from Dakar to the bulge of Brazil; and then north to menace

(*Continued on page 83*)

. . . in their quest for life, liberty, and prosperity.

TARZANS of the AAF

As insurance against the day when they may be forced down in the jungle, Air Force men learn to scratch for a living on a rugged Florida island.

By SIDNEY SHALETT

Sgt. Weaver carves a choice item of jungle diet, a roast turtle.

IN a lush jungle laboratory on Hypoluxo Island, between Lake Worth and Lantana, Florida, the Army Air Forces are molding a unique group of specialists—Tarzans of the A. A. F. Since early last spring, classes for instructors in jungle survival have been quietly under way. The basic idea is simple: drop the airmen in a rugged spot and force them to scratch for a living off whatever the jungle will provide.

The Jungle Survival Course, supervised by the A. A. F. Tactical Center at Orlando, began in an extremely small way as part of a general program to teach airmen how to survive on next to nothing in jungle, desert, and Arctic. Originally there were only ten men in each class. Now the Air Forces are stepping up the jungle program and "graduating" from forty to fifty men each month at Hypoluxo.

The Tactical Center, the Army Air Transport Command, and the Naval Air Transport Service all got the idea for such training at about the same time. Things were particularly bad in the China-Burma-India theater, where ATC planes, flying "the Hump," sometimes cracked up in some of the wildest territory in the world. So Tactical Center started the course, and shortly thereafter both ATC and NATS urged haste in completing the training of the initial groups. The Navy has its own training centers.

Lieutenant Richard A. Howard, twenty-seven-year-old former Harvard junior fellow in biology, is in charge of the men who come to Hypoluxo. The job is so big that the A. A. F. can't hope to put everyone through the Hypoluxo mill, so it concentrates on training enough apt instructors (known as personal equipment officers) to go out and pass on their hard-earned knowledge to those who must actually fly over the jungles. Hypoluxo alumni, now several hundred strong, include a large number of former professors and technical men serving as engineers, altitude physiologists, or operations officers, and they instruct cadets and fliers both in this country and at advanced bases in the tropics.

Lieutenant Howard insists that with the proper training in fundamentals of jungle survival, one can live indefinitely in the wildest terrain. The tall spectacled jungle professor also feels an evangelical wrath toward persons "too stupid"—in his words—to know what to do in the jungle.

"There's one fellow," he tells his classes, "who bailed out in the jungle early in the war. He was afraid of everything—the Japs, the natives, and, quite stupidly, the food the jungle offered him. He wandered fourteen days without eating, then became weak and grabbed up a handful of red fruit and ate it. It was the wrong thing, of course, and made him sick. He got scared again and stumbled around another seven days before he keeled over. He finally was rescued and wrote a book about it in the best hero fashion. All he had done, actually, was act like a damn fool."

I visited Hypoluxo Island recently, on invitation of A. A. F. TAC, to observe how the airmen learn to extract a meal from the jungles and mangrove swamps. Lieutenant Howard was fuming at the moment. The enrollment of his classes had just been boosted to forty-three, but he had not been able to get enough instructors to do justice to everyone. So, instead of taking all the men out on the island to spend a full four or five days living off the land, he had to take them out in groups of about ten for a day at a time. Since then, he has been successful in his persistent efforts to get more trained instructors, and the Air Force Tarzans now are spending a full four days on the island.

The island, an elongated strip of sand, mangrove roots, and oyster shells, is located between the ocean and a large lake which the Indians used to call Hypoluxo. Now the mangroves and a pair of bridges, built during the boom years, connect it with both the mainland and the beach front. There oranges, grapefruit, coconuts, wild figs, carissa, beetle grubs, fiddler crabs, fish, oysters, raccoons, squirrels, swamp cabbage, the highly-esteemed sea purslane, and at least 100 other items of edible animal or vegetable life are available. Lieutenant Howard insists there isn't a spot in the East where typical Central Pacific conditions are better duplicated.

No sooner had the big Army trailer pulled up on the beach near Hypoluxo than Howard and his right-hand man, Sergeant Bob Weaver, a tanned and lanky Indiana boy, went into action. They pounced on a piece of rotten driftwood and tore it open with their fingernails.

"See!" exclaimed Howard. "This wood is full of gooseneck barnacles. You'll find them on seaweed, too. I don't recommend that you eat barnacles unless you have to, but if you have to, they're not bad if you can put them in the bottom of some sort of container, chop them up, boil them in water, and drink the broth. Or you *can* eat them raw."

While the "students" got out their machetes and other paraphernalia, I circulated among them to find out something about their backgrounds. One was Second Lieutenant J. R. Chinn, a Chinese boy who came to this country in 1925 and became an engineering student at New York University just before he went in the Army. Another was Major Ross MacCardle, who had been an instructor in anatomy and pathology at Washington University, St. Louis, and now is director of an altitude training unit at Kingman Field, Arizona. Some took the idea of survival training in dead seriousness; others thought it was a lark.

SIX of them already had gone off to the island with Private Jim Mitchell to learn how to find shelter materials in the jungle and how to make bamboo rafts and work their way through swamps without losing their equipment. Mitchell, a native of Christmas, Florida, is three quarters Seminole Indian. He's an ex-professional deer killer for the State of Florida and often has hunted in the Everglades for a month or more. He says he can live indefinitely on what he can pick up in the jungles or swamps, and that "to my way o' thinkin', it's all right good eatin'."

Lieutenant Howard gathered the remaining nine students around him. "Men," he said, "we are now ready for our trip to the island to learn how to live off the land. You will find everything you need on Hypoluxo to keep you alive. There are no poisonous snakes or spiders that we know of, and no alligators.

"We are not going to make this course as tough as we might. We could sleep out on the island, but the sand fleas and bugs would devour you, so we'll sleep on the beach, where they'll leave at least a few uneaten spots. We could go out without water, but, instead, I'd rather show you how to use halazone tablets, iodine, a sun still, or plain boiling methods to prepare safe drinking water. We could make our dinner on beetle grubs, raw fish intestines, and a few other things which are quite edible but unappetizing—unless you're very hungry. But I don't think it's necessary to go in for dramatics to get over the idea."

Man's greatest enemy in the jungle, Howard explained, is the insect. Members of his classes have shown considerable ingenuity in combating them. The mosquitoes were so bad on the beach one night, he related, that one man got the largest coconut husk he could find, split it open, buried himself in the sand, and put the husk over his head. That enabled him to breathe, and he slept (he claimed) fairly comfortably. "Of course," said Howard, "he could have put an undershirt over his face and

Lt. Richard A. Howard, jungle mentor, demonstrates the possibilities of palm cabbage to his air-force "students" on Hypoluxo Island.

got the same effect. Always wear an undershirt in the jungle."

Howard gave the class some simple rules: Make breakfast your heaviest meal, do all your working and walking during the day, then stop at night and rest for at least an hour before attempting to eat any "emergency" foods. "We call them emergency," he said, "but some of them are darned good. Some have commercial possibilities after the war." Anyhow, since most of the jungle foods are strange to Western stomachs and also exceedingly starchy, it's best not to make a meal of them until you're rested, because they're more apt to disagree with you when you're hot and tired.

With that, he set off briskly on the half-mile walk to the bridge which leads to Hypoluxo, his students trailing him. He hadn't gone far when he leaped into the brush and came back with a cluster of something fruity-looking. "Sea grapes," he proclaimed. "If purple, they're good to eat. If green, you can cook them into a marmalade. General rule: Lay off green fruit uncooked."

A FEW yards down the road he leaped up an embankment again and whacked down some grass with his machete. "These are sea oats," he explained. "Shake the seeds from the tops and you can cook them into a pretty decent porridge. Seeds of all grass are edible. Roast the seeds and you can munch them like peanuts. Even sandspur—bur grass, you probably call it—which is always sticking to your ankles, has a use. The Seminole Indians pound it up and use it for making a kind of lemonade. Has a nice citrus flavor."

He pounced on another greenish bit of vegetation. "Here's another important rule," he said. "Don't eat any three-cornered fruits. This is spurge, and it will make you sick as a pup. Quarter of a teaspoonful would kill a small child. Besides, it's a strong laxative.

"Here's another useful item, one of your best bets," he said next, plucking a handful of a bright vinelike plant. "It's sea purslane, or pigweed, as they call it in South America. You can eat it raw or cooked. It's better than any string beans ever served you in an Army mess hall, and I predict it has commercial possibilities after the war. It'll come to you then quick-frozen. Here, try some; it's a real delicacy."

He passed around the pigweed and we all had a nibble. It was crisp and slightly salty. "What a delicacy!" one of the skeptics murmured sourly.

Lieutenant Howard, ignoring the heckling, continued down the road until we came to one rather attractive flower which he said was a seaside morning-glory. Its Latin name, he enlightened us, is *Ipomoea pes-caprae,* which he translated as meaning "Morning-glory that smells like the urine of a goat." Obviously, he said, this is not a delicacy, but the shoots can be eaten if nothing better is handy.

After crossing the little bridge, we came to a swamp. "A mangrove swamp," Howard said enthusiastically, "is your best hunting place for food—clams, oysters, and all sorts of shellfish—though a helluva place to travel." He scooped up a handful of little fiddler crabs, which resemble spiders, and said, "You can use these for bait, or you can make a broth out of them if you're hard put."

Before we reached the spot that Howard uses for his jungle laboratory, we discovered additional curiosities about Hypoluxo. A real-estate boom was started there during Florida's lush years. A few dirt roads, some unused concrete electric-light poles standing like graveyard sentinels, and a number of wistful "This Lot for Sale" signs remain as relics. Citrus trees, planted by homesteaders in the early 1890s, abound. At the south end of the island is the palatial estate of Colonel Louis Jacques Balsan. There are a few other houses on the island, but otherwise it is pretty primitive, especially in the swamps.

AS we walked the last stretch to camp, we picked up a bit of jungle dining lore about coconuts. Coconut milk, we were told, really isn't particularly desirable; it does not quench the thirst, and too much of it will make you ill when you're hot and fatigued. But the coconut meat is good eating, also burns like a candle, and the split shells can be used for everything from dishes and cups to jungle-style cigarette lighters. "Just take some of the husk, wrap it around a live coal, close it up inside the two halves of the shell, and you can carry your fire," Howard explained.

It was getting hot and sticky, and Lieutenant Ronald S. Huey of Gallitzin, Pennsylvania, a B-29 operations officer who was growing a scraggly mustache and was red-faced from the sun, moodily observed, "Wish I was back at Wright Field flying instead of walking like an infantryman. When I get back home and Mom says,

(*Continued on page 75*)

The Society of Broken Hearts

BY FRANCES BORDEN

Any serviceman ditched by his girl is eligible for membership in the Brush-off Club—a wacky wartime organization whose main purpose is to give jilted G. I.s an outlet for their feelings

WITH Dorothy Dix too far away to give first aid, U. S. soldiers the world over are attempting to mend one another's broken hearts. It's a melancholy task, fraught with floods of tears wept into warm beer. But it appears to revive the victims.

The victims are those G. I.s whose girls back home have given them the brush-off while they've been away. So legion are their numbers that they've organized into a union of mournful hearts. The first of its kind in military history, this unusual society is known as the Brush-off Club.

The Brush-off Club was started by soldiers at a bomber base in India, and chapters have spread like wildfire. Any male jilted since he's been in uniform is eligible. Any soldier jilted in favor of a civilian automatically becomes a vice-president of the club.

The admission fee to the Brush-off Club is one positively broken heart. Requirements for membership are:

1. She casually mentions dates with other men and doesn't start out "Dearest Darling" any more;
2. Friends and parents have reported seeing her out with other Joes;
3. She is engaged or "practically engaged" to someone else;
4. She has married someone else.

If a soldier is unable to qualify for the active list but has reason to believe he's in the process of being ditched, the club generously offers a "Pending Membership." A man in this category is called a "Just-Sweating Member."

Rules of the club decree that "the guy with the biggest crying towel must be president." Other officers are: vice-presidents (previously defined); a chief crier, who reads the ritual at meetings (eulogies of the departed lovelies and rousing encouragements to the surviving lonely hearts), a chief sweating officer, whose job it is to sweat it out with sweating members; and a corresponding secretary, who keeps track of new telephone numbers and sees that they're exchanged among the members.

All club members are eligible for a place on the Good Hunting Caucus Committee, which convenes as often as two or three men can get passes to any place where females are present.

Duties of members of the Brush-off Club are to extend mutual sympathy and exchange weekly condolences.

A candidate, warmly welcomed to the fold, was the Texas man who got a long letter from his sweetheart back home. Its last paragraph said casually: "I was married last week, but my husband won't mind your writing to me. He's a sailor and very broad-minded."

Another soldier, given an immediate charter membership, was superlatively scorned like this: "If you must know, we are not engaged any more. I was married last month. I cashed in the war bonds and insurance you gave me to pay for our honeymoon. Your car came in handy, too, and we used your wedding ring for the ceremony. I always did like it. I want to keep your engagement ring, and you'd better stop writing me letters because my husband says he'll wring your neck if you don't."

The official application for the Brush-off Club reads as follows:

Membership Desired: Active, or "Just Sweating." . . .

Condition of Heart: Broken. . . . Dented. . . . Demolished. . . .

(Denote condition by placing (X) in appropriate condition.)

How Long Have You Known Her? Yrs. . . . Mos. . . . Wks. . . . Days . . . Hrs. . . .

Are You Married? (If so, why?) . . .

Did You Get Along with Her Parents? (If not—"could be"?) . . .

Did You Consider Her the Forward Blasé, Indifferent, or Gushing Type? . . . If other type, please state.

Was She Blonde or Brunette? . . . (For Statistical Purposes Only.) If neither, state what color or colors.

Do You Feel that You Can Carry On? (Remember Pearl Harbor.) . . .

Did You Let Her Know Just How Much You Cared for *Her?* . . .

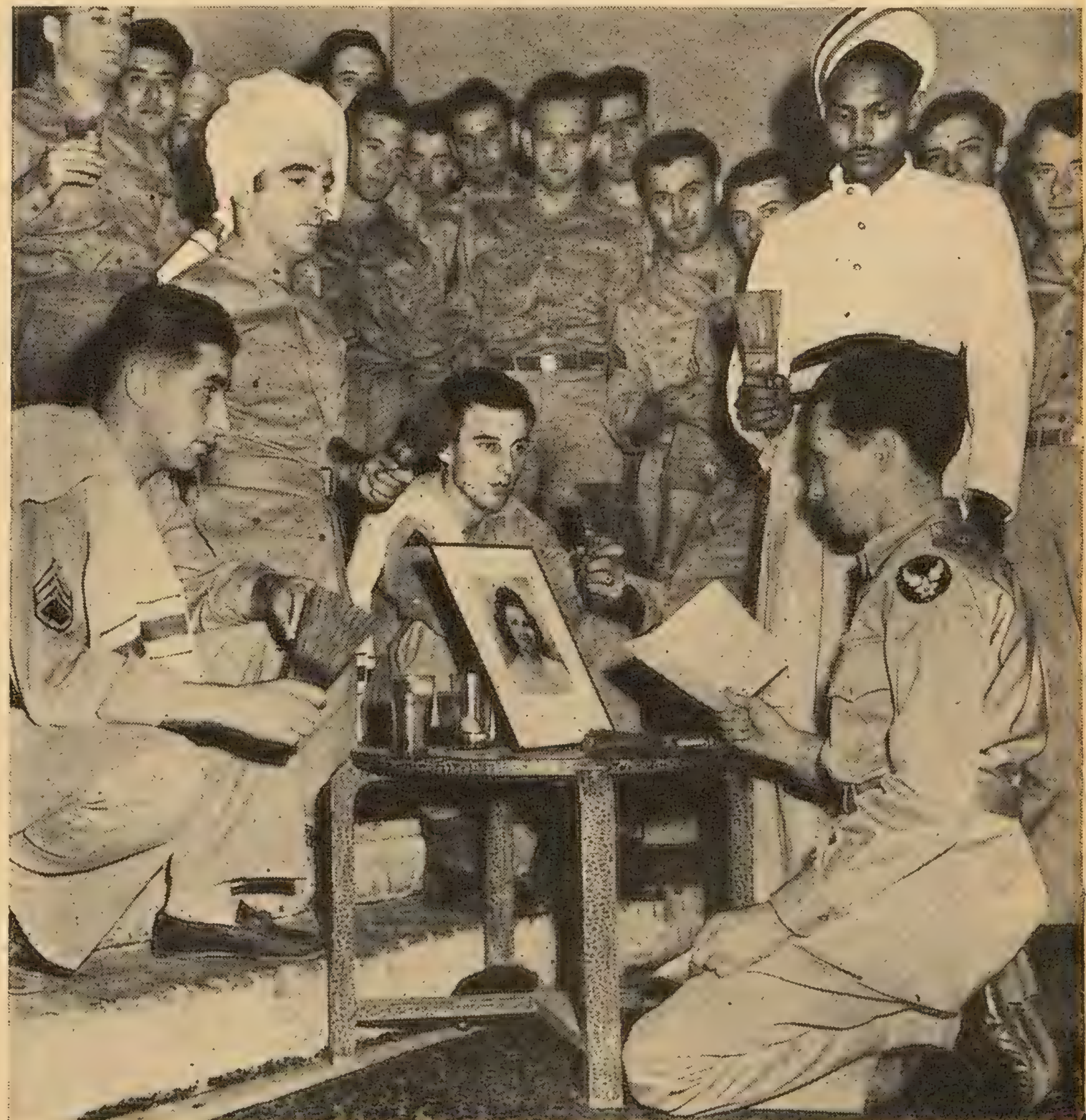
(Answer fully, if possible—or Yes.)

Note: ALL Questions Must Be Answered.

At a typical induction into the Brush-off Club, the applicant kneels before a stool on which reposes the picture of his ex-beloved and reads aloud the contents of the fatal letter that told him all, while the membership drinks beer and listens. The chief crier and the chief sweater soak up their tears with large Turkish towels and wave whisk brooms between sobs. As the last step, the new entrant into the brotherhood is thoroughly brushed off.

The latest wrinkle in Brush-off organization is a ladies' auxiliary, started by lovelorn females whose men have been stolen by other women. One day, perhaps, the two memberships will get together, and undoubtedly will prove a threat to their continuing existence.

THE END



In India, G. I. Pfc. Frank Platt is taken into the Brush-off Club. The ritual includes crying towels, whisk brooms, and qualifying letter and pictures.

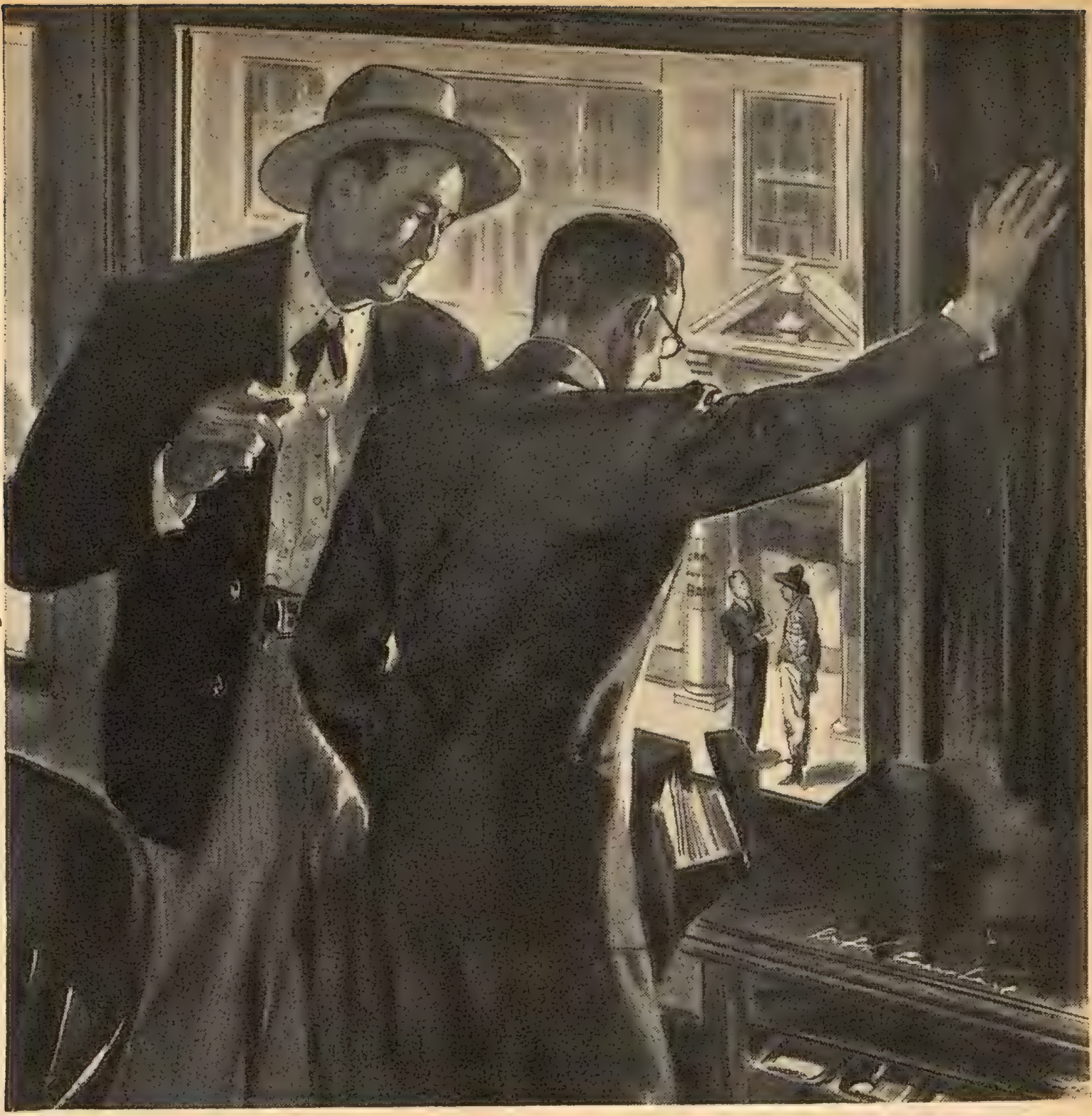
Paid in Full

BY L. L. FOREMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Only a bitter hurt could make a man wait thirty years to settle an account—but the old cattleman had it coming to him



"The wolves," Bradfield said, "are closing in on Rex Howard at last, h'm?" The lawyer nodded, gazing out at the two men talking across the street.

TRAILING smoke from a fifty-cent cigar, middle-aged Fred Bradfield entered the lawyer's office. "The wolves," he said genially, "are closing in on Rex Howard at last, h'm?"

The lawyer nodded, gazing out at the two men talking in the bank entrance across the street. He saw Rex Howard shrug slightly and walk away from the bank manager, as stiff-backed as ever, his cattleman's hat hooding his cold eyes and age-thinned face.

Fred Bradfield murmured, "Frosty old vinegaroon! You wouldn't think he knows he's busted, to look at him. How long's he got, d'you know?"

The lawyer was thinking it must be hell to go broke in your old age, even if you were an old vinegaroon. Rex Howard had owned his own ranch for forty years and weathered every storm, but luck had run against him these last couple of years.

"The bank can't carry him any longer," the lawyer said. "They'll be selling him out next month. Got to protect the bank's interest. Can't blame them for that."

Bradfield's broad mouth twitched. "Nobody's blaming the bank. A man like Rex Howard makes few friends. I haven't spoke to him in thirty years—not since I told him to his face I'd buy him up some day and never miss the money. That's what I've come to see you about."

The lawyer wondered what could cause a man to hold a grudge for thirty years and find satisfaction in revenge after the enemy was ruined. He was young, and he decided that if he had Bradfield's wealth he could find better things to occupy his time. "He must have riled you," he commented.

Bradfield's reflective stare followed Rex Howard up the street. "Riled me?" he said. "Well, I reckon! I was dead broke and he turned me down the worst way. And him a friend of my pa."

He swung around in his chair. "My pa was a mining man, speculated in mines. He lived high, and I always had everything I wanted, but when he died there wasn't much real cash in his safe. It was a shock to me, I'm telling you. But I had plenty friends, so I didn't have to get out and hustle right away. They carried me along for quite a while."

He pointed through the window with his cigar. "See the bank? That's about where the Custer House stood. Burned down a few years before you came here. I went broke in a poker game there one night, and I mean broke. Wasn't playing with friends. They were some railroad fellows and my credit was no good with them. I looked the barroom over, and I settled on Rex Howard. I asked him for the loan of ten dollars."

Waiting for him to go on, the lawyer saw his face flush and darken.

"I expected he'd let me have it. I knew he had money on him. Fact is, I hoped he'd make it twenty. As I said, he'd been a friend of my pa. But he eyed me up and down, cold as a stranger, and—'What?' he said, loud enough for everybody to hear. 'I've got better use for my money than throw it away on a jelly-spined barroom bum!'"

"That," observed the lawyer uncomfortably, "was pretty rough talk."

Bradfield brought his gaze back from the bank building. "Eh? Well, I reckon. It was all I could do to keep from hitting him. I told him plenty. He walked out without another word, and that's the last time we ever spoke together."

He was silent again, and then he said abruptly, "You've never had a rope burn your soft hands near to the bone, nor a stock saddle pound you red, blue, and black. Nor hunted stray mavericks that's gone wild in the brush for a share o' what you can catch—*if* you can catch 'em! Nor worked six years without pay, taking your wages in calves, while the other fellows ride off to town for a good time."

"No, I haven't," the lawyer said. "It sounds like a hard way to get ahead."

"Hard enough, yes. You get impatient. You crave a whirl at the cards, and some drinks and music, and a wild girl to laugh with. You lie on your bunk in the bunkhouse, alone. It's pay night and all the rest have gone to town. You nearly go crazy. I finally had enough cattle to get into trading. Speculating, you could call it. Cows, sheep, horses, land—anything I had savvy about. I owned three fairly good ranches by the time I got married."

Bradfield took a long draw at his fifty-cent cigar. "I've done all right. And now it looks like I get to settle that account with Rex Howard at last. I want you to see about buying up his mortgage at the bank for me."

The lawyer thought: You want the pleasure of making good your boast, of buying up Howard and ordering him off his land. Then the ugly old scar in your ego will be healed over. Aloud he said slowly, "Very well, Mr. Bradfield. And then I suppose you'll want me to start foreclosure action?"

Bradfield rose, watching Rex Howard's buckboard go rattling out of town. "I've often wondered," he muttered, "where I'd have ended up if he'd loaned me that ten dollars. No, son, we won't foreclose on him. He'll get back on his feet, give him time."

He walked to the door, paused, and glanced back. "I figure I owe the old vinegaroon that much," he said, and left.

THE END

The World's Greatest Diamond Robbery

BY MEYER LEVIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT MOORE

Theft, terror, guile — the Nazis used them all to seize captured Antwerp's diamonds. But the embattled burghers of that ancient town matched them all the way with courage and cleverness

WHEN on November 3, 1944, British and Canadian infantry and British marines captured the ancient Belgian seaport of Antwerp, they not only put the Germans to flight but also ended a four-year battle between the burghers and the Nazis for more than a million carats of diamonds, the most concentrated store of wealth in the world. Two thirds of this treasure consisted of industrial diamonds, vital to war production. The rest were jewels, a world-acceptable currency far more useful to the invaders than gold.

In their attempt to secure these stones the Nazis all but destroyed the world center of the diamond industry. Now the leaders of that industry, under the elderly and shrewd Burgomeister of Antwerp, Camille Huysmanns, are trying to put their house together again.

In the back yards of bomb-and-shell-battered Antwerp, burghers are digging up parcels of diamonds they had managed to keep hidden during all the years of the occupation, and from their scattered places of refuge all over the earth, diamond dealers, cutters, and polishers are preparing to return home. There are thousands, though, who are still enslaved in Germany, and other thousands who will never return, for they have passed through the Nazi death furnaces.

It will be a long time before the full extent of German depredation in Antwerp can be known, but some of the events in the prolonged battle for that city's store of diamonds can now be related.

The first German move, in the early summer of 1940, was simple: They robbed the Jews. Under Nazi law this was a perfectly "legal" procedure, and two thirds of Antwerp's 400 diamond dealers were Jewish.

Driven by the constant threat of anti-Semitism into commerce based on easily portable assets, the Jews through generations had developed the sensitive judgment and craft essential to the diamond trade. The Belgians had seen the value of the Jewish dealers and artisans, and had given them working room. The diamond industry of Antwerp grew until it became ten times as large as that of Holland, which country had dominated the world diamond markets until the last war.

Before the Nazis arrived, most of the leading Jewish figures had fled, many taking their stocks of diamonds with them. But enough Jews, and diamonds, remained to afford the SS. men a four-year orgy of sadistic extortion.

First came the men of the Divisienschutz, particularly charged with the looting of the diamond industry. Carrying wastebaskets, they made the rounds of dealers' offices in and near the famous old Diamond Club, forced open safes and emptied trayfuls of diamonds into their baskets. In this fashion they collected a few million dollars' worth of jewels whose ownership could never be traced.

By August, 1940, a more orderly system of looting was instituted. A decree was issued requiring all valuables to be deposited with the German-organized Banque des Émissions. After this, when the Gestapo made the rounds, it was "legally" seeking violators of the order.

As soon as the order was issued, many of those dealers, Jews and non-Jews, who had not yet buried their stocks, hastened to do so. However, as in all invaded countries, there were a number of people who complied with Nazi regulations. These turned in their assets for "protection," only to discover that their deposited diamonds were liable to forcible purchase by the Germans. When such purchases were made from Jews, merely a fractional amount of the real value was paid.

Though the vast bulk of the diamond stock had literally gone underground, it was necessary to live, to trade, and to keep the industry going. Dealers began to slip little packets of diamonds out of their hidden stocks, and to trade secretively in the Diamond Club and cafés. The Germans would let this go on until there was an appreciable amount of gems in circulation. Then they would surround the diamond district and raid the gathering places.

Since it was a criminal offense to possess undeclared valuables, the unhappy dealers would empty their pockets, dropping their diamonds on the floor. The Gestapo had only to sweep the floors and make off with the loot, which no one dared claim.

Six times during the occupation the Diamond Club was raided in this fashion.

Not every Belgian diamond fattened Nazi coffers. Dealers buried some.

Hundreds of times little groups of dealers trading around café tables were arrested by the Nazis. And yet, after every arrest, the traffic began again. There was no other way to live.

The raids on public places were supplemented by searches of private homes. Dealers suspected of having hidden stocks of jewels were taken to Gestapo headquarters for questioning. In that building one may now see the little cells with small iron ceiling loops from which prisoners were suspended by their wrists. And in the corridors there still are several steel-lined trunks with small breathing holes in their lids. After being doubled up for twelve hours in such a trunk, a man usually told where he had hidden his diamonds.

If he were still reluctant, however, there was Breendonck, the near-by concentration camp, where an actual "professor of torture" had at hand such elaborate devices as the electric-shock bath and the penetrating light ray for use on the eyes. Thus more diamonds were gathered.

IN addition to all this, the German supervisor of the diamond industry, William Frensel, introduced a method of extortion designed to produce profits for himself as well as diamonds for Der Führer.

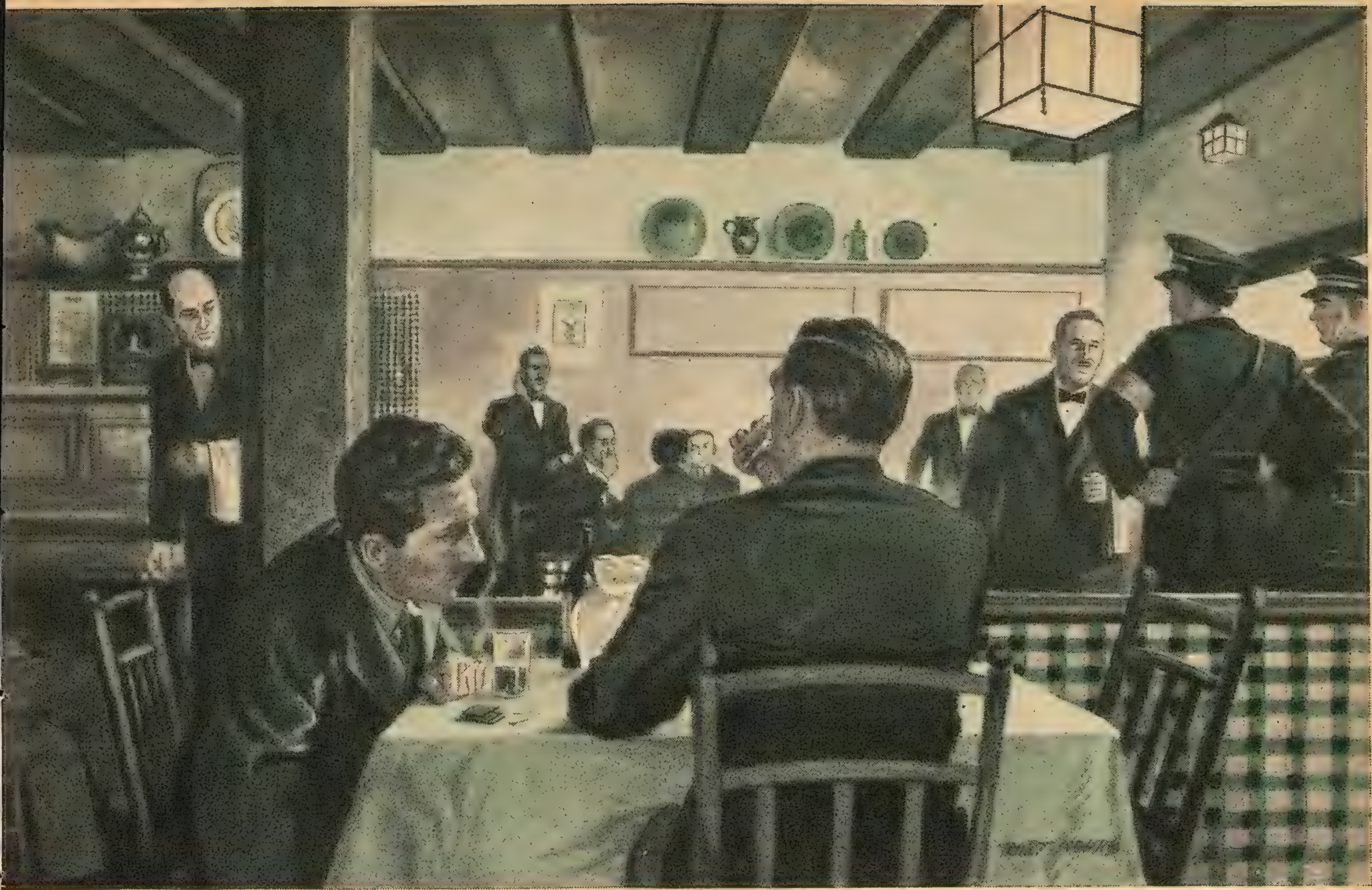
Frensel, who unfortunately died a natural death a few months before the Allied arrival in Antwerp, was a German married to a Belgian, and therefore was considered well fitted to secure the collaboration of the Belgian diamond dealers. He had a close associate named Gustave Breugelmans, a small vest-pocket dealer before the occupation. The two men operated in a very simple but lucrative fashion, preying upon the Jews who had been unable to flee Antwerp. These unfortunates were by now receiving deportation notices informing them that they and their families would shortly be removed to "work camps."

When a Jewish dealer received such a notice, he naturally sought out Frensel for "advice." Frensel would advise him that the Reich was in need of diamonds and that a parcel of a hundred carats might help toward a favorable disposition of his case. If the man had any diamonds left, he turned them over, and secured a few weeks' respite. When he had no more diamonds, Frensel suggested that there was still hope. Diamonds might be bought from the by then well known Breugelmans, an obliging fellow who would help a poor Jew.

The diamonds would be purchased at prices far in excess of their value and given to Frensel, who would return the diamonds to Breugelmans. He then resold them to another Jew, who again turned the packet over to Frensel.

Breugelmans is now in jail awaiting military judgment. But of all their transactions, no records remain. Only a few torn envelopes on which were scribbled the names of deported dealers were found in Frensel's office after the liberation of Antwerp.

On top of the unofficial Frensel-Breugelmans squeeze play, the Nazis, in the second year of the occupation, introduced a new variation of the order compelling registra-



Facing torture and death for their possession, Antwerp diamond dealers dropped them on the floor when the German bandits raided cafes.

tion of valuables. They suggested that the Belgians themselves organize a diamond bank for the control of trade and elimination of the black market. Dealers who registered their stock in this bank would be permitted to withdraw diamonds for purposes of trade. And, of course, the Germans could buy diamonds from the bank.

As there was, in reality, no way of resisting the Nazi pressure, the bank was organized, and many dealers, hoping to conduct some "legal" business, deposited their jewels. The depositors did manage to withdraw diamonds for purposes of trade—and, what is more, in so doing they managed to outwit the Germans. They would withdraw packets of stones for polishing and replace them with inferior stones of slight value. The valuable jewels went into the ground.

Though the Germans did manage to buy about a million dollars' worth of jewels from this bank, the extent to which they were hoodwinked can be judged by the following facts: The total value of diamond deposits during the occupancy was in the neighborhood of 60,000,000 francs; the total value of jewels sold to dealers, according to available records, was more than 240,000,000 francs.

Although the Belgians were able to hold out this large amount of diamonds, the Nazis did profit in some measure from what might be termed their "retail operations." On a wholesale scale the Germans managed to get their hands on about 750,000 carats of rough and jewel diamonds held in Belgium by two world-famous companies, Angola Company and Forminière. Eventually they simply seized the Angola diamonds; but to get hold of the Forminière stock (which amounted to approximately 630,000 carats of the total) they had a long battle with that company's manager, the wily Joseph De Wyspelaere.

With the Nazis advancing on Antwerp, De Wyspelaere's first thought was to get the stock of both companies out of German reach. He obtained permission from the Colonial Minister to transport the diamonds to Lisbon, and a formal permit was promised for the following morning. By morning, however, the minister had vanished, without leaving the necessary papers. De Wyspelaere then decided, despite the confusion reigning throughout the country and the lack of a permit, to load the gems on a truck and send them off.

The diamonds, totaling $20,000,000 in value, were packed into metal boxes and placed in the back of a small truck. In charge of a few trusted employees, the truck headed across France with Nazi armies just behind. After surmounting incredible difficulties in getting across the war-stricken French countryside, the truck reached Bordeaux. There the custodians of the jewels arranged with the Portuguese consul for admittance of the treasure into Portugal. But once again the war fever worked overnight, and the consulate was deserted when the Forminière employees called for the necessary papers of entry.

BY this time, however, German advance patrols were already threatening Bordeaux. The custodians of the jewels decided to deposit them in the vaults of a French bank, hoping that the deposit could be kept secret. But in two weeks the Nazis found out about the hidden treasure and seized the gems.

With the stones in their possession, the Germans approached the Belgian diamond interests with suggestions of collaboration. This they did in order to preserve the Antwerp industry's output for the benefit of the Reich, particularly to make sure of skilled production of industrial diamonds for use in German war factories.

The Angola Company decided flatly to have no traffic with the enemy, and its part of the shipment, 120,000 carats of select jewel diamonds, was expropriated in the name of the Reich.

But De Wyspelaere, representing Forminière, decided to deal with the invader. The Forminière stock was brought back to Belgium and negotiations began. De Wyspelaere argued that the stones should be separated and the better ones sold to the Antwerp dealers for cutting and polishing as gems. Antwerp's industry, with its 25,000 skilled workers, had to be kept intact, he pointed out. It could not be duplicated anywhere in the world in less than a generation, and the industry would be a great asset to the Germans "after they had won the war." Besides, he argued, the Germans could readily dispose of the jewels for the foreign exchange they so badly needed.

Though only about 30 per cent of stones in a rough lot are usually selected as gems, De Wyspelaere managed to set aside nearly half of the stock for the Antwerp artisans. Thousands of carats of inferior gems were included: Antwerp's merchants were willing to pay jewel prices for industrials in order to keep busy and to stay alive a little longer.

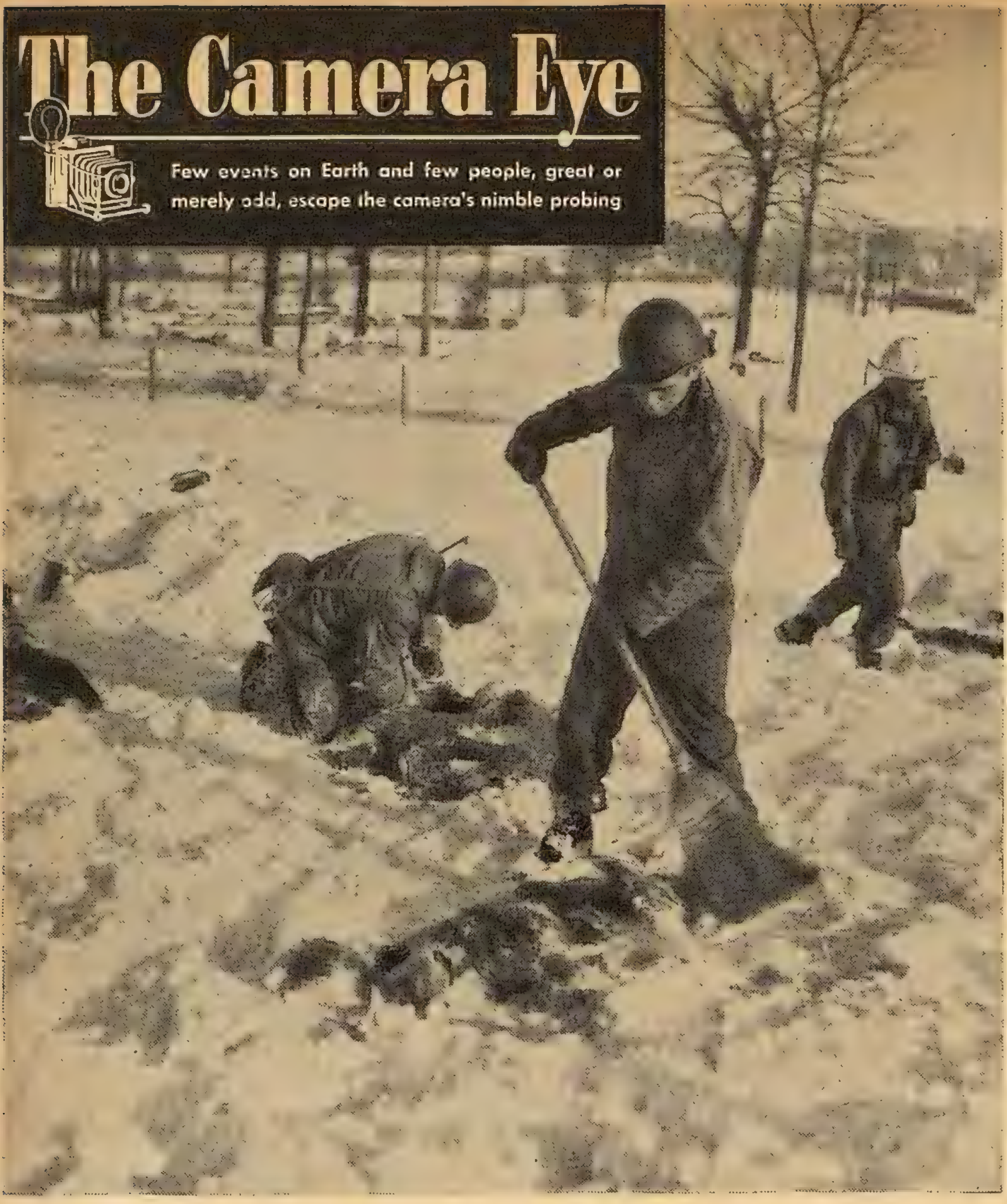
Ordinarily the shops of Antwerp cut about 700,000 carats a year. The 300,000 carats rescued from the Germans had to serve as raw material for a long time. But as this supply was finally used up and workers became idle, the Germans began to conscript the men for labor camps in the Reich and to cart off the machinery for use as scrap iron.

Now the Nazis were murdering not only

(Continued on page 73)

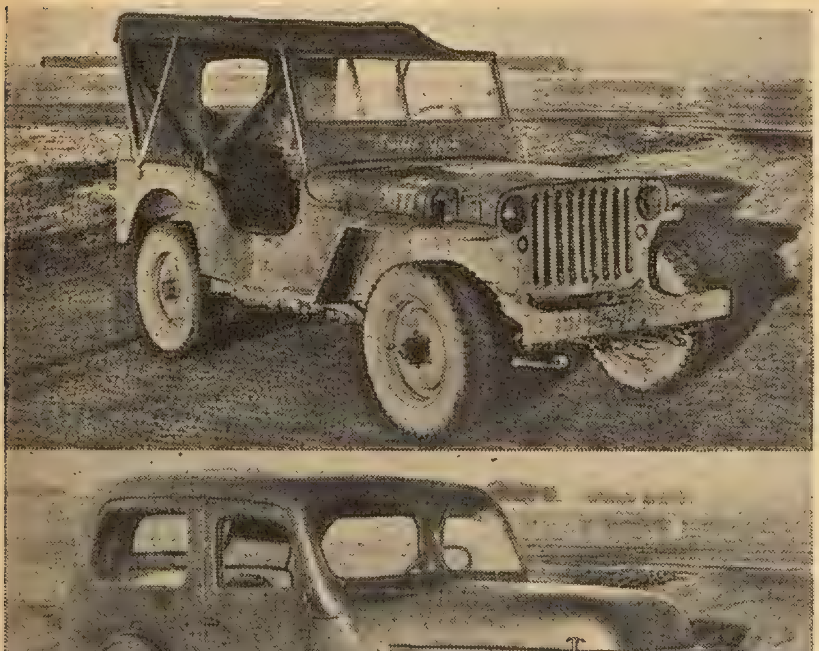
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



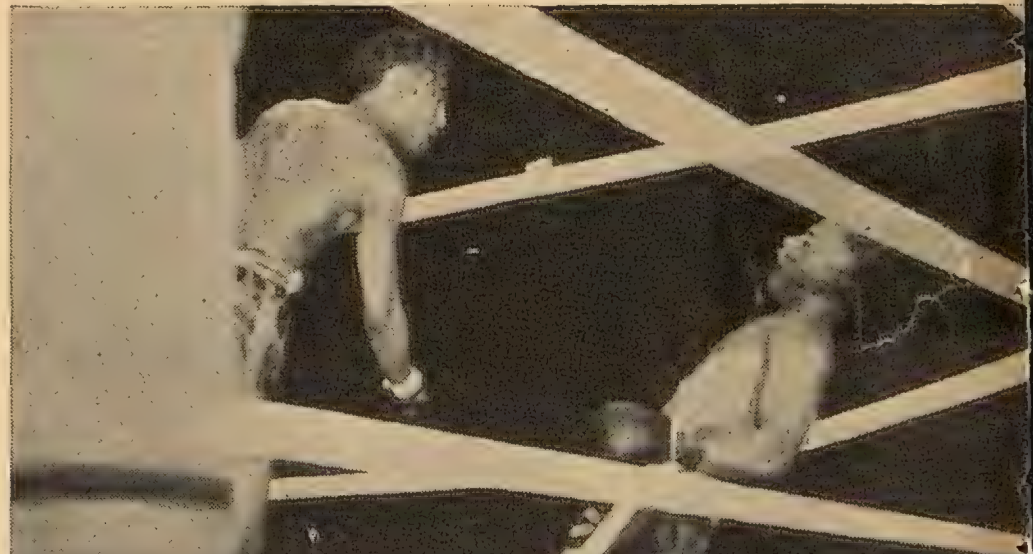
LEST WE FORGET—These Yanks are charged with the ▲ grim duty of digging the frozen bodies of their comrades out of the snow at Baugnez, Belgium. The U. S. soldiers were massacred by the Germans after being taken prisoner.

JEEPERS CREEPERS!—Now they're going to add everything to that jeep but plush and a chauffeur. The streamlined model below, shown before and after, was created by ordnance men at one of our bomber bases in England. ▼



MORALE BOOSTERS—On Reader's Digest radi show honoring her after 27-month tour, US trouper Peggy Alexander gets a lift from Yan entertainers Quentin Reynolds and Bob Hope

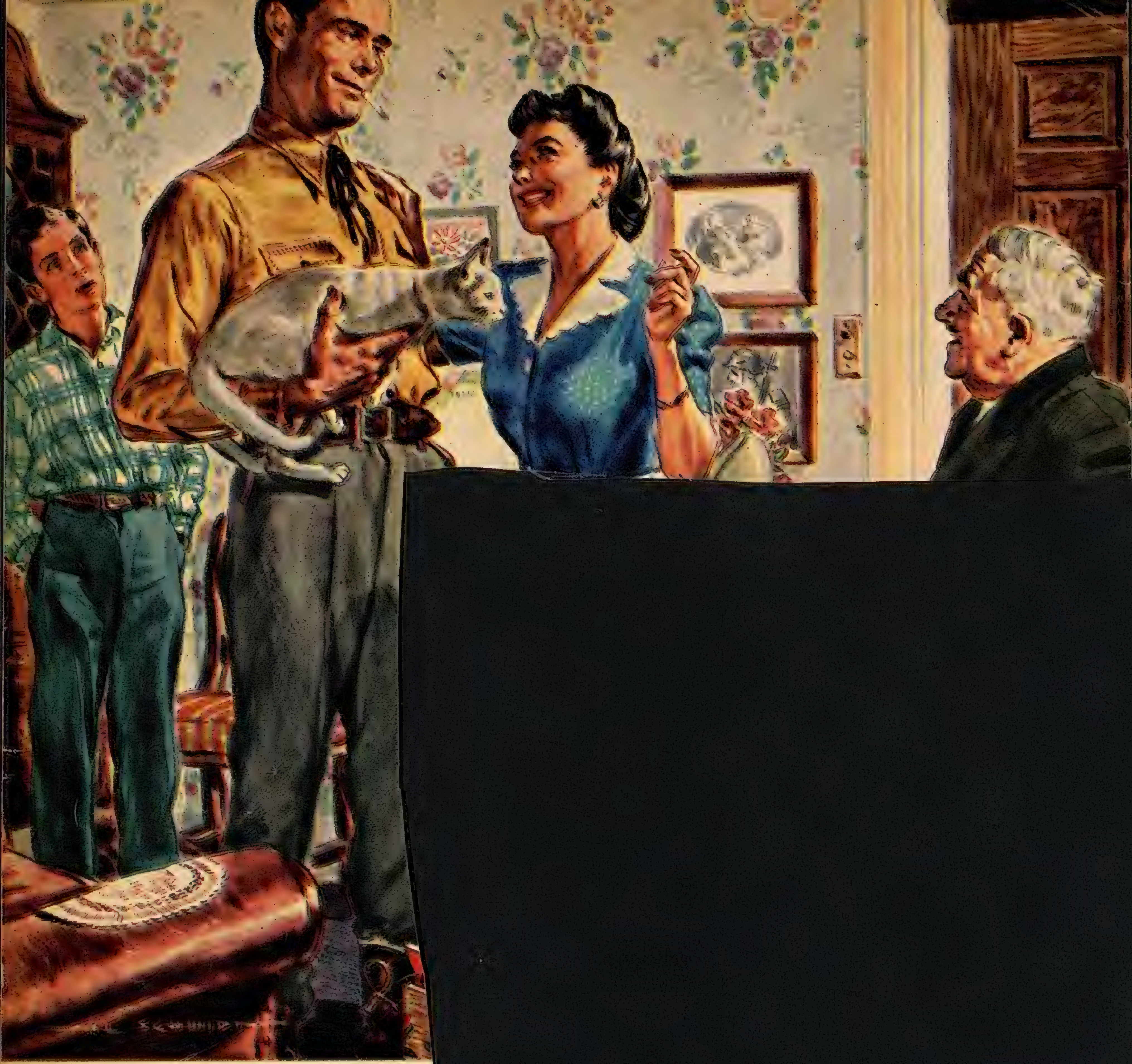
C'EST LA GUERRE—This young French girl, wounded during a German air attack, requested Yank photographer to take this picture of her, "to show the American public how civilians suffer in this war." ▶



BOYS WILL BE GIRLS—if girls will be boys. So the fellows at St. Petersburg College put on skirts in protest against the gals wearing shirts and blue jeans.

ANOTHER WAR ARENA—Cockfighting being a national sport in the Philippines, our boys are seeing plenty of lively bouts like this one between a couple of scrappy birds in the town of San José, Mindoro Island.

THE RUSE THAT FAILED—Around the Polish city of Politz the Germans placed smoke pots intended to cover the city during an air attack. But B-24 bombers found the target.



Chuck came to his feet. "Now, ma'am, I do
down, young man. All my life I have heard

BY GORDON MALHE

ILLUSTRATED BY AL S

**To Papa Bouchard, America was
children it was an exciting new
cowboy, and a chef to get the Bouc**

"BUT it is formidable," said Mme. Bouchard.

Many things were formidable to Mme. Bouchard, including the Empire State Building, hot dogs, the five-and-ten-cent store, the subway, and, indeed, much of New York and most of the United States.

But Mme. Bouchard, small, dark, quick,

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AIR LAND OF FRANCE

the wall as if they could see straight through it, see three thousand miles and more to where the old Norman stone farmhouse stood in the quiet market town of Combières.

There, even the sounds would be dim and drowsy, and the bells of Angelus would come faint and thin from the tall old church. There, white-haired Hercule would be working in his blue smock in the garden, and Anne-Marie, the cook, would be muttering to herself in the cool dark kitchen. For surely Hercule and Anne-Marie were so set in their ways that even the German occupation would not have disturbed them much.

And now France was free again.

"Ah, France!" said papa.

He looked out the window and shuddered. New York roared outside, dull and drab and grimy. It might be golden weather somewhere, but not here, where all you could see was a row of blank windows.

"A savage city of no charm," proclaimed papa, "and completely filled with persons of no sympathy or sensibility whatever."

Maman's eyes glowed as if, though she was fond of papa, she sometimes thought him a little comic. "The Americans have been quite kind to us, Edmond."

Papa stood at the window, tugging at his mustache and dreaming of the grand boulevards of Paris. "Undoubtedly. But it does not make one like them better."

He turned to survey his children and began rubbing his hands. "Ah, how happy the little ones will be to return home."

Being extremely excited, he failed to observe that the little ones did not show any signs of happiness at all.

In fact, his daughter Amélie's plump cheeks were drawn down in active distress. Amélie was ten and pleasingly plump all over. Amélie's eyes were so dark they were almost violet. Amélie's nose showed a regrettable tendency to be a trifle snub. It was Amélie's strong and secret ambition to be a cowgirl, and now, if papa was going to drag them back to France, she would be unlikely to attain to a Stetson hat, blue jeans and high-heeled boots.

"Fancy," proclaimed papa, "my little Amélie enjoying herself as a proper French girl should. Fancy my fat little rabbit singing all day long—"

Two large tears began cascading down the cheeks of his fat little rabbit. For Amélie could not remember Combières very well. There had been a stiff little school, and two very stiff old Breton aunts who came to visit on Sundays.

In Combières it was unlikely she could obtain her favorite Wild West magazines, and nothing would be any fun at all. For, unknown to her parents, Amélie had already explored the greater portion of Manhattan and found it good. No more would she know the green enchantments of Central Park, the great plate-glass windows of the Avenue, the rowdy delights of Broadway, the sheer joy of riding for hours on the escalators in the department stores.

Her snub nose wrinkled in despair. "Will we go back soon, papa?"

"As immediately as possible."

Amélie began to cry in real earnest.

She howled so loudly that papa actually noticed it. "Here! What is this? What is this when we should all be rejoicing?"

Beside Amélie, her brother François displayed a deep gloom. François was a handsome boy with his fire-red cheeks, his deep blue eyes and his extraordinarily thick and long lashes. Papa frequently said with pride that François was a little Gascon and would undoubtedly grow up to be another d'Artagnan.

François did not think much of this. He was now delighted to be known as Frankie and he regarded the streets of New York as the most perfect playground in the world. Where else could one so well play the noble game of baseball while dodging trucks and evading the police? Where else was so much free entertainment?

Furthermore, François had just discovered that his school boasted a band and, though he had not yet so informed his parents, he proposed to play the clarinet in it. On top of that, he had fallen in love with his teacher, a tall, blonde, cool-eyed goddess. He was quite sure that school at Combières would be most inferior—there would be no band, and instead of a blonde goddess, he would be instructed by a stiff rusty old gentleman.

At this point papa regarded his son and was considerably puzzled. "François! Have you a stomach-ache?"

François appealed to his mother: *"Maman,* do we actually have to leave New York?"

Maman remained perfectly calm. "If your father says so. But I do not suppose the Ile de France will be sailing tomorrow."

François raised his voice in lament: "Now I shall never play in the school band."

Papa, a sorely-tried father if there ever was one, clenched both his fists and shook them in air. "A fine business, this! Not only do our children turn against us but also against the land where they were born. It is this monstrous country, full of the jazz and juke boxes and bad noises and worse smells that has poisoned them."

Papa, outraged beyond belief, advanced upon his children with his forefinger outstretched. "There will be none of this nonsense when we are safely home again."

"Papa, you will be late," warned *maman.*

Papa reached savagely for his black Homburg hat. Papa snatched up his gloves. Papa whipped his Parisian walking stick under his arm. Papa made a final statement: "To think, in my old age, I should father two little monsters like these!"

The little monster named Amélie had just remembered something and so stopped crying. "Papa, I have fifty cents. May I have another quarter so I can go see the Rodeo?"

"The what?" cried papa.

"The Wild West show, papa."

Papa slammed open the door. "No! A low entertainment full of ignorant, illiterate gentlemen who pursue cows across the plains. No!" Papa slammed the door shut.

He slammed himself out into the street and immediately ceased being papa and instead became M. Edmond Bouchard, respectable *petit bourgeois* and proud of it; M. Edmond Bouchard who remained a Protestant because his ancestors had been Huguenots; M. Edmond Bouchard who had, with considerable dash and skill, extricated his family from the south of France when the old Marshal surrendered to the Boche.

A rather stubby figure, he moved with a little limp, and that was from Verdun.

He had been young then, a slim *poilu* in horizon blue. And thinking of those days brought—for just a fleeting second—some sense of his lost youth back again. He wished now he had given Amélie her quarter.

FOR small things were so important to youth; and youth was so short now—maybe shorter even than it had been that hot night in 1914 when the *Mobilisation Générale* notices went up, and the only noise was a shuffle—shuffle——shuffle as the regiments marched.

And now the slim young *poilu* who had gone to the North that night was only a bewildered old man with a bad temper.

M. Bouchard was not very old, but he was bewildered. His mind simply could not accept the fact that Amélie and François actually could like this outrageous city. No Frenchman ever lives anywhere save in France if he can help it.

M. Bouchard gave his shoulders a Gallic little shrug, for he had been somewhat bewildered for years now—ever since he had taken his family to the south of France—for they would not have him for military service—and the news had come that the French Republic had surrendered.

M. Bouchard did not like to think even now of the filthy little cargo ship that had carried them to Spain, of the wait in Lisbon, of the arrival at last in America. They had stayed first with a French-American family, who had so smothered them with

(*Continued on page 77*)

The common field mushroom makes good eating, has been commercially developed.

Newly-ripe puffballs are found after a rainstorm. They are tasty when young.

Coral mushrooms look like some stran undersea growth but make delicious sou

HOW TO CULTIVATE AN OLD LOG

BY WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY

MUSHROOM hunting is close to being tops in outdoor recreation. It costs nothing; it has all the zest of fishing or hunting; and it casts a queer spell over its initiates. Listen to a pair of dyed-in-the-wool mushroom hunters talk—about fairy rings, brown Pezizas, deceiving Clitocybes, black urns, dew veils, and melons of the moon—and you'll think they're slightly balmy. It could be.

Besides the fun of it, mushroom hunting brings to our table a delicious and healthful food. Mushrooms have always been a prized delicacy, though till recently they were regarded merely as a tenderizing and flavoring agent. But in the last few years some astonishing discoveries have been made about their value as a food. They taste good because they *are* good.

The mushroom is a plant of that specialized class called fungus. The lower fungi are the molds, rusts, mildews, etc., which have given us such invaluable drugs as ergot and penicillin. The great function of the fungi is to police up the rest of the plant kingdom. When a tree, for instance, gets sick or falls down, they attack it, reduce it to crumble rot and finally to the rich humus of woods soil. Without them, plants would not decay and in a few years the earth would be a piled-up jumble of plant debris.

In the woods and fields of the United States there are more than 100 common species of edible wild mushrooms, some very abundant, some extremely delicious, and some that can be gathered almost all the year around. Most of this wild crop just goes to waste—countless tons of fine food annually.

If you want to become a mushroom hunter you can make a quick and easy start by learning two or three species from a good manual, or by taking a couple of trips with an old hand at mushroom hunting. Thereafter you can add species one by one, till you are gathering several dozen kinds. You don't need to be a botanist, have a trained pig, or anything such. All you need is a basket, a pair of legs, ordinary caution and common sense. And you don't have to live in the country or go to the mountains. When I was living in downtown Manhattan I had some bang-dandy mushroom trips at the cost of a nickel for subway fare.

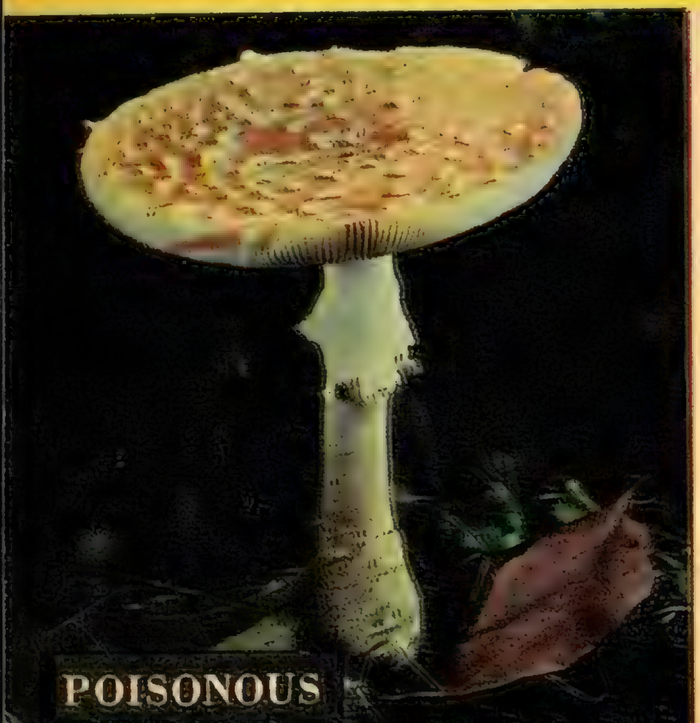
Still, the trouble with depending on wild sources for a regular supply of mushrooms is that most of us can't bust off on a hunt whenever we like and can't count on bringing in enough extra for canning or drying. The way to guarantee a steady supply is to grow our own at home.

Growing these wild species in our yard, basement, or even a closet, is an odd, fascinating form of gardening, and it is wide open to almost everybody. It yields bumper returns, takes up less space than any other crop I know about; and the expense is next to nothing—no sprays, implements, fertilizer, or even seed.

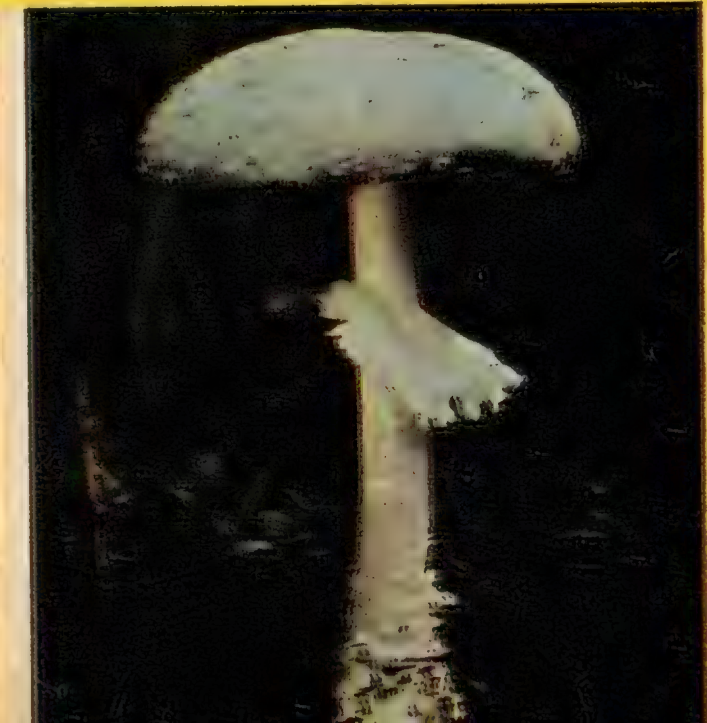
The only mushroom that has ever been cultivated to any extent is the ordinary, grocery-store species. It is practically the same thing as the pink-gilled or pasture mushroom, which many people gather wild. It is a fairly tasty species and bears well if conditions are just right, but for home cultivation it has very serious drawbacks. It is subject to disease, is very temperamental about temperature and moisture, and it has to be grown on a manure compost, which has disagreeable angles for the small home or apartment.

Of our many wild species I can list a dozen, especially among the wood-growing kinds, that are much better for gardening purposes. They have fine flavor, bear heavily, don't have to be coddled, and are clean to grow.

The fly mushroom is so named because the insects are attracted and killed by it.



The pretty, innocent-appearing Destroying Angel is the most poisonous plant known.



The good-looking *Russula* is proof of t old adage about beauty being skin-dee

One of the finest of these wild mushrooms is the oyster-shell, sometimes called the oyster mushroom or the log oyster. This is probably the easiest and best to grow, and I strongly recommend it as the one to start with. Its oyster-shell shape, off-center stem, and decurrent gills (gills which run down on the stem) make its identification easy. It bears prodigiously, cans and dries well, and while its flavor is not strong enough for soup or sauces, it is exceptionally good fried. It is very tolerant about temperature and moisture and it grows on many kinds of wood—maple, beech, elm, birch, some of the oaks, wild cherry, and other deciduous trees.

In short, if you start mushroom gardening by growing oyster-shells on logs, the chances are nine out of ten you'll have bang-up luck from the beginning.

When I began monkeying around with growing wild mushrooms years ago, I was a rank amateur at the business, though later I picked up enough knowledge about fungi to do some field collecting in the Arctic. My brother and I used to go hunting mushrooms whenever we could find time. One of our favorite places was an abandoned apple grove ten miles from town, where we gathered oyster-shells from the old apple logs. One day we had a brain storm: Instead of making that twenty-mile trip every time, why couldn't we take one of the logs home and have oyster-shells as easily as gathering eggs? Why wouldn't the log "give" in our back yard?

We toted home a log which had given us several pickings of oyster-shells, and put it in a shady grape arbor. Then we stuck a hose in a knothole, soaked the log with water, and waited to see what would happen.

In two or three days the log broke out with a rash of oyster-shell buds. In five or six days we harvested. From that one log at one fruiting we got seventeen pounds of delicious oyster-shell mushrooms.

Then we brought in half a dozen logs on which we'd gathered oyster-shells or on which we could see dried-up remains as proof that the log was inoculated. We did nothing except lay them in good shade and water them, but all bore heavily. By the end of that summer we couldn't look an oyster-shell in the eye.

IF it's at all possible, you should start with a log that's already inoculated. You don't have to lug home a big log, whole. It can be cut into lengths convenient to handle, with no damage. I have grown oyster-shells on a piece of timber the size of a lead pencil, though naturally they were tiny things. A log five feet long and ten inches in diameter is a good size.

When you get your log home, you don't have to do anything more than throw it in the shade; you don't even have to water it if you don't want to. It produced mushrooms afield under natural conditions of rain and temperature, and it will do the same in your yard or garden. However, extra watering will increase the number of clusters and the size of the oyster-shells. A log will bear for one, two, or three seasons, according to the stage of decay when brought in.

With a little extra watering, a log will put out a crop about every twenty days, depending mostly on the weather. A cool spell, with the temperature in the sixties, will bring on budding; hot weather represses it. As to the yield, a log of the size mentioned (about three cubic feet) will bear from four to seven pounds of mushrooms at a time, and the oyster-shell season is from hard freeze to hard freeze. Consequently the average seasonal harvest from such a log will be from forty to seventy pounds.

Show me any other crop which will yield that much on less than five square feet of space! And by working special dodges you can double that figure.

Spraying with a hose is an entirely satisfactory way of watering. An easier, better way is to set a drip bucket on the log, a bucket with a tiny perforation in the bottom, and fill it every other day. This gives a slower and more thorough penetration. You can use too much water as well as too little. No rule about this can be given because of the variation with different species, decay stage, etc. Just about the only rule to remember is this: start with natural conditions and work each way from them.

Some fascinating facts about the neglected mushroom—a nutritious crop that you can grow in a yard, a basement, or even a closet

Mushrooms thrive in shady, moist places.

In the fall you can take the log into the basement and go right on growing mushrooms throughout the winter. The temperature and moisture will have to be watched, but if outdoor conditions are reasonably well approximated, your log will repay your work a dozen times over.

Many other species of edible mushrooms are wood-grown. Some are fine, rare kinds, never worked with at all, and a person can monkey around with them no end. One excellent species is the fawn-colored Pluteus. This is a large umbrella-type mushroom, somewhat difficult to fry because of its excessive water, but very succulent and good for soup or sauces. It is generally found on crumble-rotten wood or sawdust piles.

It was with the fawn-color that my brother and I made our first experiment with controlled inoculation of a wild species. We happened upon a sawdust mound where fawn-colors were growing lush. Digging down, we found that their mycelium (the hairlike silver-white root system of mushrooms) had penetrated the pile thoroughly. We scooped out some of this inoculated sawdust, took it home, secured a box of mycelium-free sawdust and put the inoculated material into it.

The experiment worked. In about two months our box of sawdust began to bear fawn-colors. With a little extra watering and encouragement, it bore far more heavily than anything we'd ever seen in the wild, and it continued fruiting in the basement all that winter.

We knew then, and re-proved it many times with later experiments, that controlled inoculation is not only possible but very practical. It saves lugging home material already inoculated. It lets a person take material right at hand or conveniently purchasable and inoculate it himself.

Later, I myself found out that if sawdust is pressed into a hard briquette, roughly as hard as a log, it will grow the log-inhabiting species. For example, the oyster-shell will grow as well on hard-pressed sawdust as on a log; in fact, the average yield is much better. Sawdust is available everywhere; it is clean, odorless, agreeable to work with. Its use, therefore, opens up mushroom growing not only to people with a garden or yard but to any house or even apartment.

THERE are wrinkles to inoculation, but they are easy to learn. Occasionally the "spawn run" takes some time, but usually no longer than with the commercial mushrooms.

If you've got a log of the right kind for oyster-shells, get some oyster-shell spawn (the whitish root system) from the crumble rot of a log already bearing oyster-shells, and stick this spawn around anywhere that it will come into tight, moist contact with your log, as under the bark or in decayed places. Then keep the log somewhat damper than under natural conditions.

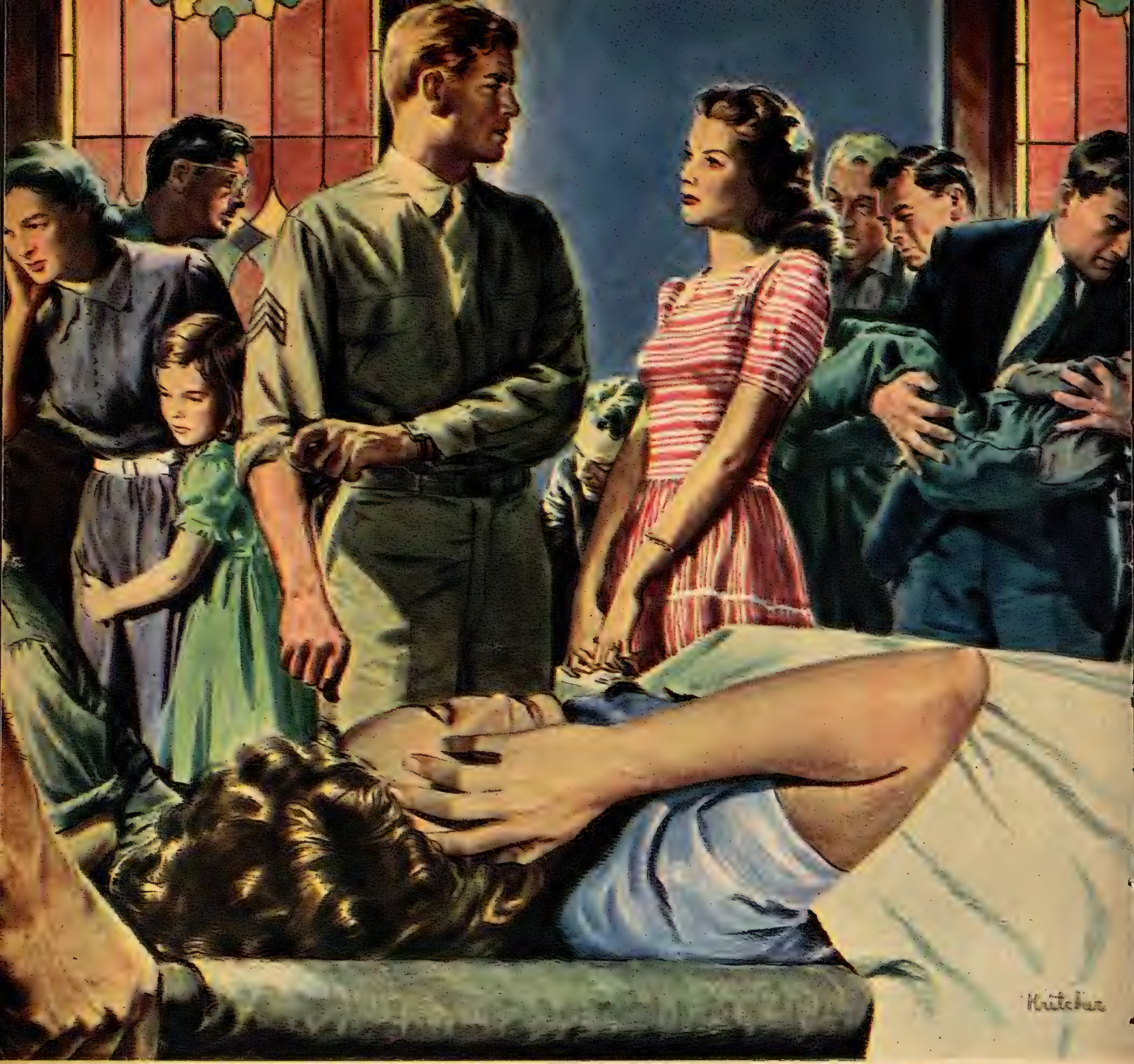
Or if you want to use sawdust, take a hollow tile a foot across and two feet long, and tamp your sawdust in that. New sawdust is not so good as old. If you can mix in some crumble rot from an old log or tree, so much the better. Put in a couple of inches of sawdust, tamp it down, then put in some spawn, then more sawdust, more tamping, till you've built up to the top. Don't use any resinous sawdust, as from pine or other conifers, for the slightest little bit of that will ruin things.

To make the inoculation doubly sure, I always use the spore method right along with the spawn method above. The spore method means, simply, that you take a fully expanded mushroom of the species you want, and stick small pieces of the cap around, as with the spawn. The gills on these small pieces contain countless spores, and if the spawn doesn't "take," the spores usually will.

Conceivably this new technique of mushroom gardening could double the national supply and consumption of a fine, valuable food. At present this food is too scarce, the fresh commercial supply is none too regular, and many people who seriously need it for health's sake can't well afford to buy it.

Generally speaking, pretty much the same species of mushrooms are found around the world. Their spores are extremely small and light, and the winds

(*Continued on page 76*)



Not a doctor in town. It gave him a touch of panic. But he had to do what he could. "Look, Martha. First thing we must fight shock. Get these hurt people covered with blankets and put hot-water bottles at their feet."

A Salute for the Sergeant

BY GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

SERGEANT BRADFORD straightened up in his seat as the bus neared the little town of Du Frayne. He had been gone for two solid years, and at times his homesickness had been acute misery. For a long time he had counted on this furlough. He had things to do, little pleasures to soak up, memories to refurbish. It was not the town itself which meant so much to him, for in it he had been uneasy and resentful, but the countryside beyond which he remembered with such longing. After Alaska and the Northwest, these cornfields and woods of southern Illinois were not impressive. But this was all the home he had ever known.

Say, they're raising flags over the Fair Grounds! They getting ready for the County Fair this early? he mused.

He left his seat as the bus slowed for

"We need you, Arlie—you belong to us." They were the most wonderful words in the world to the lonely boy who had always been just "drunken old Joel Bradford's son"

the stop in town. No one had been at the bus depot when he left, and no one was waiting now as he came back. He jumped lightly from the bus steps—a tall lean soldier with a bronzed face, his overseas cap tilted jauntily on his sun-bleached yellow hair.

His nerves tingled as he walked down the main street. Familiar things hit his senses with poignant sharpness. He remembered the street as a wide and busy thoroughfare, but now it seemed surprisingly small and sleepy. After all, you've been in Frisco and Seattle, he reminded himself. And two years, especially *these* two years, make a difference.

Constable Akers, coming out of Bailey's Grocery, paused, brows lifted in surprise. "In the Army, huh? I've wondered where you been," Akers said, and passed on.

Arlie Bradford walked into Kidwell's Pharmacy. It was ice-cream parlor and radio and phonograph shop, and a hangout for the teen-age kids, as much as a drugstore. And here he met old Mr. Lukens, the school principal and truant officer.

Mr. Lukens peered at him.

"Even you, Arlie," he said; and Arlie knew what he meant: that the war was so desperate an enterprise, the armed services would take even the boy of a no-good like old Joel Bradford. "How long've you been gone, boy?"

Arlie felt himself reddening, and checked the curt answer that rushed to his lips. *You used to stand and grin when he bawled you out for missing school. Then you'd go home and cry. How does he know that two years can make a difference? It hasn't made any in him.*

He said, "I enlisted right after pop died."

"When was that?"

No, you wouldn't know when Joel Bradford died. It wasn't worth making note of.

"Two years ago," Arlie said, and whirled to stalk out.

Martha Kidwell had been behind the counter. She came out to meet him now, hand extended, smiling.

"ARLIE, why didn't you write? We'd have met you with a brass band!" She said it cordially, as if *so* pleasantly surprised. Because she had heard Mr. Lukens, Arlie realized. And she was too kind to let him go away thinking no one had missed him and no one cared. He hadn't known her well, just as he hadn't known anyone here in town really well.

"Why, Arlie, you're a sergeant!"

"Medical Corps," he said.

"Do sit down. This rates a malted on the house. Glad to be back?"

He nodded, and sat down at a table; but he was self-conscious and his pulse was beating hard. Martha's dark brown hair had bronzy lights and her gray eyes were direct and friendly. She seemed even prettier than he remembered her.

He drank the malted and he listened as Martha talked. But he began to chafe as she presented him to the young people who came into the drugstore.

"You remember Arlie, don't you, Nick?" she said. "Look who's back, Chuck!" And the young men shook his hand and were curious about his service ribbons; while the young women chattered brightly, cordial yet withdrawn. And the fellows said, "The Army makes a man of you," and "Learning a good trade, Arlie?" and departed, saying, "Well, see you around."

He resented it, for Martha acted as if he were really a home boy here, which he wasn't. He'd always been outside the town's little social circles and its good graces. He was the son of Old Man Bradford who'd been a crackerjack telegraph operator until whisky palsied his deft fist. Drunken old Bradford, the muskrat hunter, who sent his skinny boy to school in patched overalls and bare feet. The town had looked down its nose at the old boozer and pitied his son.

But now they respect my uniform, and they're thinking that the Army was a blessing for me.

"I know what!" Martha was saying, her sweet face alight. "Let's have a party at my house tonight! And, Arlie, you might as well stay in for supper, too, because—"

He stood up, a sudden violence of feeling surging through him. They were pitying him because they thought he was lonesome. Practically inaugurating a whole USO for his special benefit. Why did they all have to miss the one essential fact about him and pop?—that old Bradford's lanky kid had been happy living out there on Reese's Creek. Happier than he'd ever been since. And all he wanted was to visit the creek again. They didn't have to stir up a Be Kind to Dogfaces Week for him!

"Sorry, Martha, I haven't got time," he said; and stalked out of the pharmacy.

THE mood passed quickly as he tramped out of town. And as he smelled new-cut hay and heard cicadas humming in the hot sun, satisfaction warmed in him. By the time he reached the edge of Reese's Woods, he had forgotten the town, and the anticipation of two years was like a brimming goblet in the hands of a man long athirst who now at last can drink.

His outfit had been in the thick of the campaign which wrested the Aleutians from the Japanese, and his group had remained to care for the men making a bombers' spearhead of the island of Attu. At long last his outfit had been relieved and sent to San Francisco and the men given fifteen days' leave. On their return, the medical unit would be sent to the South Pacific.

Arlie had spent the first two days of his furlough with Tommy Baker's folks, near Oakland. Tommy had died when the Japs made their mad attack at Chichagof. His folks made Arlie welcome. They asked *so* many questions. The way Arlie answered, he and Tommy and their pal Pete had had a swell time during their many months together.

Then Arlie went to visit Pete in Letterman Hospital. Pete was trussed up in bed with a grenade-shattered leg that was slowly mending. Just looking at Arlie was tonic, Pete said, and certainly the blood under Pete's skin leaped out of sluggishness as Arlie talked and joshed in his quiet way. . . . Pete sent Arlie to see his wife in Hayward. Pete's wife ran his little farm, and she was gaunt from overwork. Three days Arlie stayed there, spraying fruit trees, pruning and cultivating. He left fifty dollars in an envelope on the kitchen table, with a note saying he owed it to Pete from a crap game. . . .

So now he had only a week before he'd have to start back. And every single minute of it was precious.

His heart pounded as he followed the path through Reese's Woods toward the comfortable shack on the creek bank. Then he saw the shack and started running. And he found the window shutters snug and tight and the padlock on the door intact. His fingers shook as he fitted the key, but inwardly he was singing.

His next move was to cut across fields to the Olehausen farm, where he had left his dog.

Two-bits came raging out at him when he neared the Olehausen place. But he called. And the setter changed his barking to whining breathless ecstasy and licked his hands and face so that old Mama Olehausen, looking on from the doorway, wiped her eyes.

She wanted Arlie to stay for supper. He didn't want to, not this first night, and he got out of it; but he left with eggs and a pitcher of cream and two loaves of homemade bread.

Of these he made his supper. Whippoorwills were calling softly along the creek by the time Arlie finished his dishes; and he sat outside in his pop's old rocker, smoking and musing, feeling pop's presence like a benign warmth in the dusk. Pop used to smoke lustily to blunt the mosquitoes' fury while he read aloud to a small boy who made attentive noises at intervals, but who was busy carving a squatting monkey out of a peach stone or a whistle from a willow branch.

WHEN a couple of owls started hooting, Arlie stood up and carefully knocked his pipe clean. Almost he thought he heard in the night a voice saying, "They're callin' curfew. Inside with you, son." He went inside; and for the first time in two years Arlie said hasty prayers before sliding into his bunk. . . .

The days passed swiftly.

He fished. He caught catfish and carp and silversides and occasionally a snapping turtle that hogged his bait. He went quail hunting in wheatfields golden under the sun, carrying his pop's old 12-gauge; and he followed ranging bees to their hive, smoked the bees out, and had tangy honey for his flapjacks. He shot cottontail rabbits, and he picked huge blackberries off briery thickets in the old dead apple orchard on the Adkins place.

But oftenest he lay in a grassy patch on the creek bank, relaxed but not oblivious. It was as if his every pore was a hungry mouth drinking in sight and sound and sensation for which he so long had yearned.

And when a summer storm rumbled across the heavens, marshaling its electrical artillery, even that was a delight. He'd seen gales at sea, and he respected these Midwest storms for the hellers they really were. The first peppering of big drops was like a strafiing with fifty-caliber slugs; then bazooka bursts ripped the bulging black bellies of clouds and the torrents sluiced earthward, thunder cannonading. . . .

Like precious coins greased with quicksilver the days slipped through his hands. By Friday he had to brace himself to the fact that he must leave Sunday night.

"I'll go into town Saturday," he decided. "I'll talk to a few people. Martha Kidwell did try to be decent to me. Maybe I'll ask her to take in the Fair with me."

That morning he tramped to the Slope pond and fished for bass; and in the heat of afternoon he went swimming, and dozed

(*Continued on page 64*)

This advertisement is one of a series on new or improved Thompson products that will speed postwar progress—automotive, aeronautical, and industrial.

We picked this out of the air

● At the end of the First World War, with top flying speeds around 100 miles an hour, the life of an aircraft engine valve was about 50 flying hours.

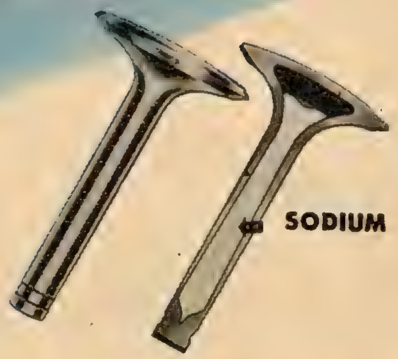
Today Thompson aircraft engine valves often operate over 5,000 hours—1,000,000 air miles—before replacement is necessary.

Behind this valve evolution is a story of unremitting search by our engineers, metallurgists and factory men for new steels, improved designs and new production methods to combat three great enemies of valve life—heat, pounding and wear. This research continues today, and always will. For a modern aircraft exhause valve must resist the burning and warping attacks of white-hot engine gases, and it must stand up to a rapid-fire barrage of "hammer blows"—1500 to 2000 a *minute*—as it opens and closes.

In such an inferno even the finest alloy steels, alone, were not enough. Something had to be added *inside* the valve to speed the heat from the valve head. First, years ago, ordinary lithium and potassium nitrates were put into a hollow valve stem. Now metallic sodium is inserted in a valve with both the head and stem hollowed out. How to forge such a valve was in itself a problem that took years to solve.

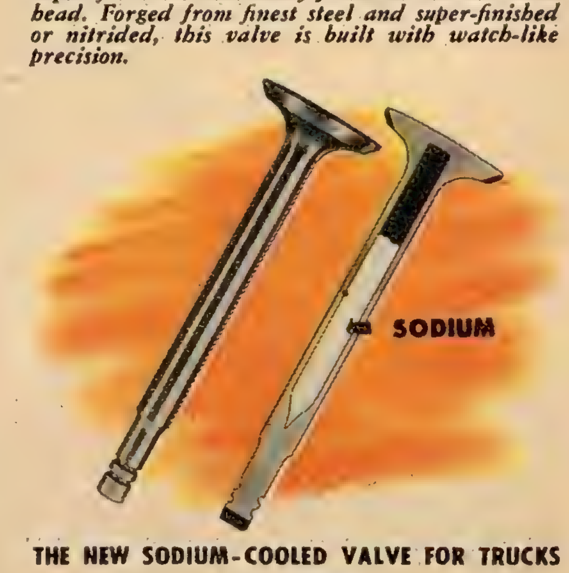
Today every type of American fighter, bomber and transport plane, and many other military engines, are equipped with Thompson Sodium-Cooled Valves.

Soon after the war this aircraft-type valve will be built into heavy-duty truck, bus, tractor, and other engines. Eventually you may be enjoying the improved operation, power and economy of a passenger car engine fitted with the valves "we picked out of the air".



THE THOMPSON SODIUM-COOLED VALVE FOR AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Cross-sectional view at the right shows how Thompson aircraft exhaust valves are filled about 60% with metallic sodium. The sodium liquefies under engine heat, splashes the inside surfaces and rapidly carries heat away from the red-hot valve head. Forged from finest steel and super-finished or nitrided, this valve is built with watch-like precision.



THE NEW SODIUM-COOLED VALVE FOR TRUCKS AND BUSES

Above is a pre-view of the postwar Thompson Sodium-Cooled Valve for heavy-duty truck, bus, tractor, marine and industrial engines. It is now used in the engines of many military vehicles.

Thompson Products, Inc.

THOMPSON AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS CO.

Beating Production Schedules on Vital Parts for Planes, Tanks, Submarines, PT Boats, Torpedoes, Jeeps, Half-Tracks, Tractors, and Trucks

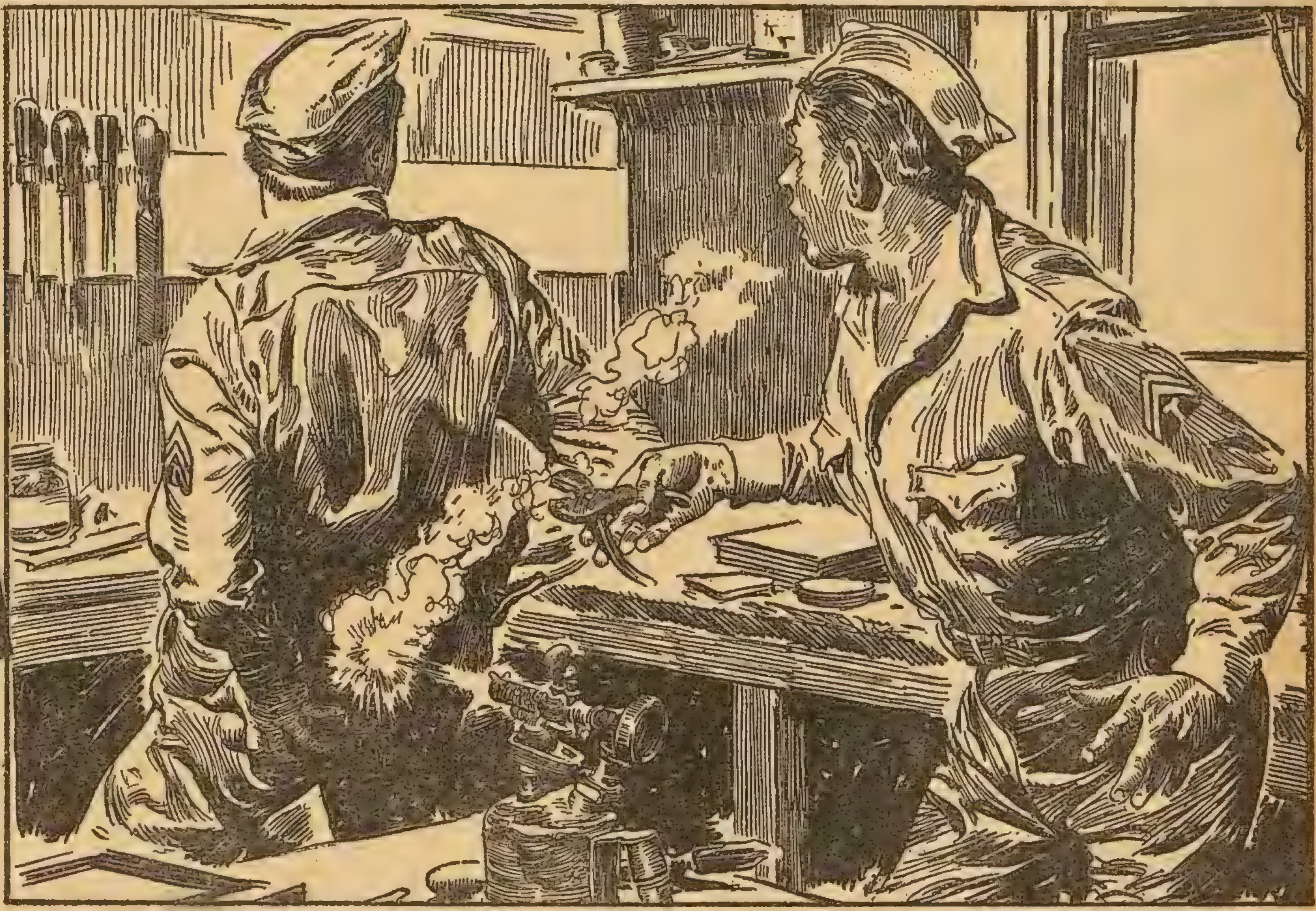
MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMOTIVE, AIRCRAFT AND INDUSTRIAL PARTS—GENERAL OFFICES: CLEVELAND—PLANTS IN OHIO, MICHIGAN, CALIFORNIA and CANADA

Army life began at forty for Gene Coughlin — but he went forth starry-eyed, resolute, flat-footed, and creaking in the joints. Held together by bits of baling wire and a sergeant's adjectives, he gave his All — until the ungrateful Signal Corps decided it wasn't enough. Coughlin is the Private Hargrove of the older generation.

ASSISTANT HERO

BY GENE COUGHLIN

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

WHEN it was first suggested that I write my experiences in the Army of the United States in World War II, I discussed the idea with my company commander.

"You have a unique, even a weird story to tell," he said. "And I can vouch for the authenticity of numerous incidents that have befallen you. But the reading public might find it difficult to believe such things could happen to anyone, outside of a bad dream, unless you establish a character. You know, tell about your background!"

So I told him how I went to school in Tipton, Indiana, and Joliet, Illinois.

"What did you do after you left high school?" he asked.

"Well, I went to school at Northwestern University for a while and then decided to be a newspaper reporter, which I was for several years before I became a publicity man in Hollywood."

"Tell me," the company commander wanted to know, "did you get to meet Gracie Allen? And is she as screwy as she sounds over the radio?"

"Sir," I said, "I was Gracie's campaign manager when she ran for President in 1940."

He looked at me for a minute and then he said:

"That's enough. You've established a character, to put it mildly. Just write what you've told me and put it in the front of your book."

"Sir," I said, "do you think that will help the reader understand?"

"I wouldn't say that, exactly," he said. "But at least he won't be quite so puzzled."

TWO broken ribs and a birthday—the fortieth—deferred my becoming immediately acquainted with World War II. The broken ribs resulted from a misunderstanding. The way the man was scrounged down in a corner booth of a Melrose Avenue café, you'd figure him the size of an un-

Copyright, 1944, by Gene Coughlin. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, N. Y. Price $2.

dernourished jockey; and he looked too meek to accept any challenge. But when he did accept, and stood up, he was surprisingly tall and rugged and fast.

But there was no misunderstanding about the birthday. When doctors at various recruiting agencies heard the age, prodded the broken ribs, they sent me back to the newspaper office.

It wasn't until after I had registered, in the all-inclusive draft, at Local Board 225, Los Angeles, that I saw myself escaping from civilian life.

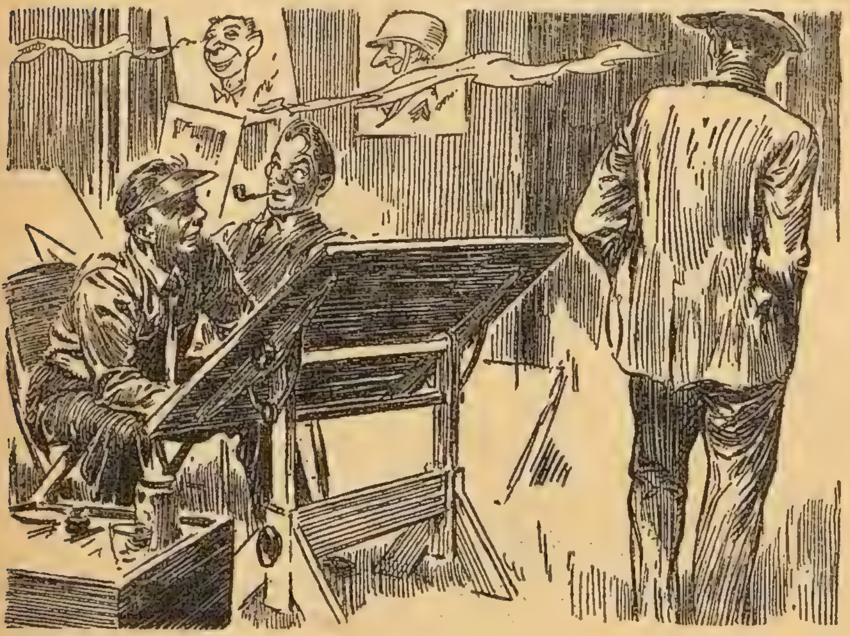
Other men my age registered that day and went on about their business, but I figured I was as good as in the armed forces, and started saying good-by.

I said good-by daily for months, until friends were laying even money as to which would get me first: the Army or cirrhosis of the liver.

But nothing happened until, months later, the city editor said:

"Your draft board wants to see you right away."

Out at Local Board 225 a lady named King, I think, said:



"Oh, yes, Mr. Coughlin, we're been looking for you."

"It's about time," I said. I had stopped a couple places to say good-by on the way out and I felt like getting immediate action. "When do I shove off?"

"Not for a while. You see, Mr. Coughlin, you forgot to sign your occupational questionnaire. Just sign here, please, and you'll hear from us shortly."

She was right. The next week I took my blood test, and pretty soon a notice came saying that I would take my physical examination out of town.

"Your transportation and other expenses will be paid," the notice said. "Bring clothing and toilet articles sufficient to last for three days and report here at 1 P. M., Monday, October 19."

This sounded like the government had something serious and mysterious in store for me, because all the men I knew had taken their physicals downtown at Fourth and Main streets in Los Angeles and were lucky to get carfare home, let alone transportation and other expenses for a three-day trip.

This seemed to impress some members of the Daily News staff, but it didn't impress two cartoonists in the art department. They were conversing in loud tones on Friday, my last workday of the week.

"Look at him," one of them said. "What's holding him together—piano wire?"

"Hush," the other one said. "He is in training."

"Training to be what? An assistant hero?"

"What did they tell him at the Army recruiting office?"

"Told him he'd have to get his grandson's consent."

"And the Navy?"

"The man asked him what actually happened in the fo'c'sle of the Maine in Havana Harbor."

But the city editor was sincere. His staff was badly weakened already.

"Don't forget to tell them about your ulcers," he said.

"He won't have to tell them about his ulcers," the news editor said. "They'll see them when he takes off his vest."

The next Monday they called the roll at Local Board 225 and eighty-three of us were there.

Then they passed out streetcar tickets, good on the Pacific Electric Railway. The tickets would take us downtown, about two miles, or to Hollywood, a little bit farther.

The man next me dropped his suitcase on my foot and started waving both arms. It was a very heavy suitcase. "What the hell?" he yelled. "You know what I got in my suitcase?"

"I know," I said. "A couple of anvils."

He didn't pay any attention to me but went on yelling.

"I got an extra suit and another pair of shoes and a sweater and an overcoat and I dunno how much underwear and socks," he said. "What am I supposed to do? Keep changing into them things while we ride a streetcar?"

"Just be patient," said the lady named King, I think.

"You men are just to ride the streetcar downtown, and then, at two o'clock, you meet at the Union Station and take a train to San Francisco."

THE eighty-three of us got to the Los Angeles Union Station at 2 P. M. all right, but it was six o'clock before our train pulled up to the platform.

Most of the men had one or two suitcases and some of them had radios. I had a leather case about the size of Gone with the Wind or Anthony Adverse.

"Is that all you're taking to San Francisco?" somebody asked.

"That's all he takes to every war," a man with two suitcases answered.

It was still daylight, so we didn't need the gaslights hanging from the ceiling of our coach. And it was warm, so we didn't need the coal stove that was up in the corner of the car.

Some time after midnight our coach started jerking and jumping sidewise, and up behind the coal stove a piece of metal shook down from the wall and banged on the floor. It turned out to be a plate that said "Built in Rochester, 1879."

A man fell into the seat next to me and started swearing.

"Old she witch," he said. "Old Flying Jenny does this to me every time I go up north to get examined."

It seems that the Chief, which was what we called him because he was part Cherokee, had varicose veins.

"Never give me any trouble in L. A. for a month at a time," he said, and took a cap off a bottle.

"But every month seems like I go up north on this she witch to get examined and I get banged into seats and against doors, until my varicoses stand out like blue snakes on a bowl of cream."

All of the eight-three were hungry and tired when we arrived in San Francisco, and while we waited for buses a young man came up and handed me a clipping.

It was from the column of a Los Angeles newspaper.

"Quite a bit of talk," the clipping said, "about the orgies taking place on trains taking selectees from Los Angeles to San Francisco for physical examinations."

"Tell me," the young man wanted to know, "what is an orgy?"

"An orgy?" The Chief was alongside. "Why, son, an orgy is something that takes place when I'm not there."

We had breakfast at a cafeteria. Then a couple of privates marched us toward the induction center on Fourth Street.

We went up a back alleyway and stood still for a while.

The Chief was standing alongside me, and we were even with a little door that said BAR. The Chief tried the knob.

A man on the inside unlocked the door and the Chief fell inside just as one of the privates said:

"Fall out! And come up here single file."

The Chief was not with us when we started taking our physical examinations. His name was called and a corporal asked our group leader to describe him, which the group leader did.

"I don't know where he is," the group leader said.

"I do," the corporal said.

We saw the Chief again at noon.

He was sleeping in a little room in the induction center that had a wire screen on the door.

"He goes through the same routine every month," the corporal said.

It seems that the Chief, when he flunked his examinations because of his varicose veins, was deferred or delayed for thirty days, and then came back for another examination and could never get past the little door that said BAR.

But, the corporal said, he was easy to find and it was all right to let him sleep the rest of the morning because his examination never took long. Sometimes all he had to do was to roll his trousers up to the knees.

After the roll call we went into another room and a sergeant told us to take off all our clothes.

There were more than a hundred naked men, most of them over thirty-five, wandering around the room, and I thought, Jeepers, I don't want to look like they do! So I took a deep breath and drew in my stomach, and tried to make my arms look muscular and my shoulders look broad.

THE same idea must have occurred to the other men, because pretty soon the room was full of noises like deep breaths and ripping tissues of muscles and bones cracking. Some of the men were getting purple in the face when a sergeant said:

"O. K. Slide your bellies back where you usually carry them. This is no Mr. America contest. We'd just like to know how many of you should be able to walk a mile without a repair job."

We relaxed and followed the sergeant in single file to the X-ray room, where we had our lungs and hearts counted and photographed.

We went single file through the whole examination, and keeping your place in line was very important, because if you fell out for any reason, you had to fall in at the end of the line, which might mean you would be there a couple of days getting examined.

In the eye department I stood in the doorway a couple of feet away from the chair where the man ahead of me was sitting and reading letters and numbers from a chart on the wall.

He called them out in a clear voice and I memorized them, and when it was my turn, I sat down and called them off just like he had done.

The doctor waited until I had finished and then said: "You have an excellent memory, but you are reading from the wrong chart. Try this one where I have the light shining."

I did not do so well on that one. The doctor took my card and asked me if I bumped into many people in the course of a day, and he marked the card.

The ear department was easier. All you had to do was stand up against a wall and a doctor stood at the other end and whispered numbers which you had to repeat after him.

In the arm-and-leg section the doctor took us on three at a time.

The three of us stood in white-painted footprints and wriggled our fingers and toes.

"Now," the doctor said, "sit down on your heels and extend your arms in front of you."

After a minute he said:

"All right. Get up."

The other two got up and the doctor marked their cards and then he looked at me.

"You can get up now," he said.

"I can like hell," I said.

"Look," he said. "I do not have time for an endurance contest. Get up."

I tried again and nothing happened, and the doctor said:

"You two gentlemen give Sitting Bull a lift. I intend to use those footprints he is occupying."

After they pulled me up, I asked the doctor where I should go next.

"Follow the white line," he said. "And when you run out of white line, paint an imaginary one and follow that."

In the confusion caused by other selectees laughing, I must have followed the wrong white line, because in a minute I was back in the eye department again.

The doctor said, "Sit down," before I could explain, and told me to read the chart. I read it the way I had memorized the first chart and, apparently, this was the right one, because he said:

"Good. Excellent. Give me your card."

He took my card and started to write on it.

Then he looked at it for a minute.

"Who examined your eyes the first time?"

"You did, doctor."

He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes and wrote something else on my card. When I left he had a little paddle over one eye and was reading a chart out loud.

The only white line and arrow out of the eye department went to the ear department, and as soon as I got there the doctor said:

"Stand there at the end of the wall."

He went to the other end and started whispering numbers. After a minute he stopped.

"Didn't you just now say 'seven'?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I haven't called 'seven' yet. That's the next one."

"I know it," I said.

"You do? You've been here before?"

So I showed him my card and he looked at it and at me.

"I'm afraid you're missing some of our other interesting departments," he said. "Mustn't spend the whole day here, you know. Have you been weighed? You'll enjoy the experience. Just follow the white line."

The white line took me back to the arm-and-leg section, and the doctor there looked up and shook his head and wagged his finger.

"I know you," he said, "even when you're standing up."

I went into the blood-pressure and other sections, and about noon a corporal told me that was all and to put on my clothes.

When I got dressed some of the men who came up with me had their suitcases and were leaving.

I got my toilet kit and started with them, but at the door a sergeant said:

"Not you, Junior. We have plans for you."

Late in the afternoon a corporal called out my name and gave me a big folder of papers.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"It means that after this, when you meet me, call me Corporal. Understand, soldier?"

He gave each of us a mimeographed sheet with our names and serial numbers.

After some of the names were initials like V. O. C. for Volunteer Officer Candidate, and L. S. for Limited Service, and A. C. for Acting Corporal.

My name was printed, Coughlin, Eugene, F. P.

A young man named Ovist was standing next me, and he asked me what the F. P. stood for. It stands for Francis Paul, but before I could answer, another young man named Garrean spoke to Mr. Ovist.

"I see you do not know your army," he said. "The F. P. means Full Private."

"Gee," said Mr. Ovist. "Is that something like Private First Class?"

"Just a grade above," said Mr. Garrean, who had been with the Nebraska National Guard. "Just a grade."

On the way back to the station and the train for Los Angeles, Mr. Ovist fell in alongside me and said:

"I have been talking to some of the fellows, and we have decided, as long as you are a Full Private, you should be in charge of us going home."

"I shall accept the responsibility on one condition," I said.

"What is that, Full Private?"

"Well, quite a few of our boys from Local Board 225 have been rejected and they will feel badly on the trip back. It is our duty to cheer them up with a party, and I am sure one and all will contribute to the refreshment fund. And get a couple of dozen cokes for chasers."

WE GOT back to Los Angeles with ten days in which to wind up business affairs and say good-by before reporting to the Presidio of Monterey for active duty.

Some of the men said they did not know how they could wind up their business affairs in ten days, but it didn't take me more than half an hour.

The finance companies took care of the automobile and the typewriter, and the manager of my apartment house took care of the matter of disposing of my personal effects. She just put a slug in the keyhole of my apartment house, which left me in status quo, a Latin phrase meaning "the clothes I had on."

As for good-by, I had covered this department in preceding chapters. There was nothing for me to do but go back to work until it was time to leave for Monterey.

The city editor sent me down to Santa Monica to interview Lieutenant General William S. Knudsen, the war production boss.

He was big and easygoing and a breast pocket of his blouse was unbuttoned. I pointed to it.

"General," I said, "you would never pass inspection with that."

He laughed and buttoned it, and said:

"I see you are a military man."

I did not say anything, and pretty soon the other reporters came up, and one of them asked:

"General, where and when will the second front be opened?"

The general shook his head.

"I am just a production man," he said. "If you want to know about military matters, ask my friend here."

He pointed to me, and the reporters that knew me looked funny. There was one new reporter and he asked me about the second front and I said it would be opened through Norway, and he wanted to know my name and rank and I told him just to make it, "according to a military observer."

MY LAST assignment was to do a story about an Air Force school.

A captain in a staff car met me at dawn.

"I am sorry the major couldn't come," he said. "But I will do the best I can, Mr. Coughlin."

"Quite all right, captain," I said, and we drove off to inspect the school.

After the inspection we went to the Officers' Club and I met a colonel, and also a bar steward who used to know me, and he kept giving me glasses of stuff and I had quite a talk with the colonel and I pledged closer co-operation between ground forces and air forces.

"Not right away," I said. "I do not report for active duty until Monday."

The colonel looked at me and grinned and raised his glass.

"Until Monday then," he said, "we'll muddle through somehow."

On the way back the captain was quiet for a while, and I must have dozed off and he nudged me.

"Commission, of course?" he said.

"Not me. I am no agent. I will take straight salary and expenses."

"Ha-ha," he said. "I mean, when you report Monday what will you do?"

"Well," I said, "I will climb aboard old Flying Jenny, I guess, and the gaslights won't work and the stove won't light and I will go to Monterey and be sick if I do not quit saying good-by."

He looked at me kind of funny when he let me out of the car that evening, and he did not sound sincere when he said he hoped we would meet again.

Monday at 6 P. M., forty-three of us showed up at the Union Station as ordered, but it was 11 P. M. again when our train was ready.

Nobody seemed surprised when our coach turned out to be Flying Jenny, built in Rochester, 1879. Nobody complained because the lights wouldn't turn on, or the coal stove wouldn't burn.

We just sat and talked.

It was raining when we got to Salinas and got on a bus to go to the Presidio of Monterey.

This is a very pleasant drive normally and the scenery coming into Monterey is beautiful, but nobody commented on it and the bus was very quiet when we stopped at a gate and a big man with his left sleeve covered with stripes got in.

He looked at us for a while and then turned to the driver.

"Well," he said in a loud voice, "you can't make a mole hill out of a sow's purse. Let's shove."

He was our first first sergeant.

The first thing we got at the Presidio was a physical examination, a brief one, to see whether we had spent our furloughs winding up business affairs or personal affairs.

The next morning a corporal called us out into the company street and showed us how to make a military bed with square corners and the one blanket making a neat hood over the head of the bed and the pillow. Then we got sent back to our tents to make our beds the same way.

It took me quite a while, but it looked fairly neat by noon, when it was time to march down the hill for chow, which was what we were calling meals by then.

Halfway down the hill I felt in my pockets and my wallet wasn't there. It was still under my pillow. I called to the corporal, and he yelled back:

"Cut out that talking! You're marching at attention."

When we got to the bottom and fell out at the mess hall, I told him about my wallet.

"Let it go till after chow," he said.

"I'd rather not wait," I said. "It's got my draft card in it, and the draft card says I must carry it with me at all times."

He looked at me and started to say something and then pointed up the hill. He was still looking at me when I turned the corner and started climbing the hill.

I was just trying to reach under the hood without disturbing it, and getting the wallet, when somebody came into the tent. It was a sergeant I hadn't seen before.

"What is this?" he said. "Can't men go to chow without getting burglarized?"

I tried to explain I was just trying to get my wallet.

"How do I know it's your wallet?" he asked. "You got any means of identification on you?"

"Yes, but they are in my wallet."

He walked a little closer to me.

"You mean to say you don't know who you are unless you've got that wallet in your kick?"

"Well, it would help."

"What's your name?"

"Gene Coughlin."

He pulled back the hood with a jerk and brought out my wallet, and looked at the draft card.

"This says Eugene Francis Paul Coughlin," he said, and looked at me.

I said that was the name I gave the draft board, and he wanted to know if I went around giving different names to different people, and I said no, I did not.

"You've given me two names in two minutes," he said. "Sit down."

We were sitting there, across the tent from each other, when the others came back from chow. The sergeant and the corporal went outside and started whispering, and pretty soon the corporal came back and gave me my wallet.

"Hang on to it," he said, "and try to get your names straightened out. And I was told to restrict you to the area today and tonight."

"Why?"

"Well, you learned how to make a bunk this morning and now look at yours. All sloppy like somebody'd slept in it."

"The sergeant—"

"The sergeant didn't sleep in it. Don't tell me that."

Then the corporal walked out, shaking his head.

THE I. Q. and general aptitude test at a reception center is supposed to decide which branch of the service a man is best fitted for or vice versa.

There were 150 questions in the I. Q. test at Monterey and, I suppose, that many answers, but I did not even get to read all the questions before our time was up.

A corporal took our papers and a machine sorted them and graded them.

I was sent to a sergeant and he was studying my card, which had on it the history of where I went to school and where I had worked, along with the grades I made in the I. Q. and general aptitude test.

"You do typing?" he said, and I said yes, I did.

"Sit down at that typewriter," he said, "and copy these two pages out of the book."

I don't know where the Army got the book, but I had never seen anything like it before.

It was about Romulus and Remus and the names of some of the towns were so long that they ran right off the paper.

Pretty soon he said stop, and took the paper out of the machine and started counting the words.

"I don't want to be a typist in this Army," I said.

"You're safe," he said. Then he studied my card again.

"You've done some after-dinner speaking?" he asked.

"Well, when I was a sports editor—"

He looked through a little black book full of code words and initials, and put it down.

"Looks like the Army isn't putting on any after-dinner speakers," he said, and gave me my card. "Try the second door on the left."

Inside the second door on the left, two corporals and a sergeant were gathered around a desk. The sergeant took my card.

"Newspaper reporter, eh?" he said. "Los Angeles."

One of the corporals looked at me.

"You think Errol Flynn will beat the rap?" he asked.

I said I was not familiar with the case and would not like to voice an opinion.

"After all," I said, "Hollywood is full of pitfalls."

"Could I have the phone numbers of some of these pitfalls?" the corporal said, reaching for a pencil. "Not for myself, but a pal of mine is going down there."

"Never mind," said the sergeant to the corporal. "There is work to be done."

Then he looked at my card and at me and said:

"You are a radio man it says here."

I said no, and that I didn't know anything about radio.

"But you worked for Burns and Allen, didn't you? They're radio people, aren't they?"

I said yes, they surely were, and he marked something on my card and I left.

THE next day we marched to the quartermaster's to get our uniforms and equipment. This was done cafeteria style, picking up a shirt here and a blouse there.

The government issues a very snappy number called the garrison or overseas cap. But in World War I the garrison or overseas cap was in the experimental stage and it looked like the Monitor sailing out to meet the Merrimac. It started low in the front, spread out but not up at the top, and then trailed away in its own wake.

I got one of those.

As soon as I saw it coming I didn't like it. "I want one of those new ones," I said, "the ones that came out in 1925."

"You'll like this one better," the cap private said. "You can pull it down over your ears."

"I don't have to pull it. It's there now. Can I have a new one?"

"Don't be silly."

I moved on, with the cap, into an endless chain of notoriety and details.

It was the only cap of its kind in the Army that I know of, and any man wearing it was bound to be conspicuous. At different camps or posts, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, I was known as "you in the funny cap."

Too many times my section or platoon would be standing, waiting for dismissal, and a duty sergeant would come along and ask for volunteers for a detail. Nobody would volunteer, of course, and he would select five men he didn't like for a six-man detail. Then he would look around.

"Let's see, I need another man. Hey, you. You in the funny cap. Step out."

It didn't matter whether I stood erect or crouched, the cap stood out. Other men could fall out on hikes and disappear without being noticed, but the minute I tried it a loud voice would call out:

"You in the funny cap. Where do you think you're going?"

I wore the thing for months, and I was complaining about it one night in Joe's place in Oceanport, New Jersey, and Henry, the bartender, said:

"Why don't you lose it? They can't make you wear it if you haven't got it."

So I lost it three times, and each time it was returned to my company, and each time the first sergeant knew whose it was and gave it back to me and told me to be more careful.

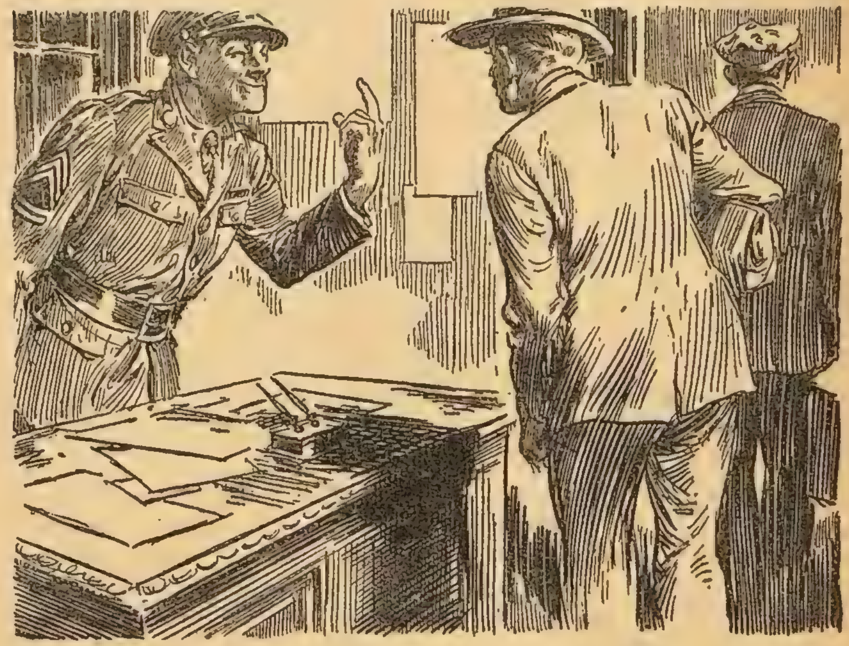
The fourth time I lost it for good, in Joe's place. And Joe had to call the plumber.

One day a sergeant called out a list of names of men to be shipped and I was one of them. The sergeant rounded us up.

"Put your toilet stuff, a change of underwear and socks, and a towel in your A barracks bag. Put all your other equipment in your other barracks bag, your B bag. When you get down the hill in the morning, a man will tell you what to do with them.

"If he says to keep your A bag and leave your B bag, it means you are going quite a distance and your B bag will be shipped. If he tells you to put your A bag in your B bag, it means you are in for a short haul. Are there any questions?"

Well, there were questions, because the bags were not marked and they were the same size and we did not know the A bag from the B bag. The sergeant said we could call either one the A bag or the B bag, and wanted to know if there were any other questions.



I raised my hand and the sergeant looked at me. It was the same sergeant that found me looking for my wallet.

"Yes, Mr. Anonymous," he said.

"These bags are the same size," I said. "How can you put one bag in the other?"

"They are the same size now," he said, "but they won't be the same size if you just put your toilet things and some underwear in one of them, will they?"

Somebody said it didn't make sense. The sergeant got red in the face.

"It will make sense," he said, and turned to the corporal. "Get these men up at five o'clock in the morning and get them straightened out in plenty of time."

This was done and we were down the hill and had breakfast long before 7 A. M., when another sergeant started calling out names and telling the men what to do with their A bags and B bags.

When he came to my name he said, "Put your A bag in your B bag and get over to that line of buses. On the double."

I stooped down to fix my bags, but they weren't where I had put them. There were two other bags a couple of feet away and I started twisting them around to try to read the name on the bags. I was still looking when somebody said, over my shoulder:

"You know what 'On the double' means? It means 'Please hurry.'"

It was the sergeant that had told us about the bags before.

"Which is your A bag?" he asked, stooping down.

"I don't know," I said.

He looked up and laughed, not a happy laugh but kind of hollow.

"Pardon me," he said, "I should have known better. Which do you think is your A bag?"

"Neither one," I said. "These are not my bags." He picked up the bags and took me by the arm.

"You're going anyway," he said. "Even if I have to knit you a couple of bags with my own little pinkies."

When we got to the buses it turned out a man named Waite had my bags, and we swapped. I thanked the sergeant, but he said he couldn't think of leaving until we did.

"Where are these men going?" he asked the bus driver. The bus driver said he didn't know. Then the sergeant found an acting corporal with our papers and records.

"All I know," the acting corporal said, "is that we go to Camp Kohler, near Sacramento, but I don't know what branch of the service it is."

"I do," said a young man named Forrest. "It is a Signal Corps basic camp, but there must be some mistake in my case. I asked for Air Corps. I want to fly."

The sergeant looked at him and gave a funny laugh.

"You'll fly," he said, and looked at me. "You and Mr. Anonymous here will fly, hand in hand, right out of this world."

THE corporal that met us at Camp Kohler took us to the mess hall and got us started eating.

"Be careful about going out nights," he said. "Might be a good idea to stay in your barracks the first couple of nights."

He did not explain, but it turned out later he was talking about the obstacle course, the night one.

Camp Kohler had a daytime obstacle course too. It had fences and walls and ropes to climb and sewer pipe to crawl through, but these were obstacles you could see, and they stayed in the same place from day to day. Also, men over thirty-five did not have to go through the obstacle course unless they wanted to.

But in the night course the obstacles moved from night to night, and you couldn't see them on account of the camp dimout. And men over thirty-five had to take them sometimes, whether they wanted to or not.

These night obstacles were ditches, about six feet deep, that were being dug so the camp would have running water and sewer pipe.

These ditches were dug by trench diggers with rubber tires, and the machines never seemed to be working in daytime, but would wait until dark and then start digging trenches along the company streets or in the alleys behind the barracks.

The trenches usually were dug between the back door of the barracks and the washrooms out in the neutral ground between company areas.

In the barracks we had Lights Out at nine o'clock, but the lights in the washrooms stayed lit until all hours, and men who wanted to read or write letters or something after 9 P. M. used them frequently.

A man might go to bed at nine o'clock, for example, knowing that all was clear in the neighborhood, and wake up at midnight and decide to write a letter, and grab his overcoat and disappear out the back door and fall right into a trench that had been dug in the meantime.

If he fell into a trench that had no sewer pipe on the bottom of it, we would hear a *clump* and know he would be back pretty soon, limping and swearing somewhat.

But if we heard a *bong,* it meant he had fallen into a trench with a pipe already laid, and we would get up and go out and rehabilitate him.

We did not hear any *bong* the night a Mr. Hoyt disappeared.

Nobody even heard a *clump,* which was possible, because Mr. Hoyt, who was a haberdasher from Oakland, was neat and quiet about everything he did.

He was not even missed until reveille roll call, and then he was marked A. W. O. L.

This did not seem like Mr. Hoyt at all, and a searching party was sent out to the newest trench which was dug sometime during the night. The searching party returned with Mr. Hoyt's overcoat, which they found on the bank near the end of the company street. Members of the party said the trench was muddy but did not have enough water in it to drown anybody.

Mr. Hoyt came back to us at noon in somebody else's overcoat and a pair of fatigue pants too big for him. He was dirty.

It seems that he had left the back door of the barracks around 2 A. M. and had fallen in the new trench without a *clump* because of the rain that had turned the trench into mud.

"It knocked the breath out of me," Mr. Hoyt told us, "but I found I had no broken bones and I took stock of the situation. I am not a tall man, standing only five feet and two inches, and am not very agile. I attempted to climb out of the trench several times, but to no avail.

"I decided to reconnoiter, with the hope that I would find a place in the trench where some of the excavated dirt had fallen back in, making a mound that would give me a steppingstone, so to speak."

It seems that he did not find any such mound, and after a while he got a little panicky. He came to one place where the floor seemed a little higher.

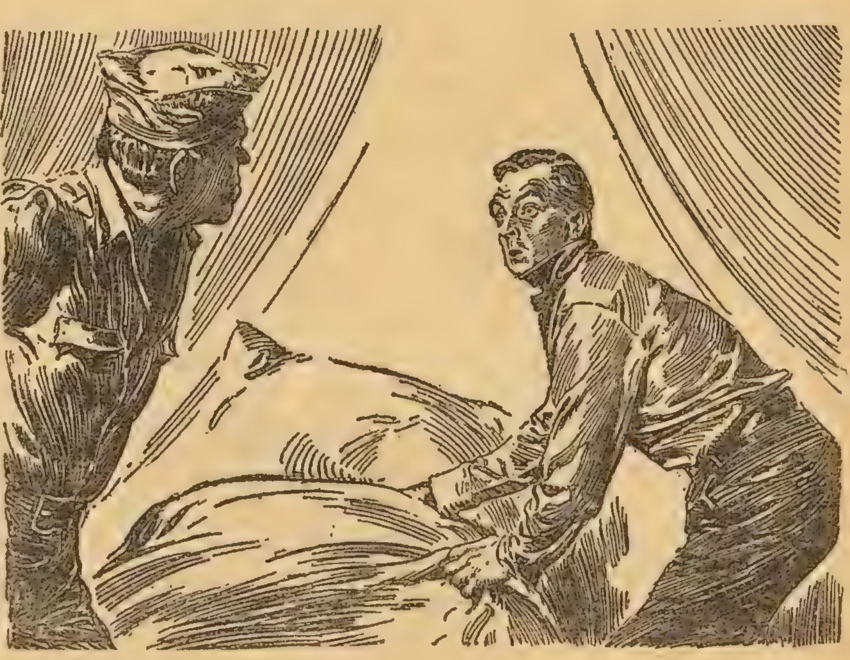
"I threw my overcoat up on the bank," he told us, "thinking it would provide me with some traction. But it skidded away from my fingers and I fell back into the trench discouraged."

He said he did some more thinking then—about Jean Valjean and his escape through the sewers of Paris.

He decided to follow the trench to its end, where it might slope and give him an exit.

"I did not cry out," he said. "For one thing, it was raining and I feared my voice would not carry. Also, I was wearing only my undershirt and my carpet slippers, one of which I had lost in a sort of sump hole before I lost my overcoat. I kept plodding along, slipping somewhat badly, and at times virtually crawling."

The rain let up just as dawn came, he told us, and in the first light of the morning he found the end of the trench and managed to extricate himself. He was quite a distance from home.



"Clothed as I was, a return to this—my company—was out of the question," he said. "I found a storeroom open and climbed up on some mattresses and went to sleep. Curiously, I was not anxious or worried. I just didn't seem to care."

A supply sergeant found him at noon and was going to call the M. P.s, but finally gave him an overcoat and a pair of pants.

Everybody felt sorry for him, but we thought he would get three or four days of K. P. anyhow.

But he did not get any company punishment at all, because that night something else happened that saved Mr. Hoyt.

A junior lieutenant had been to Sacramento at a stag dinner and dropped by our company orderly room at midnight just to say hello.

When he found out he was in the wrong company area, he went out and started cutting across to his own battalion.

He fell into Mr. Hoyt's trench.

But this time there was a sewer pipe in the bottom of the trench and we heard the *bong* and went out to rescue him. It was quite a job getting the junior lieutenant out and he did not seem aware of what had happened until we were walking him around and examining him for concussion, etc.

He seemed dazed but good-natured.

"Rip cord must have broken," the junior lieutenant said while we were scraping him.

He went to the hospital, where they bandaged his head and right foot, and came back the next day to look at the trench and talk to Mr. Hoyt and the company commander.

Pretty soon the trenches were all filled in and the obstacle course, the night one, was closed, and we got ready to start school.

MOST people have an idea that a telephone wire comes in just the right length to reach from switchboard to telephone instrument, but the Signal Corps operates on the theory that a telephone wire comes chopped up, like spaghetti or macaroni, in three-foot lengths and has to be tied together, or spliced.

Making knots and splices is very important.

Everyone in the Signal Corps has to know how to make a splice, even cooks and mess sergeants, because a mess sergeant practically saved the second Battle of the Argonne in World War I by making a field-wire splice.

This mess sergeant, an instructor told us, found a telephone wire broken behind the lines, and spliced the wire, which ran to division headquarters. If he had not done so, the battle might have gone to the Germans.

Some of the men in our class group did not believe the story about the mess sergeant.

"Maybe he discovered the broken wire," said a man who had done K. P. the day before, "but I will bet he yelled, 'Hey, a coupla you K. P.s splice this wire, and some more of you tear over to that hill and start scrubbing them trees. We might need them for a mess table tonight.'"

A field wire looks about like the wire that runs from the pole to your house for the telephone and is made up of two wires twisted together. When the wires break, you have to peel back the insulation and find seven or nine very little wires inside that have to be tied together in a square knot and then wrapped around with rubber tape before the black friction tape is put around the splice.

When it is finished, a good splice is about the size of a lead pencil and not much bigger than the wire was before it was broken.

We had one day to practice making the splices before we had to take an examination in the field-wire splice.

In practice I did not have much luck with mine, and a Mr. George Dodge helped me. He had been a cable splicer for the telephone company and made very good splices.

We practiced for quite a while the night before the examination, and after Lights Out, I heard Mr. Dodge talking to himself. He was saying:

"It still looks like something you carry in a sack, but I cannot catch him doing anything wrong. Maybe he is sneaking in some extra wires."

The next day, during the examination, Mr. Dodge sat at the schoolroom table across from me, and when they gave us our wires, he zipped through his splice, taped it up neatly, and laid it on the table just as I was starting to peel the insulation off mine.

My third one looked kind of bulky and I held it across the table to have Mr. Dodge examine it, but Mr. Dodge had gone to sleep. I put my splice down and picked his up, and I was holding it when the instructor came along.

He took it out of my hand and held it up in the air and yelled "At ease!" Everyone quit work and looked.

"Here's what I call a perfect splice," the sergeant instructor said. Then he turned to me.

"Did you ever make a field-wire splice before you came to this class yesterday?" he asked.

"No," I said. "But—"

"Don't apologize. You've been an apt student and it's too bad the whole class hasn't worked as hard as you have."

He marked my card with a 20, which meant perfect. Then he picked up my splice, which was in front of Mr. Dodge.

"What the hell is this?" the sergeant instructor said, very loud. "Who committed this outrage while my back was turned?"

Mr. Dodge gave a jump and woke up and the sergeant instructor held the splice up in the air.

"Does this look like a field-wire splice?" he yelled. "It just goes to show," the sergeant said, jerking a thumb at Mr. Dodge. "This man here was sleeping instead of trying to improve his work."

"That is not my splice," Mr. Dodge said.

"Then whose splice is it?" the sergeant asked.

"Mine," I said.

The sergeant looked at the two splices, the good one and the bad one.

"I see," he said. "You make one good splice and then make another one as a horrible example, is that it?"

"No. I just made the one you have in your hand."

"Then, who made this one?" he asked, and held up the good one.

"I did," Mr. Dodge said.

So then I explained what had happened, and the sergeant took my card back and rubbed out the 20 and gave me a 5 instead. He took Mr. Dodge's card and marked it 15.

"Any other time I would give you twenty," he said, and Mr. Dodge gave me a dirty look.

After that, we went to Chemical Warfare and took our gas masks up to the live gas chamber.

We went into the chamber and took off our masks and put them on again while the room was full of tear gas. You have to learn how to get your mask off in a hurry, and hold your breath, and then get the mask back on and run out the door.

The webs on my gas mask were crossed, or something, and the instructor had to straighten them out before I could leave the room.

All the others had left, I guess, although I could not see them.

I could not see anything for quite a while and kept stepping on the heels of the man in front of me. When we fell out in the company street, he turned around and started to say something. Then he offered me his handkerchief.

"Don't feel so bad about that splice," he said. "It might happen to anyone. Get them tears off your face."

MOST people seem to have an idea that K. P. is a very trying ordeal and should be abolished by law, but I do not agree with them.

The day I did K. P. at Camp Kohler was one of the most restful days I have known in the Army.

One Wednesday I was in the orderly room and I saw the K. P. lists for the rest of the week. I was down for K. P. the following Saturday, along with three other men from my barracks.

It was unpleasant news at the time, because I had heard numerous stories about the hardships of K. P., and how men could not stand erect for days after they had spent sixteen or eighteen hours scrubbing pots and pans and tables.

I did not sleep well Wednesday night and I was upset Thursday afternoon when the company commander sent for me.

"I understand you used to be a newspaper reporter," he said, and I said, "Yes, sir."

"Well," he said, "they are getting out a newspaper called the Camp Kohler News and we want Company E to have the best and most entertaining report in the newspaper. Think you can do it?"

"Certainly, sir," I said. "With good news items and little verses and funny stories in between—"

"That's the idea," he said. "When can you give it to me?"

Well, here it was Thursday and I would have to study that night on burns and gases for a first-aid test the next day. And Friday night I would have to study phonetic spelling for telephone communication.

"I can do it Saturday, sir," I said.

The company commander frowned.

"I don't like that," he said. "For one thing, Saturday is your free day, practically—"

"I don't mind, sir. Be glad to give it up for Company E."

"Well, all right. Because I have to turn it in the first thing Monday."

I slept better Thursday night and Friday night, too.

At 5 A. M., Saturday, they called the four of us from our barracks who were to do K. P., and the other three groaned and cursed while they were getting into their fatigues, but I did not complain.

The K. P.s and table waiters had breakfast at 5:30 and the rest of the company ate an hour later.

After they ate, I had a piece of fresh apple pie with a slice of cheese and two cups of coffee, and the mess sergeant sent me into the storeroom off the kitchen to start peeling potatoes.

I was sitting in the corner a little bit later when I heard the company commander say, "You can spare him, can't you?"

"With pleasure," the mess sergeant said. "I mean, yes, sir. But I was curious to see how the friendship between him and that one potato would turn out. He's been fondling it for the last forty minutes."

I followed the company commander over to the orderly room and he pointed to the typewriter.

"I want to leave around noon," he said, "and I would like to see most of the Company E columns before I leave."

A trained newspaperman who has had three days in which to prepare his copy should be able to write two columns in thirty minutes. But I must have eaten too much breakfast, because it was noon before I had most of the news from our company on paper.

The company commander laughed at some of the jingles and jokes and said:

"That is fine. Leave it on my desk when you get through," and took his cap and left.

The C. Q., or Charge of Quarters, read what I had written and laughed, but I did not.

"Well," I said, "I suppose I will have to go back to K. P. any minute now."

"Let's go to chow first," he said. "There is something I want to talk to you about."

I SAT with him at the noncommissioned officers' table, and a Mr. Hall, from my barracks, was our table waiter. Mr. Hall did not seem happy.

"You write good funny poetry," the C. Q. told me. "Do you ever write serious poetry?"

"Often," I said.

"This would be about a girl named Juanita—"

"With dark eyes and dark hair."

"Yes," he said, trembling. "Beautiful dark eyes and dark hair. And a mole on her left cheek."

"Is she sensitive about the mole?"

"Well," he said, "come to think of it, I never mentioned it to her."

"Maybe we'd better leave the mole out of it."

"Might be better," he said. "Do you suppose you could write a poem about her this afternoon?"

"Be glad to," I said. "But I'm supposed to be on K. P.—"

"The hell with K. P.," the C. Q. said. "Anybody can do that. Want another piece of pie?"

I did, and he yelled to Mr. Hall, our table waiter.

"Hey, you," the C. Q. yelled, "bring Mr. Coughlin another piece of pie and some coffee."

Mr. Hall came over to the table.

"Pardon me," he said, "did I understand you to say 'Mr. Coughlin'?"

"That's right," the C. Q. said. "Mr. Coughlin is an artist."

"That's not what I'd call him," Mr. Hall said, setting my coffee cup down so hard it spilled.

"One more crack out of you," the C. Q. told Mr. Hall, "and you will spend Sunday doing pots and pans and the garbage detail."

We smoked while the men cleaned up the table and started washing the dishes, and then we went back to the orderly room and I started on the poem about Juanita.

"Wanna coke?" the C. Q. asked after a while.

"O. K.," I said, and we had cokes and some candy bars.

I finished the poem and he went into the company commander's office to read it, and came out with his face red and his eyes all bright.

He gave me my pass and I caught the three-o'clock bus to Sacramento.

It was late when I got back and the mess hall and the barracks were dark, but I heard people groaning and cursing as I went to my bunk.

Somebody turned a flashlight on me, and Mr. Hall started talking.

The nicest thing he said was "gold brick," but I did not pay any attention.

In the Army you learn which are your friends, and you learn you cannot be friends with everybody.

RIGHT after my experience with K. P. detail we had to take classification tests to see where we could do the Signal Corps the most good—in telephone or radio work.

Two corporals interviewed me. They read my card and one of them said:

"Well, it looks like radio is your field, all right. You will be a radio repairman."

I did not like the idea, because I have never been mechanically inclined and people who know me will not even let me change a light bulb or plug in a toaster.

"You will go to school for seventeen weeks," one corporal said.

"I am tired of school. I was tired of school twenty years ago."

"This will be a civilian school, probably," he said. "You'll live in an apartment or hotel—"

"Maybe in Miami, Florida," the other corporal put in.

I looked out the window. It was raining. The rain gets very cold in the Sacramento Valley in December.

"Where do I sign?"

"You don't have to sign," both corporals said. "We'll take care of that."

It was raining when I got back to the company area, but I didn't seem to notice it.

That day we got our rifles for the first time. The rifles were empty, but the drill sergeant said we would get to use loaded ones after we mastered the Manual of Arms.

The Manual of Arms turned out to be very dangerous, even with an empty rifle, and a man that comes through it with all of his arms and legs intact can be carefree and nonchalant with a loaded rifle.

The .303 Army rifle weighs nine pounds and some ounces. Every maneuver in the Manual of Arms must be done quickly and with slapping noises, and sometimes you slap the rifle right into your eye or jaw.

There is one maneuver, like from Port Arms to Order Arms, when the rifle is lowered "smartly" to the ground alongside the right foot.

The first time we tried it, I was the first in our squad to get the rifle down, but the butt must have been a little too far to the left with respect to my foot.

It banged on the instep of my right foot and something went *crunch.*

"Get that butt on the ground," the drill sergeant said.

"Looks like we'll have to pry it out of his foot," the man next to me said.

We got it loose and tried again. It caught my little toe a glancing blow this time. The third time I caught myself pulling my right foot away, like a man will do with his nose when he has been hit twice and sees a third punch coming.

The right foot swung back quite a bit and it was behind my left one when the rifle butt hit the ground.

"Very pretty, Pavlova," the drill sergeant said. "Now, if you'll just pirouette three paces forward I'll give you some individual attention later."

After some of us mastered the Manual of Arms, they gave us dummy shells and had us practice "dry runs."

In rapid fire you have to learn how to fall fast from the standing position to sitting or kneeling or prone position.

There is a way of falling which is practically painless, the drill sergeant said, and showed it to us.

You hold the rifle straight in front of you, and then start falling forward. As you fall down, the butt of the rifle is supposed to hit the ground first so it will break your fall, and you wind up flat on your stomach and ready to start shooting.

The rifle must be held well out in front or the bolt or stock might hit you on the face or head as you fall.

Apparently I did not hold mine far enough out in front, because when the sergeant said, "Hit it," and we fell, something cracked against my chin and everything went black with bright orange trimmings.

Pretty soon I heard the sergeant say:

"He'll be all right. He's probably used to bumping into lampposts and streetcars. Take care of that guy at the end—the one with the rifle bolt stuck in his ear.

"You guys go out to the range tomorrow," the drill sergeant said. "Remember one thing—don't get panicky!"

We marched back in route step and the drill sergeant walked alongside me.

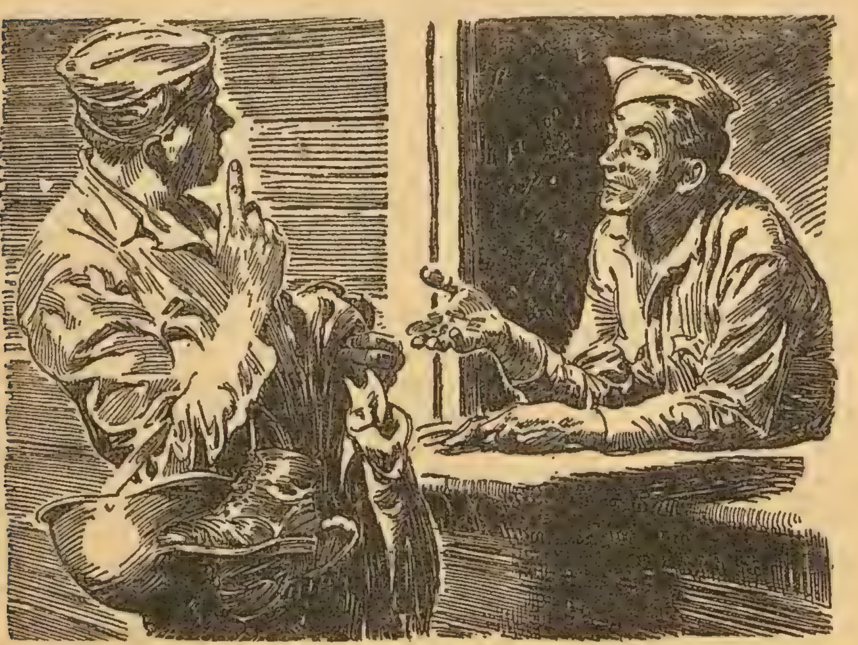
"How you feeling, Deerslayer?" he asked. "Nervous?"

I said no, I wasn't nervous.

"That's good," he said. "Because if I thought you'd be nervous on the range tomorrow I would go over the hill. As it is, I am tempted."

The next day on the rifle range we had slow fire and then rapid fire. In rapid fire you have to fire ten shots in sixty seconds from each position, using two clips of shells of five each.

Men are standing when the control officer asks if everybody is ready. As soon as the targets come into sight, the control officer yells, "Hit it!" and you plop down into the next position and start blazing away.



Our first position was to sitting from standing, which meant we plopped down like somebody had tripped us. There is a way of breaking your fall by putting one hand behind you, but I always seemed to be short one hand when we tried it in the "dry runs," and I always hit with a thud that hurt from the south end of my spine to the top of my head.

In our dry runs we practiced falling on nice soft sod, but here on the firing line at the range there was no soft sod. There was nothing but sharp crushed stone and rock to fall on.

I didn't notice it until the control officer said, "Hit it!"

Then I plopped to sitting position, and plopped right back up again.

It felt like a hundred arrows dipped in red pepper had been shot right through the seat of my thin fatigue pants.

When I jumped up, my rifle went off in the air, and the sergeant put a strangle hold on me from behind and I plopped down again harder than the first time.

He kept saying things, but I did not hear him. I was just interested in squeezing off my ten shots and getting to stand up.

We finished our rapid-fire practice and then started firing for record. The first position was prone. I squeezed the trigger. There was a *click* instead of a sharp *crack*, and the sergeant, who was staying close to me, grabbed the rifle.

"The only way you can hit the target with empty shells is to club your rifle and sneak up on it," he said.

It turned out I had forgotten to eject the last shell from the rapid-fire practice.

The sergeant began working with the bolt and ejector and explaining how the shell had expanded from the heat and jammed the machinery. I kept looking at my target, No. 62.

Pretty soon my target went down and came back up, and the man in the pits waved a white dish in front of it, meaning a bull's-eye. After a couple of minutes, it went down again and the same thing happened. It happened once more, and the officer in the control tower said, over the loud-speaker:

"Nice shooting, No. 62. Very nice!"

The sergeant jumped and looked at my target as it came up again, this time with a 4, meaning right next to a bull's-eye. The sergeant dropped my rifle and looked around as far as the man firing on No. 63.

"Frenchy!" he yelled. "You're firing on the wrong target."

"Well, he wasn't using it," Frenchy said.

"You two should get to know each other better," the sergeant said, "and I shall see that you do."

After we finished firing, the sergeant told us:

"You two need to know more about the Army rifle, and tonight would be a dandy night for the first lesson, which is known as the cleaning and care of the piece."

Frenchy and I were cleaning rifles, quite a few of them, and I asked him, "You just get in?"

"No, I have been here a month, but I have not seen much of the camp," he said. "It seems like I have been doing K. P. practically all of the time."

Frenchy said there were numerous things about the Army that did not understand him, instead of vice versa.

"Something is always breaking loose," he said, picking up his cartridge belt from the mud and taking off one legging that had come unlaced.

After the sergeant had inspected the last rifle and told us that would do, we started for home and Frenchy was carrying his gas mask, both leggings, and his cartridge belt. He did not have a place for his rifle, which I carried.

The next day he was still having trouble when we started on the eighteen-mile hike and bivouac.

Just as our company commander yelled, "Forward march!" Frenchy's pack popped open at the top.

I caught his raincoat on the fly and other men back of me picked up his toothbrush and shaving things and face towel. He put them over his arm, along with the legging that came loose about a mile farther on, right after the officers yelled "Gas!" and we had to put on our gas masks.

FRENCHY'S mask strap broke and he had to fall out. I did not see him again until the bivouac, and then not very distinctly.

It was raining and very dark where we halted to pitch our shelter halves, or pup tents.

"In absolute quiet and darkness," a lieutenant said. "And prepare your full equipment for inspection."

In pitching shelter halves, two men get together with their halves and each one has stakes, pegs, and rope to make the tents stay in place. We had done it before in practice, but it was daylight and I had had a partner named Flannery who used to be an Eagle Scout.

I called for Flannery this time, but he was already teamed up, and so were the other members of our group who were handy with knots and tents.

I was about to give up and go over to the mess tent and volunteer for detail when I bumped into something that felt like a wet wash out for a walk. Some of the wet wash spilled to the ground in the collision and I heard Frenchy saying, "These things will never get to understand me."

"Do you have a partner, Frenchy?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Wouldn't anybody take you either?"

So we became partners. Frenchy's pack was a rope short and I was shy two pegs, but we finally got our shelter halves together and standing up.

It turned out that our tent's back door was where the other tents of the company had their front doors and it was pitched on an angle, but it was the best we could do and the inspection was already starting.

Frenchy was unpiling his equipment and wringing it out.

"Frenchy," I said, "I have met you, but we haven't been introduced. I'll bet you do not know my name."

"No, I do not," he said. "Names do not seem to mean anything to me any more."

"They are not very important," I said. "Look, Frenchy, I have to leave you for a couple of minutes, in case anybody inquires. O. K.?"

"O. K."

I was in the next company street when the lieutenant's flashlight found our tent. The beam stayed on our tent for quite a while. Then it flashed on Frenchy.

"Whose tent is this?" the lieutenant asked.

"Mine, sir," Frenchy said.

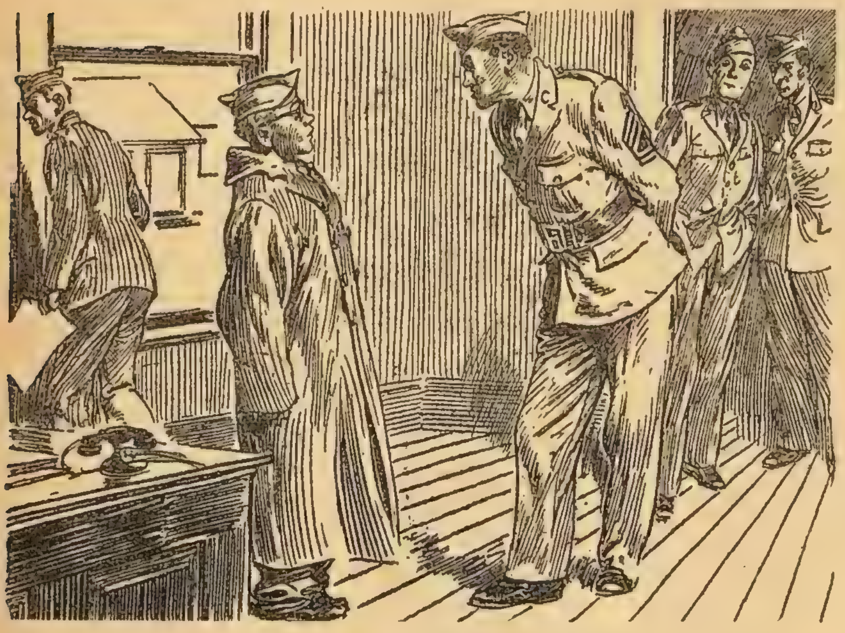
"Yours? You mean you pitched it all by yourself?"

"Practically, sir." Frenchy was a little proud. "Another man was with me at the start, but he had to leave."

"A wise man," the lieutenant said. "What's his name?"

"I don't know," Frenchy answered.

"A Solomon. Yea, verily, a Solomon has been amidst us and pitched his tent and departed before the damn thing could collapse," the lieutenant said.



He turned his flashlight on Frenchy's opened field pack, and Frenchy stepped back against the tent. It fell down with a kind of *squash.*

"Take this man's name," the lieutenant told a sergeant with him, "and get him a shopping bag to carry his equipment."

I fell in with another platoon going home and it was ten o'clock before we got to Company E area, but the C. Q. was waiting for us.

"You're shipping tomorrow, corporal," he said.

I looked over my shoulder and he laughed, but not a happy laugh. He was not the same C. Q. with a girl named Juanita.

"I thought they must have got the wrong name too," he said, "but it is all typed out that you are a T/5, or corporal technician, effective this date. And you ship tomorrow evening."

"Where do I go?"

"It does not state on the shipping order, which is secret, but with your luck I would not be surprised if you wound up in Miami, Florida."

The next morning after reveille roll call I went back to bed for a while, because when a man is shipping he is excused from minor details and worries, and after a little nap, I went to the mess hall for breakfast.

I sat at a table where Frenchy was just cleaning up the dishes.

"Hello, Frenchy," I said. "What did you do this time?"

"It was just that I tried to do two men's work fixing a tent," he said. "The other man deserted me."

"What was the name of the other man?"

"That's what the lieutenant asked me, and I did not know. And for that I get K. P. again."

After breakfast the three of us that were being shipped smoothed out our sun-tan uniforms and tried them on, and the other members of the company were angry when they came in from drill and the obstacle course.

They did not seem to respect our new rank of corporal technician at all, and one of them, a Private Hall, said it was just luck and that we were picked alphabetically, an A, a B, and Coughlin.

All three of us laughed at this, but several times since I have wondered what would have happened if my name had been Williams or Yerxa.

We said good-by and climbed into trucks. Frenchy waved good-by from a kitchen window of the mess hall.

The trucks took us to North Sacramento, where there was a Pullman car parked on a side track.

We put our bags away and sat around and talked about what we would do in Miami, Florida. But the car was very cold without any steam coming from an engine and we went to bed to get warm.

I was in a lower berth, which turned out to be a bad place to be, because when I woke up somebody was sitting on my chest. I started trying to push him off.

"Keep still," the man said, "while I untie my shoes."

After a while he had both shoes untied and stood up. He was wearing two caps, a field cap over his right ear and a garrison cap over his left one. I mentioned it to him.

"I always do that in this climate," he said. He was a sergeant in the Air Forces.

He leaned down to look at me and then swayed against the berth across the aisle.

"This is the worst roadbed in the country," he said, "especially around the curves."

I looked out the window. We were still standing at the station in North Sacramento.

"Who are you guys and where are you going this time of night?" the sergeant asked me. I told him we were going to Miami, Florida.

"This car is going to Victorville, California," he said, stepping on my stomach and climbing into the upper berth. "And I will be glad when you get off at Victorville."

"We are not going to get off at Victorville," I said. "You are."

"How do you know?" he said. But before I could tell him he started snoring.

He was still snoring the next morning when I woke up and looked out the window. There was snow and ice alongside the tracks, and it was a cinch we were not getting near Victorville, which is in the desert.

The porter came through the car and he said we were some place in Nevada.

"Are we going through Victorville today?" I asked.

"Not today, nor from now on henceforth," he said.

He said our next stop would be Denver, Colorado.

I told him he'd better tell the sergeant about it.

The sergeant did not feel well, and he felt worse when the porter told him where we were.

We left him at a little station in Nevada to get a train back, and it looked like he would be twenty-four hours late, at least, getting to Victorville.

He looked very sad, and a Private Conley said he knew just how he felt because A. W. O. L. is a terrible thing. Private Conley said he used to be a corporal and his blouse looked like he used to wear stripes on the sleeves until just recently.

Private Conley said he had committed A. W. O. L. for twenty-eight days while stationed at Camp Kohler.

IT SEEMS that Corporal (which he was then) Conley had gone to Sacramento on a week-end pass, and he met some people at a bar and the people invited him to a private party after the bar closed.

"They were drinking something made out of prunes at this private party," he said. "It had a pleasant taste and it did not bother me at all until I started to stand up, at which time I started skidding."

He said that as long as he could not stand up he decided to keep on sitting, and one of the guests at the party suggested some more prune juice, or whatever, to help him recover the use of his legs.

He did not remember how long the private party lasted, but when it broke up in Sacramento, the people decided to have another in Stockton, and he went to that one too. He went to the one in Fresno also, and another one in Bakersfield, and then they started having private parties along the ocean front in Santa Barbara and Ventura and San Francisco.

Private Conley said he had no idea how long these private parties might have gone on, if he had not met another soldier at the one in San Francisco.

The soldier was wearing winter uniform, which is O. D., or olive drab.

"He kept looking at me," Private Conley said, "and finally he asked me:

" 'Corporal, are those the only clothes you got?'

"I said, 'What is the matter with these clothes, soldier?'

"He said, 'There was a time when they were all right, but that is a sun-tan uniform you are wearing, which is for summer use, and we quit wearing them two weeks ago, when the season ended.' "

Private Conley said he looked at the calendar and, sure enough, it was November and he had been gone from the camp for several weeks.

"I did not get panicky," he said, "but I sat down and figured it out and decided I would be conspicuous and also uncomfortable if I kept wearing sun-tans in November or December. So I decided to get my O. D. uniform."

He said he got to Camp Kohler without being molested by the M. P.s. He got to his barracks and found his bunk and everything in place.

"I guess I moved like I was in a dream," he told us. "I took off my sun-tan shirt and I was putting on my O. D. shirt when the first sergeant came in. It seemed like only yesterday since I saw him. He said, 'What are you doing?' and I told him I was changing clothes so I could go to a private party in Sacramento."

Private Conley said his first sergeant let him finish changing clothes and then he took him to the orderly room for an interview with the company commander. He said the company commander mentioned something about a firing squad and twenty years' hard labor at Leavenworth, but none of this seemed to bother Mr. Conley, who was still in a dream world, as he put it.

The upshot of it was that they took away Corporal Conley's stripes and fined him a third of his pay, and gave him company restriction for a month, and a week's straight K. P.

Private Conley said he was feeling better now, but got nauseated any time he saw a dish of prunes in front of him.

AT CHICAGO they took our car off the train and we went to sleep thinking that we would wake up some place in southern Illinois, heading for Miami.

But we did not. We woke up in Pittsburgh, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and it began to look like we would never get to Florida the way we were going.

Late in the day a strange man in a sheepskin coat boarded the train.

"Get up and get your barracks bags," he said.

"Will I need my overcoat?" I asked him.

"Two of them, pal," he said. "It's five above."

"Where are we?"

"Fort Monmouth, New Jersey," he said.

"What do we do here, change trains?" I asked.

"Not for a few months," he said. "This is as far as you go."

We got our bags and I fell into a snowdrift and it was 2 A. M. when we got to a mess hall and had rolls and coffee. Then the first sergeant led us to the second floor of a barracks next door.

Some of the men sleeping woke up and said, "What the hell?" when he turned on the lights, and the first sergeant said, "Shut up," and told us to make our bunks.

At Fort Monmouth we met up with the mattress-cover arrangement for the first time. The mattress cover is something like canvas. It is supposed to pull over the mattress tight, like a pillowcase, and then be laced up at the open end.

The men that came with me from Camp Kohler seemed to have little or no trouble with their mattress covers, and pretty soon they had their beds made and were climbing in. I was still fidgeting with mine and the first sergeant was still standing at the light switch. Finally he got tired.

"Turn the light out when you get fixed up," he said, and went downstairs.

My mattress cover was unusual in construction and design. It did not have an opening at either end, but there was a little slit on the side about big enough for a pillow but not nearly big enough to get a mattress in. The whole thing seemed impossible at first, but I decided it was some sort of a general-aptitude test and that the first sergeant wanted to see how I would meet the situation.

I kept the slit open with one knee the first time, and rolled up the mattress and got one corner of it into the opening. Just then the mattress uncoiled with quite a snap and got away from me.

It flipped up in the air and landed on top of a man in the next bunk. He grunted and felt it and then opened his eyes.

"Where'd you come from?" he asked.

I told him.

"Don't they use mattresses out there in California?"

I said, "Sure."

"That's good," he said, "because I don't know what I'd do with two of them."

So I tried again. The mattress was practically new and had lots of spring. It got away again and I scrambled with it over the foot of the bed.

The top of my foot locker was up. We hit it and it slammed shut very loudly. I wound up on top of it with the mattress in my arms.

The man across the aisle woke up.

"That's no way to use a mattress," he said. "Throw that thing on the bed."

Then it occurred to me there might be a sort of hidden opening or seam inside the mattress cover. I stretched the slit and looked inside.

That was what I was doing when the first sergeant tiptoed back upstairs.

"Looking for someone, Junior?" he asked over my shoulder.

I didn't try to explain. I just stepped back.

"These men have to get some sleep," the first sergeant said. "Give me that thing."

He took the mattress cover and looked at one end. Then he looked at the other end. Then he looked at me.

"You take this out of the mess hall?"

"Why, no, sergeant. I didn't even know they had mattress covers in the mess hall."

"Well, they do," he said. "They use them for drying silverware and this is one of them. You put the silverware in this slit here and then shake it up until the silverware is dry."

"It seems silly to me," I said.

"Well, it's not silly. No such thing." He was pretty serious.

He made me take one end of the cover and he took the other.

"Now then," he said, "we put the silverware in the slit and then we shake. Up and down, like this."

We started fluttering the empty mattress cover up and down between us. It seemed sillier than ever.

Somebody in the corner yelled:

"If you slugnutty kitchenmaids want to play house, take that thing downstairs."

The first sergeant's face got very red. He jerked the mattress cover away from me.

"Who said that?" he yelled toward the corner.

Everybody sat up and saw who it was, and then they fell back and went to sleep, or acted like it, and pulled the blankets over their heads.

The first sergeant threw the mattress cover on my bed and looked at me.

"Sleep on it or under it," he said. "I don't care what you do with it. I'll see you tomorrow."

The next morning I stayed in the mess hall after breakfast and the mess sergeant showed me how to use a mattress cover for drying silverware.

He said the first sergeant had asked him to do it, and also to let me polish silverware until noon.

PRACTICALLY everybody at Fort Monmouth goes to school because that is where the big Eastern Signal Corps school is located.

Students go to classes in two shifts, from 6:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M., and from 1 P. M. to 7 P. M. I was on the afternoon shift.

Six hours is a long time to sit in one place at a stretch and study about electrons and volts and amperes, and the people that run the school seem to be aware of this, because when students get to fidgeting and squirming too much, they are sent to do laboratory experiments or shopwork.

I was doing considerable squirming and fidgeting when my name was called out and I was told to get ready to go to the solder shack to learn soldering.

The solder shack is a little one-story building set apart from the other buildings in case of fire. There are sixteen gasoline blowtorches, and when they are filled with gasoline and compressed air and lighted, they make a lot of noise and heat and a man is liable to get confused.

The corporal instructor showed us how to fill our torches and pump them up and light them and set them on the low bench in the middle of the room.

We had to take two little squares of brass and solder them near the ends so they would make a staircase effect.

My two pieces of brass started skidding the first time I touched them and kept skidding the length of the bench. I kept following them, and the other students stepped back and said encouraging words while I proceeded with my work.

Finally I got them cornered and pressed down hard with the soldering iron.

The pieces of brass stuck together after a minute, but my soldering iron slipped and the brass pieces squirted off the bench and onto the floor. I turned to get a pair of pliers to pick them up because the pieces were bound to be hot, but while I was looking for pliers the corporal instructor came down the aisle and stooped to pick up the soldered brass pieces.

He dropped them in a hurry and yelled and jumped back against me.

He must have knocked my arm against the handle of a blowtorch, because the torch swung around and the nozzle pointed right at his left hip pocket, which is where the blue-and-yellow flame hit him.

Because of the heat, he was wearing only a thin pair of fatigue trousers and shirt, and he gave another jump when the flame hit him.

Somebody yelled, "Fire!" and I went outside to find a fire bucket. When I came back in, the corporal instructor was picking at his hip pocket where his fatigue trousers were charred.

After a while we finished our soldering lessons and I started to leave, but the corporal instructor said:

"Not you, you firebug," he said. "This shack has to be policed up. Pick up all the solder scraps from the floor, then sweep the floor, clean off all the tools, and shine the blowtorches."

He kept following me around while I did these chores, and it made me nervous.

"I can do this alone," I told him. "Why don't you go and sit down?"

"How the hell can I sit down after what you did to me?" he said.

THE next day I did some more shopwork. I was sawing a brass bar and I must have sawed too hard, because the bar jumped out of the vise and skidded down the bench. It hit the man next to me on the elbow.

He didn't say anything when I apologized and took my bar back. He just kept looking out the window.

After a while he came over and watched me. I looked up. He had a high forehead and not much hair and glasses. He seemed sad.

"Look at me," he said. "Do I look like an imbecile?"

"I don't know," I said. "I am a new man here myself."

"I am no imbecile," said the man with the high forehead and the glasses and not much hair. "I am Phi Beta Kappa. I am a graduate of Harvard Law School and Columbia University."

I said I used to be a newspaperman myself.

He came closer and looked around and then whispered to me:

"Do you know how long I've been working on this damn piece of brass?"

I didn't say anything.

"Three days," he said. "Three agonizing, soul-stupefying, torture-crammed days. And it doesn't come out an inch square."

He went back to his vise and I went on sawing.

The next day I came to the field-wire splice in my book. I peeled back the insulation and scraped the wires and tied them and stuck in the little seizing wire and wrapped it around with rubber tape and friction tape and squeezed as hard as I could.

But my field-wire splice looked like a cobra that had just swallowed a pig. There was no sense trying it again. I had tried it forty times at Camp Kohler and it had got bigger and bigger each time.

I took it to the sergeant instructor.

He poked it with his pencil.

"Well," he said, "if it's not a baseball, I can't imagine what it could be. It certainly is not a field-wire splice."

He looked at it again and rubbed his chin.

"A pal of mine," he said, "just got back from Camp Kohler, out in California, and he tried to describe a splice a fellow made out there. I didn't believe it, but I'm beginning to see how it would be possible."

He turned to me.

"What's your name?"

I told him. I pronounced it the way I always do, which is not the way most people pronounce it.

"Kaufman?" he said, and shook his head. "That wasn't it. More like Cochran or Calkins."

I picked up my field-wire splice. There was one other man at the splicing bench. It was the Phi Beta Kappa man.

"Look," I said, and I put my splice on the bench alongside him. "I know it is not ethical, but you are losing much valuable time here and I know how discouraging it can be. Here is my field-wire splice, if you would like to use it for a sample, or something."

He looked at the splice and then at me.

"I appreciate it," he said. "As a conservative estimate, I think it would take me two weeks to make a splice like that. I am practically helpless when it comes to using my hands, whereas in the matter of theory and mathematics I think I can be of service to my country. I wonder if it would be a crime—

"You are very understanding," he said.

THE last I saw, he was taking my field-wire splice to the same instructor who graded it before. I did not see him again until some time later in study hall.

I nodded to him and he looked right at me and then turned his head away.

That was the day I came back to the company area and found out I was being transferred out of a wooden barracks company to a tent company.

If you are transferred from wooden barracks to tents in the wintertime, it means *(a)* your name just happened to come up, or *(b)* you did something you should not have done, or did not do something you should have done.

The day I was transferred was February 9, and the coldest month New Jersey had had in fifty-five years was just getting started. I went to the first sergeant and asked him why I was getting transferred to a tent.

"Do we have to go into that?" he asked. "I keep a daybook of what goes on in this company, and your name appears as often as the date. One day I even found myself writing at the top of the page, 'Coughlin 15,' instead of January 15. That is how often you are in my thoughts. Take your stuff over to Company P."

I went to tent No. 24 in Company P. After a while the other tent members came home from school.

"Welcome, friend," said a corporal. "Inasmuch as I am tent leader by right of seniority, and inasmuch as you are a new inhabitant, you are elected fireman for this week, effective this inst."

He showed me how to shake the grates and where to get the coal, which was down at the end of the company street.

By the time we got back from supper the stove was red hot and it felt warm inside the tent.

My bunk was next the tent wall in front and it seemed cozy and warm until the C. Q. opened the door and said, "Bank that fire."

I got up and put a lot of coal on the fire and closed the drafts, and the red started leaving the outside of the stove.

The C. Q. rolled up the tent flaps right over my bunk.

"You don't have to do that," I said. "We have plenty of air in here."

He kept rolling it up. When I got back to bed, there was some snow on my mattress cover and it did not melt all night long.

I was awake at midnight when the C. Q. came back and propped the tent door wide open.

"Regimental orders," he said. "Big wind tonight. Might blow the tents down."

Around two o'clock in the morning I rolled over, and it felt like I rolled onto an ice cube.

When the C. Q. came in to call us at 4:45 I was awake, and I went down to the coalbin to get some more coal.

There are two places to get coal out of the bin. At the top is good coal that burns evenly. At the bottom is slack and coal dust that is practically explosive. I got the coal out of the bottom and put some on the fire, and the stove gave a *poof!* and the stovepipe came undone about halfway to the top of the tent.

Soot and stuff scattered all over the tent, and when the others came back from washing up and shaving, the tent looked pretty messy. They looked for a minute and said some things and went to breakfast and I kept cleaning up the tent and the bunks and clothes.

It was cleaned up fairly well when the reveille cannon went off, meaning to fall in for roll call right away. I didn't have time to wash up, even.

Usually a man is safe at reveille roll call when it comes at ten minutes before 6 A. M. in New Jersey in the wintertime. A man can wear practically anything so long as he says "Here," when his name is called.

But this morning the reveille officer was a new lieutenant.

He had a flashlight and he kept shining it on men to see if they were in full uniform instead of carpet slippers and overcoats.

WHEN he came to me he started his flashlight at my feet and worked up. It stopped when it got to my face.

"Don't tell me the answer," the lieutenant said. "Let me guess. Rochester?"

I didn't say anything.

"Al Jolson?"

I didn't say anything again.

"Looking at the popeyes I would say Eddie Cantor," he said. "Where do you keep your burnt cork?"

"Sir," I said, "it was very cold this morning and—"

"I see. So whenever it's very cold in the morning you rub yourself with goose grease and burnt cork."

He turned to the platoon leader.

"Take this man's name," he said. "It looks like snow today."

It did snow and I shoveled snow for several hours.

The day after the snowfall was payday, which meant we had a half holiday. The sign on the company bulletin board said we would get paid starting at 11 A. M., which was when we got in line. The line started moving on schedule—at 2 P. M.

Right after we got our money, a bunch of us met to go to Red Bank and Oceanport and Long Branch; but when we went to get our passes, the C. Q. said nobody was to leave the company area.

"You guys are going to parade this afternoon," he said. "A master sergeant is being retired today after thirty-five years in the service, and he is to get special honors, including a parade."

"When is the parade?"

"At retreat, I guess."

We sat around and talked and Corporal Sayers said it was getting to be more and more of a struggle to get out of the company area on payday.

"It is a plot to keep us from dissipating too early," he said.

"Then it defeats its own purpose," said Corporal Finney. "Me, I am a quick dissipater. It does not take me long to get my dissipating done and I like to do it early and get home and get some sleep."

Then we had to fall out in the company street. We did a couple left flanks and about faces and then the first sergeant said to fall out.

After a while, the retreat gun sounded with a big *boom.*

"That was the master sergeant," said Corporal Finney, "ending it all because he did not get a parade."

The C. Q. finally gave us our passes and said the parade had been called off. We went to Red Bank.

Late in the evening some of us met in the Crystal Club and began talking about the parade that was not held, and about the master sergeant ending thirty-five years of service.

"It is a crying shame," said one student. "He did not get a parade or a salute or anything, except his pay and travel allowance. Something should be done."

"It is not too late," somebody said. "We can still give him a parade and a salute on this, his last day in the Army."

"I know where he lives," another student said. "It is in a brick house on Noncom Row at the post."

The students separated and went on different errands and met a half-hour later at the bus stop on Monmouth Street. Some students had cap pistols and little guns that shot blank cartridges. One pfc. had three Roman candles.

They got off the bus near the main gate and formed a squad and marched to a brick house where the student said the master sergeant lived. Somebody started giving commands and there was quite a bit of drilling on the front lawn.

Some lights went on upstairs in the house and a man came to the window in his pajamas. He did not look happy.

"What's the matter with Mush Face?" one student shouted, using a nickname for a master sergeant.

"He's all right!" the others shouted loudly. This was repeated three times.

Then the students shot off the cap guns and blank cartridges and Roman candles. After a while two cars loaded with M.P.s drove up and the parade dispersed in different directions.

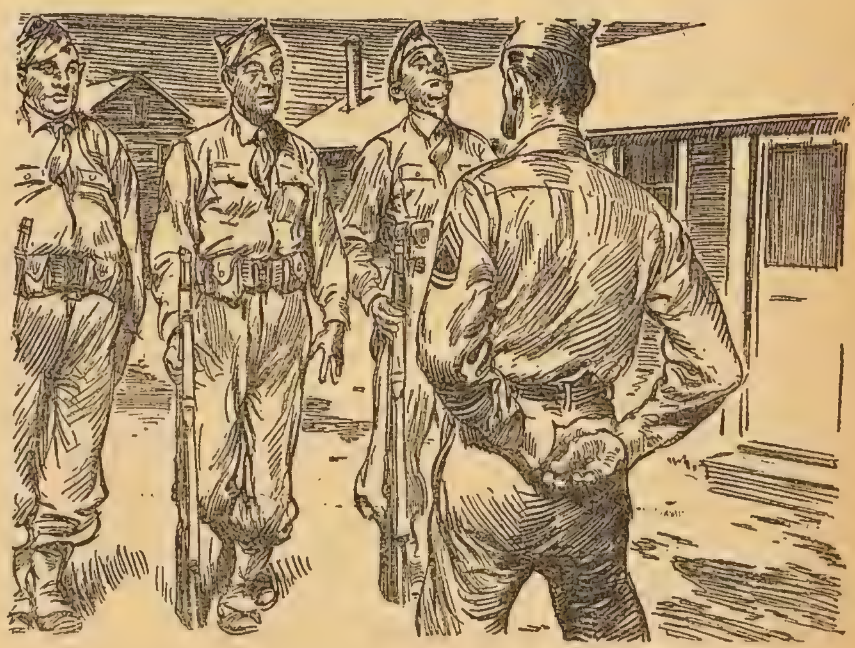
Next morning I did not feel well and went on sick call, which was right after reveille roll call. The first sergeant looked up at me.

"What's the matter with you?" he said. "Did you shoot yourself last night?"

I said no, but my foot hurt.

"Probably sprained it doing an about face on those midnight maneuvers," he said. "I sure pity you guys.

"Let me explain," the first sergeant said. "You guys got the wrong street last night. You were not on Noncom Row; you were on Officers' Row. And that was the colonel you serenaded. If I were you, I'd get the hell out of here. And if I could, I'd go with you. The colonel doesn't like to be called Mush Face. Especially at midnight, with sound effects."



I went to the infirmary with some other students on sick call. Most of them had cuts and bruises from barbed-wire fences.

A sergeant stuck a thermometer in my mouth.

In a couple minutes he came back and pulled the thermometer out and read it.

"You don't have any temperature at all," he said. "Do you cough much?"

"No."

"You got a tickling sensation in your throat?"

"No."

"Why," he said, "you do not have a cold at all. What the hell are you doing here?"

"I've got some blisters on my right foot."

"Why didn't you say so?" the sergeant said. "Go down the hall to that second door on the left. And take off your shoe."

I looked in the second door on the left and the room was full of patients. But the next room was empty.

I went into the empty room and took off my shoe and sat on the edge of the cot. Nobody came, and after a while I stretched out on the cot.

All at once somebody was shaking me.

It was a first lieutenant in the Medical Corps.

I jumped up and tried to stand at attention, which was difficult with one shoe on and one shoe off. He caught me and sat me down again.

"I am a reasonable man," he said. "At least I try to be. Certainly I would not report a man just for gold-bricking. But I will not stand for an orderly who sleeps with just one shoe off. Why didn't you take off both shoes?"

"Sir," I said, "the sergeant told me just to take off one shoe."

The lieutenant got red in the face.

"Do they have a G. I. way of gold-bricking now?" he said. "Get up and start policing the room."

"Sir," I said, "I am not working here."

"I can see that. But you will be from now on. And how!"

"What time is it, sir?"

He sighed and looked at his wrist watch.

"Eleven o'clock," he said. "Am I to assume that you are working by the hour in this man's army?"

I started to put on my sock and shoe. He looked at my foot and said, "Wait a minute," and got some gauze and tape and put them on the blisters.

"Come back day after tomorrow," he said. "And be sure to stay out in the bright lights where people can see you. You had a narrow escape. This room hasn't been used in two years. If I hadn't prowled around, you might have been here for the duration."

MEN kept coming into Fort Monmouth; and men kept going away, to all parts of the world and the fighting fronts; and I kept going to school.

Students who had sat alongside me were writing letters from Africa and Sicily, England and Australia, but it did not look like I was getting anywhere.

Now and then I would ask the first sergeant had he heard anything about me, and when would I be shipping out. He would only smile and say:

"We're saving you, Junior. There's a great day coming."

I still went to school six days a week, with a bunch of strangers. It got more confusing.

Every so often a sergeant instructor would rap for attention in the study hall and say:

"Men, our armies have had a setback. There is no time to lose. Technicians, specialists like you, are urgently needed. You must learn in one day what you're accustomed to learning in two. Now, turn your text book to page 120. Got it? Tear out that page and the next two pages. The same with page 184, etc."

This was a good way to speed up the lessons, if the instructors who conducted the P.T.s, or Progress Tests, had co-operated, which they did not do.

After one day in which we tore out quite a few pages, I had to take a P. T., and came back with a grade of 48 out of a possible 100. The staff sergeant in my study hall looked at the grade and called me up front.

"You seemed to be all right when I gave you an oral test," he said. "What happened?"

"The questions were about things in the pages I tore out," I said.

"Well," he said, "you'd better buckle down."

"Our armies better quit having setbacks," I said. "If we tear out any more pages I won't even get 48."

Then one morning the C. Q. came to our tent and wiggled a finger at me.

"Big stuff," he said. "The top kick wants to see you."

The first sergeant was sitting behind his desk looking at some papers in his hands.

"Well, corporal," he said in a low voice, "this is it."

I took a deep breath and started tingling all over.

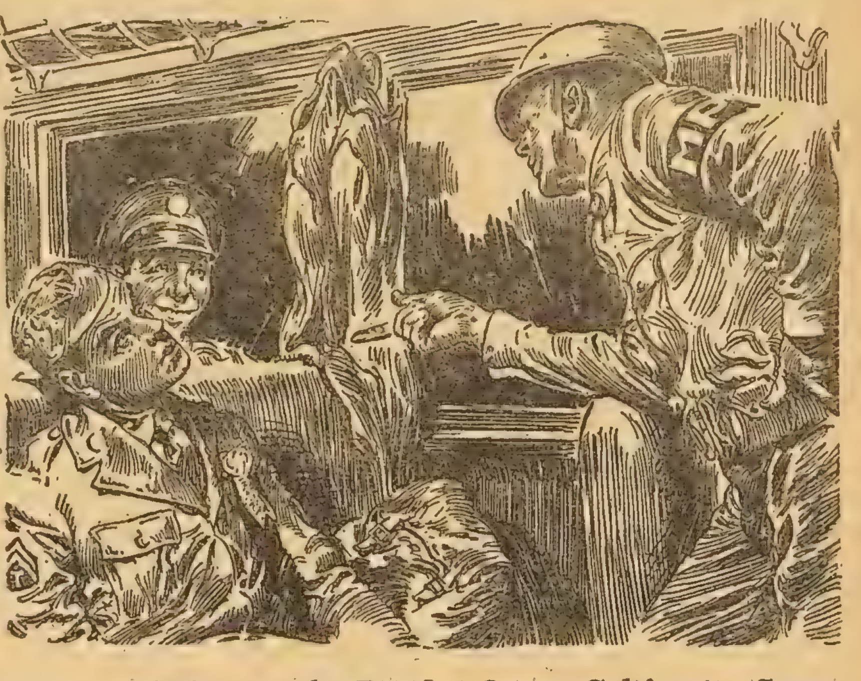
"You're shipping tomorrow," the first sergeant said. "I told you there was a great day coming."

I tried to make my voice sound natural. "Sergeant," I said, "I know I'm not supposed to ask, but can you give me an idea? To England, maybe, for the invasion?"

He shook his head.

"To the Southwest Pacific? To straighten out the Japs?"

"You're getting warm," the first sergeant said. "You're going to a spot near the Pacific. Out to California. Seems there's a school out there—"



I quit being nervous.

"Look, sergeant," I said. "I don't want to be an instructor—"

"Don't look like you're going to be," he said. "Looks like you're going to keep on being a student out there."

He looked at me for quite a while.

"Who's going with me, sergeant?"

"That's the hell of it," he said. "You're going alone, and it worries me. The safest thing is for you to change trains at Newark, instead of going all the way into that big bad New York. Will you promise to change at Newark?" I nodded.

"And will you promise me one more thing? Will you promise not to have any truck with strangers? If you get lost, go up to the nearest policeman. Promise?"

I promised.

Next day I shouldered my barracks bag and took the bus to Red Bank. The train for Newark and New York didn't leave until 4 P. M., and I had time to spare.

I went to say good-by to Johnnie and Charlie in the Central Club on Monmouth Street. We had a stirrup cup, and an officer came in. He used to be in a company I was in during my early days in camp. He had a stirrup cup too.

He said he was sorry to see me leave after all this time, and then he took a long look at my blouse.

We had another stirrup cup, and the officer, a first lieutenant, slapped the counter.

"It's an outrage," he said, and looked at my blouse again. "Do you mean to say they are shipping you out—away from your home practically—without a single campaign ribbon?

"That's the war for you," he said. "Here you are going to a distant post, thousands of miles away, braving M. P.s, porters, conductors, and questionable bourbon in club cars. All of this without a ribbon of any sort.

"Why"—he was indignant as he ordered more stirrup cups—"why, man, you'll be so conspicuous the M. P.s will pick you up just on general suspicion. Something must be done."

By this time I felt pretty bad about the Army's ingratitude. We had some stirrup cups.

The lieutenant fished through his pockets and brought up a piece of ribbon.

"Voilà!" he said all at once, and pinned it on my chest and kissed me on both cheeks. "Behold! The service ribbon for the Atlantic theater of operations. You are recognized."

I felt better, but a little worried.

"It's nice of you," I said, "but I didn't see service in the Atlantic theater."

"That," said the lieutenant, "is practically insubordination, but I will overlook it. Let me refresh your memory, corporal, while Johnnie refreshes us again.

"Do you remember one extra cold week-end when the battalion worked out a tactical problem—the problem being that enemy submarines and aircraft carriers were right off Sandy Hook?" I remembered.

"And do you remember how the interior guard went on twenty-four-hour duty to frustrate the enemy, and how you were on guard duty and I found you in the mess-hall kitchen, eating apple pie and drinking coffee while, for all you knew, enemy subs were creeping up the Little Silver on the ice?"

I remembered that too.

"Well, wasn't that the Atlantic theater those subs and flat-tops were supposed to be in?" he said. "It sure wasn't the Pacific, was it?"

So I felt better then. Until I saw I had missed the four-o'clock train. There was another one at five, and some of the people in Johnnie's and Charlie's took me to that one, and when I got on, somebody yelled, *"Banzai!* Look out, Tojo!" And somebody else yelled, "Heil, hero!"

I no sooner got a seat than an M. P. was standing in front of me and looking at my blouse.

"Forgive me, corporal," he said, "but what is the idea of that—that ribbon?"

"You mean you never saw one of those on a soldier before?" I asked him.

"Never," he said, and unpinned my Atlantic theater ribbon. Except it wasn't a service ribbon of the Atlantic theater at all.

It was much larger and had printing on it. The printing said: CAMERA. NEW YORK GOLDEN GLOVES. 1940.

"Mind if I keep it?" the M. P. inquired, putting the ribbon in his pocket. I said I didn't mind.

"Mind if I see your pass, or papers?"

He looked at the papers and the ticket.

"I'm going to change at Newark," I said.

"I'm sure you are," he said.

I GOT off at Newark and so did the M. P. I was supposed to have a Pullman berth going west. That is, I would have had a berth if I had left Red Bank on the four-o'clock train. As it was, there was no berth for me on the next Pennsylvania train to Chicago.

"Well," I said, "there is no hurry. I can wait for a train that has a berth for me."

"No, you can't," the M. P. said. "Your country needs you—now."

He threw my barracks bag into the day coach of a train, and then he helped me up the steps.

The train pulled out and the only seat I could find was a little nook in the corner of the coach. The nook was right over the wheels, and when the train picked up speed, I started jiggling up and down like on a pogo stick.

It made my head hurt, but I could have stood it, except the seat started making funny noises.

Every time I got bounced up in the air and back down again, it sounded like someone gritting his teeth and grunting at the same time over a loud-speaker system.

There was a Marine sergeant sitting with a young lady across the aisle. At first he just looked every time I bounced on the seat and the broken springs made noises like *squonch* and *ee-oomp.*

After a while he started frowning and shaking his head. Near Philadelphia he got up and came over and stood in front of me. He was large, even for a Marine sergeant.

"It ain't funny, chum," he said.

"I know it isn't," I said.

"Then why do you do it? Why do you make them indelicate noises when my girl friend is trying to sleep?"

"I'm not making the noises," I said. "It's the seat."

"Well, the seat didn't make any funny noises till you got on," he said. "All the way from Pennsy Station to Newark, that seat didn't make a sound. Cut it out, chum."

I started experimenting. I found out that if I curled up around the bad spot in the center, the seat wouldn't make any noise. The only trouble was, my feet kept going to sleep, and I would wake up and have to sit up again.

Around Harrisburg, I guess, I had to sit up, and the seat made more noises than ever.

It woke up the Marine sergeant. He got up and started my way. I got up and went to the washroom.

SOMETIME the next morning I woke up and my feet were asleep again. I limped down the aisle to shave. We were in Lima, Ohio, and some ladies were in the vestibule handing out sandwiches and apples and bottles of milk to the servicemen.

One young lady saw me coming and she said:

"Oh, here comes a poor hurt soldier with a leg wound. Is there any milk left?"

There was one bottle left. She gave me that, with some sandwiches and apples.

Just then the Marine sergeant walked up behind me and looked at my bottle of milk. The young lady asked him would he like a sandwich or some apples.

"No, thanks," he said. "But if you have a bottle of milk—"

"I'm so sorry," the young lady said, putting her hand on my arm. "I just gave the very last bottle to this poor hurt soldier."

The Marine sergeant looked at me. I gave him a quick look and kept walking until I wound up in the smoker.

When I finally came back to the car, the sergeant's blouse was in his seat but he wasn't.

I took my barracks bag and got off at Englewood station, on Chicago's South Side, and took the Rock Island to Joliet. I still had seven days to get to California and I had relatives and friends in Joliet.

There was a reception in Joliet that lasted until the next afternoon, when I left Tony and Jim Buffo in their Subway Bar to catch the westbound train.

Apparently my barracks bag wasn't balanced right, or something, because I missed the step getting on the train and cracked my shin.

I limped to the seat assigned me. I was sitting right across from a nice-looking lady with white hair.

"You poor boy," she said. "Where did you get hurt?"

"Buffo's," I said.

"Is that near Cassino?" she said, and I was about to say it was the next thing to it, when she said:

"How stupid of me! I know I'm not supposed to ask questions like that."

A man across the aisle said he had been in The Last One, and could I use a little something. He tapped his pocket and we went to the washroom until it was time to go to bed.

Next morning, the man across the aisle said:

"Did you find him?"

"Who?"

"That Marine sergeant," he said. "You swore you wouldn't go to bed last night until you found him."

I felt my face and said I guess I hadn't found him, and went down the aisle to police up and shave.

I was just brushing my teeth when the man from across the aisle came running into the washroom.

"They did it!" he yelled, waving a newspaper. "The invasion is on! We've landed in France!"

"D Day at last," somebody said.

The man from across the aisle slapped me on the back.

"Here's a soldier would give his right eye to be with the boys in Normandy," he said, slapping me again. "You should have seen him last night! Ready to fight the Marines, even. Boy, what he wouldn't do to them Nazis!"

I straightened up and turned around.

"What did I tell you?" the man said. "He's so mad about being left out of it, he's frothing at the mouth."

I looked at the mirror, and I was. I had put shaving cream on my toothbrush.

An elderly man looked at me and said:

"Tell me the truth, son. Would you have liked to be in on the invasion?"

I thought about the textbooks waiting, with the pages torn out. About the study halls and the voltmeters and ammeters that I never seemed to understand.

I turned around and looked at him and nodded.

"Yes, sir, I certainly would," I said.

But, after all, everybody can't be a hero.

THE END.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

BY JOSEPH ANTHONY

LIN YUTANG, who gave us a brilliant summary of the background of Chinese civilization in My Country and My People, turns reporter in his new book, **The Vigil of a Nation.** He has done a very courageous job—and, I suspect, a thankless one; for he tells with complete candor what he saw of the strength and the weakness of present-day China.

Dr. Lin Yutang

The Chinese Communists have been complaining that Generalissimo Chiang was using a big army to keep them blockaded, rather than letting them join forces in the fight against the Japs.

In answer, Dr. Lin cites numerous occasions on which forces of Chungking guerrillas, dedicated to fighting the Japs, have been waylaid and cut to pieces by the anti-Chungking Chinese. He grows ironical about the complaint of the Communist forces that they have received no pay from Chungking—pointing out that Chiang Kai-shek's currency has actually been declared contraband in Communist territory.

On several occasions, states Dr. Lin, a clever leader of the government's guerrilla forces tricked Japanese occupation troops and anti-Chungking guerrillas into believing that each was attacking the other. This, he says, resulted in a series of actual battles. But, he adds, when the Communist leaders discovered the ruse and captured the author of it, they executed him.

After admitting that American correspondents in Chungking have a just grievance on the score of censorship, Dr. Lin points out that Chinese correspondents in the United States have just as much right to complain: When they try to send dispatches on certain phases of our attitude toward China, they are politely but firmly told that such stories are "against the interests of the United Nations."

Published by the John Day Press, N. Y. Price $2.75.

THE average reader, after finishing **Robert Graves'** historical novel, **Wife to Mr. Milton,** will come to the conclusion that the author of Paradise Lost was a money-grubber, a hypocrite, and a stuffed shirt of the first magnitude. This may or may not be true. However, scholars who have devoted many years of research to the subject aren't by any means as sure that they have all the answers to the mysteries of John Milton's character as novelist Graves.

Robert Graves

Mr. Graves' story is supposedly told by Marie Powell, Milton's first wife. Historians know that the couple were separated for a period of three years after their marriage. To explain his theory of how it happened, Mr. Graves takes the reader on a Cook's tour of the couple's bedroom for some scenes of uproarious comedy.

As a satirist, Mr. Graves is entitled to high marks. Whether his comic fiction is entitled to bear a pseudo-historical label is another question. One of his theories is that the poet was incensed by the failure of Marie's father to pay her dowry. After a few of his witty variations on this theme, you're inclined to regard Milton as the inventor of the fuddy-duddy custom of demanding dowries—which he wasn't—and forget that he *was* the author of some of the most beautiful lyric passages in all poetry.

Published by the Creative Age Press, N. Y. Price $2.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

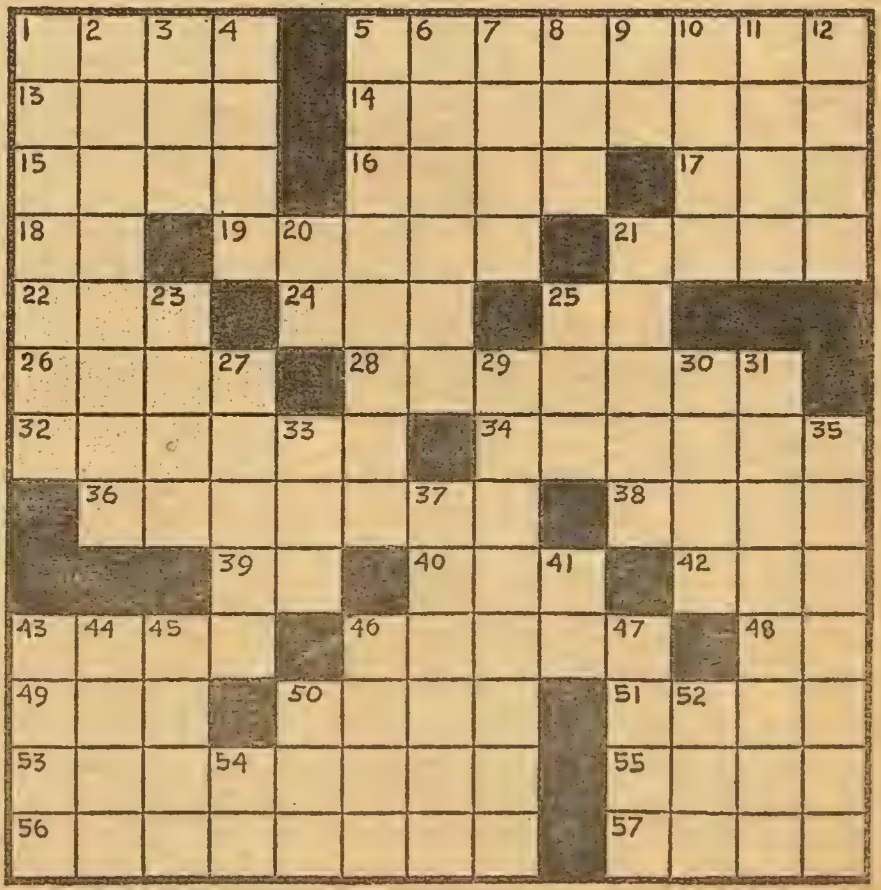
1 A slangy Englishman's castle
5 "Taxation without representation" suggests what revenue law?
13 Anne anagramed is what Ireland king?
14 Maine is known as the what state? (2 words)
15 Nuts anagrams what shocking word?
16 The landlord's pound of flesh
17 Little-used European measure
18 What pronoun's an abbreviated state?
19 Bellyache
21 The Doctrine of the what purports to explain the origin of sin?
22 Twenty pence in the Domesday Book is a what?
24 Keel-billed cuckoo
25 What did baby Caesar call his dad?
26 What might be Miami, France?
28 Knurled
32 What's being as many holes ahead as there're holes left to play?
34 What's a buck, berry or simoleon?
36 Recalibered
38 Chic who wrote The Specialist?
39 Half a quad
40 What has been placed on horse racing?
42 What was yesteryear's Snerd?
43 The Russians may soon cross what river?
46 What's a knot, watch, or cockney irritation?
48 Complete —, —, *liegst mir im herzen*
49 Underworld Norse goddess
50 What cry falls on deaf ears in cities on rainy nights?
51 Vile anagram
53 Name the conceited ass of Twelfth Night
55 Goebbeloney (pl.)
56 The Dolly with a hole in her stocking
57 Name a rare, 15th-century cloth

VERTICAL

1 Who was the most desperate of all comic-strip heroes?
2 Ickes is Secretary of what?
3 What animal's forever novel?
4 Gargled glamorously
5 What spaniel's a bird flusher?
6 Your grampaw probably wore what throaty ornament?
7 What Queen had famous gams?
8 What's slang for New York's tonsiltitivating emporium?
9 What boat's the flyweight champ of the U. S. Navy?
10 The conquest of what means nothing in modern war?
11 What low form of life has become the habitation of a low form of life?
12 Name the hero of Schiller-Rossini's famed liltfest
20 What Egyptian's name is on every college man's lips?
21 What word is common to Victoria and wrestling victories?
23 Complete: God's Little——by Erskine Caldwell
25 Hamline U.'s Howie Schultz is a prominent what playing college basketball?
27 What were the fasting and prayer days in the Anglican Church?
29 Addends figure in what arithmetical process?
30 What Greeks didn't send Churchill Christmas cigars?
31 What weakling was French premier when this war came?
33 What Greek poet became an electrical widget?
35 What British battleship was sunk by Jap fliers off Malaya?
37 Grampaw's favorite nostrum was usually named a what?
41 Destiny's Corner's where?
43 The international what figures importantly in electricity? (pl.)
44 In faro you do what from a box?
45 La Cinders
46 Who regretted having but one life to lose for his country?
47 World's most devilish invention
50 Congresswoman Luce has been nicknamed Destiny's what?
52 What's a natural in Latin?
54 Name the Maple Syrup state (abbr.)

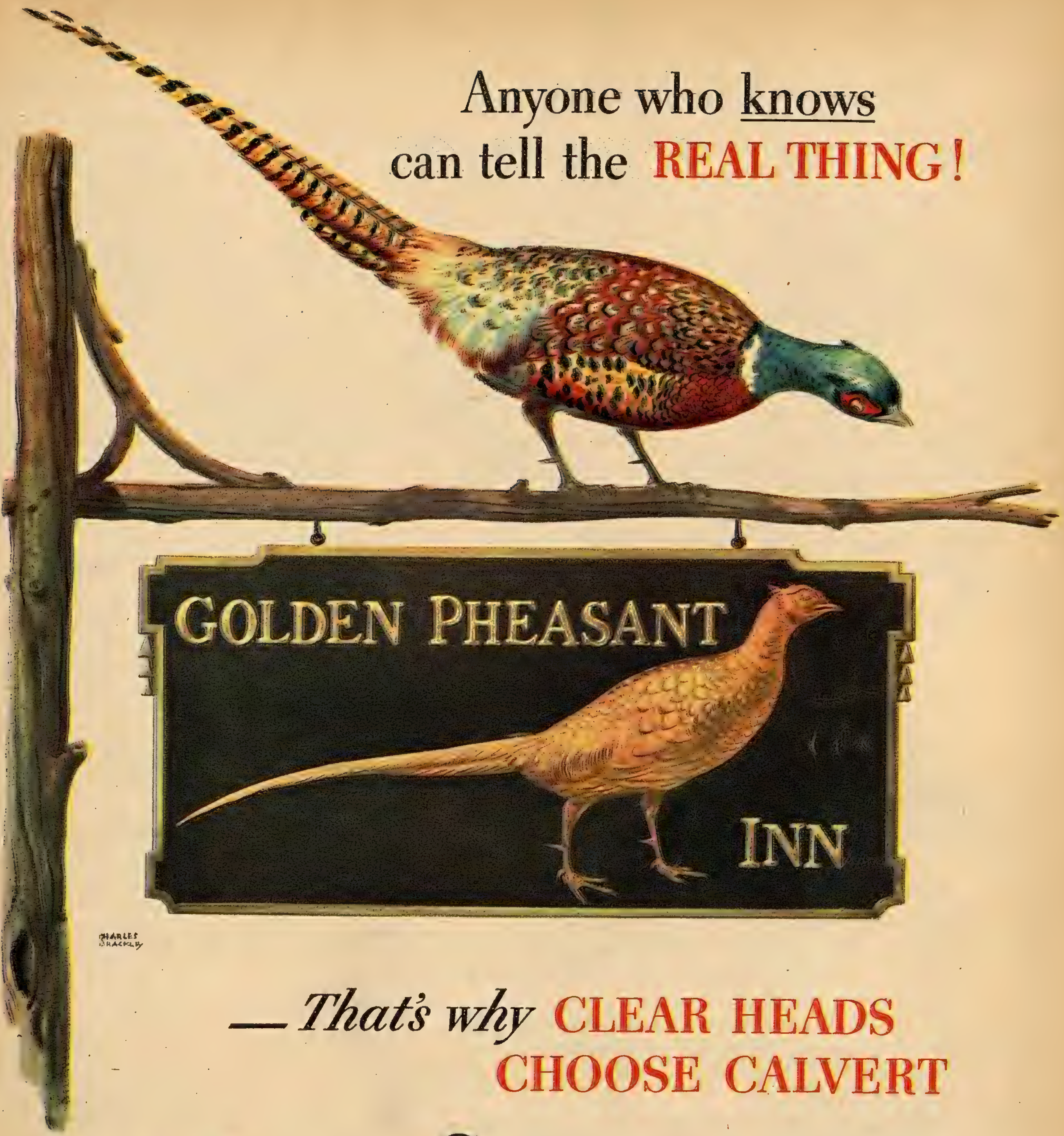
C	H	A	R	A	C	T	E	R	■	C	H	E	S	S
I	O	N	■	L	O	U	S	E	■	L	I	M	I	T
G	O	E	R	I	N	G	■	B	E	E	T	■	T	R
S	T	R	E	A	K	■	J	U	D	O	■	B	E	I
■	■	O	N	S	■	P	I	S	A	■	G	A	S	P
M	A	I	D	■	S	O	T	■	M	O	L	E	■	T
O	L	D	■	S	K	I	T	S	■	P	A	R	E	E
R	E	■	S	W	I	N	E	H	E	R	D	■	S	A
G	E	N	O	A	■	T	R	A	C	Y	■	P	A	S
E	■	A	R	N	O	■	B	R	A	■	C	L	U	E
N	A	V	E	■	G	L	U	E	■	M	O	O	■	■
T	R	Y	■	F	L	A	G	■	P	A	M	E	L	A
H	A	■	F	E	E	T	■	D	A	M	O	S	E	L
A	B	I	D	E	■	C	L	A	I	M	■	T	V	A
U	S	E	R	S	■	H	E	N	R	Y	V	I	I	I

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Anyone who knows can tell the REAL THING!



— That's why CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE CALVERT

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL

It's quite apparent to a true judge of fine whiskey that Calvert is "the real thing." You see, it has a pre-war quality and excellence that simply can't be imitated.

And that may explain why, year in and year out, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "It's the whiskey most often asked for by name."

We believe that once you taste this gloriously smooth and mellow blend, *you'll* keep on asking for Calvert... It's America's finest whiskey from the House of Blends!

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve": 65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

Tough

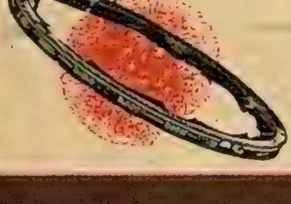
BUT OH SO GENTLE

Millions of motor cars—long overdue on the scrap heap—are still giving faithful, economical service. Why? Because their owners took good care of them and replaced worn parts before it was too late.

Play safe and watch *your* engine—particularly the piston rings. Whenever you see signs of ring wear—smoke, oil-pumping or loss of power—see your motor specialist.

If he recommends new piston rings, it will pay you to install Hastings Steel-Vent rings. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear, *restore* performance.

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY · HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Hastings Mfg. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto



HASTINGS STEEL-VENT

PISTON RINGS

TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

MR. MEEP'S DOUBLE DOUBLE-CROSS

Continued from Page 21

plasters a tough-guy scowl on his face. "Who you think you're kidding?" he demands, talking real hard out of the side of his mouth. "You can't put me in jail, you big bum," he says. "In fact, I would just like to see you try to put me in jail. I dare you to."

Meep sounds like a canary bawling out a cat, the way he talks to that big lug. And I see right away what is in Meep's mind: If he can talk his way into jail, he is out of his difficulty.

But this big guy is just trying to run a bluff, for instead of lugging Meep off with him, he goes to the pay phone. And I just happen to hear him say to whoever is on the other end that Meep won't come, and if they want to talk to him, they'll have to come over to the bar.

In about ten minutes who comes in but his nibs, Fancy-pants Bosterwick, and about half the lawyers in town. They start right off by threatening Meep they are going to throw him in jail for every crime you can think of. But you ought to hear Meep laugh. That doesn't scare him. No, siree. That's just what he wants.

WELL, when they find that Meep won't scare, the lawyers go in a huddle. Then one says, with regret, he guesses they better be going, it is all a mistake, and he hopes Meep is not offended.

The mayor is just as surprised as Meep. "Hey," the mayor says, "can't we put him in jail for vagrancy, or something?"

"Sure. Sure we can," the lawyer agrees. "But then the Bugle will run a picture of him behind the bars. And even if we force Tooken to print that it is a bum and not the mayor in jail, he can write up a story that will get you laughed out of the state."

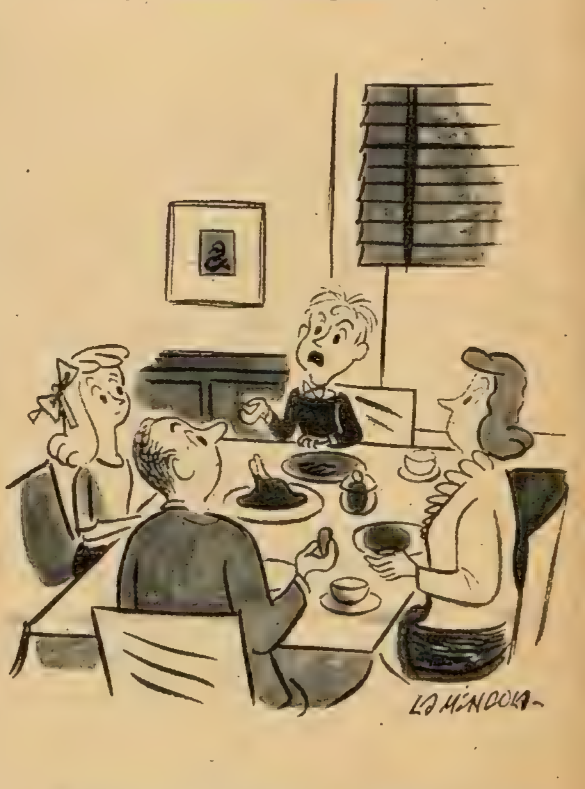
"You mean there's nothing we can do?" the mayor asks. He can't believe it. "Isn't a man entitled to his own looks?" he asks. "Isn't anything sacred any more?"

"Not in politics," the attorney cracks. He nods to the rest of the briefcase carriers. "Come on, boys."

"You mean you aren't going to put me in jail?" Meep asks in a voice as unbelieving and as unhappy as the mayor's.

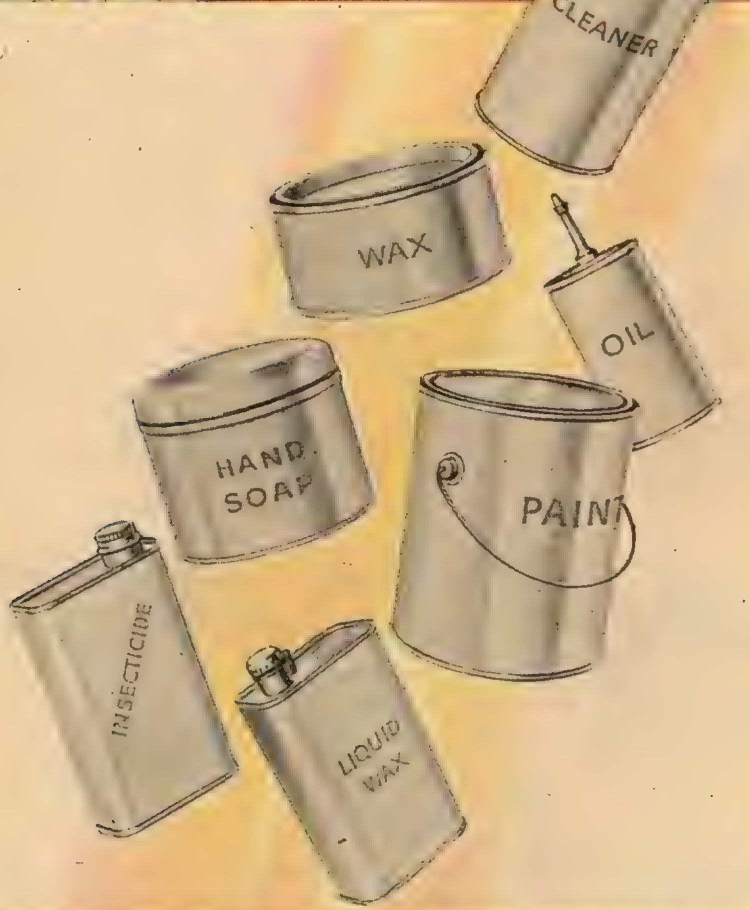
"Not until after the election," the attorney snaps. "And then we won't care how

(*Continued on page 58*)



"When do we discuss my allowance in all this talk about postwar planning?"

Spring Cleaning comes Easier...



...when cleaning aids come in CANS

That ready-set-*go* feeling does a lot to lighten spring-cleaning chores! And *cans* certainly do a lot to keep your spring-cleaning aids always ready for instant use.

So put down, on your list of post-war-things-to-be-thankful-for, the day when protective cans will again be available for scores of such household items as furniture polishes, sewing machine oil, paints, varnishes, insect sprays, floor waxes, and cleansers of all kinds.

One reason you've been getting these products in substitute packages is because *billions* of cans are being used to protect the food, medicines, and plasma needed by our armed forces. Such tin cans as are available for *civilian* use are needed to protect home-front supplies of *foods*.

America's women well know why the steel-and-tin can is such an ideal container. Cans don't break, crack, tear, or split. They give lasting protection to their contents and are easy to carry, store, and open.

Hail the day when *all* of the 2,500 products normally packed in cans by over 135 industries will again have the protection unmatched by that of any other container!

No other container protects like the CAN

CAN MANUFACTURERS' INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

WARTIME NEEDS restrict the civilian use of cans for certain products. But stocks on dealers' shelves are yours to buy freely. And remember, *foods* packed in cans come to you with their vitamins, minerals, and nutritional values sealed in.

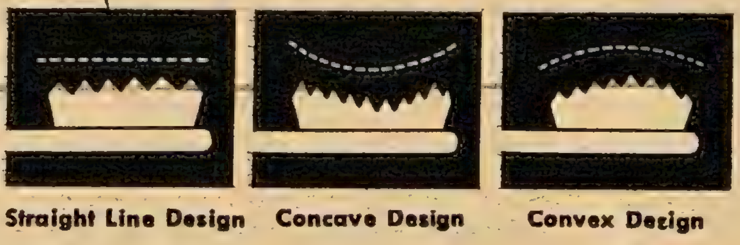
Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

Pepsodent
FIFTY TUFT

Straight Line Design CLEANS TEETH BEST SAY DENTISTS 2 TO 1

How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey

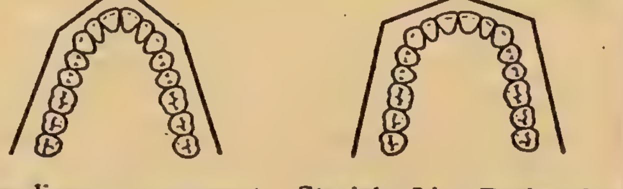
There are only these 3 basically different brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes sold today:



When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design"!

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best

Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth actually lie in a series of relatively straight lines.



These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

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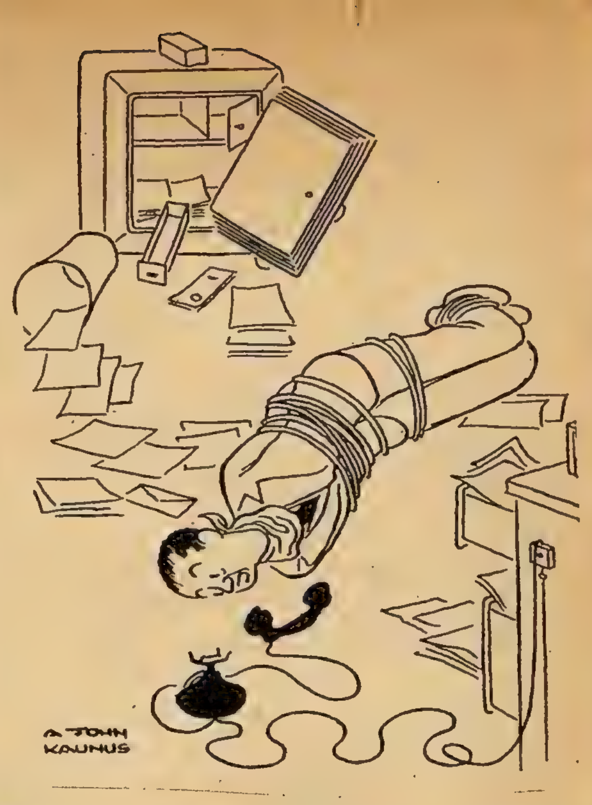

"Well, to be honest, I do have a telephone directory around here somewhere."

(*Continued from page 56*)

many pictures they take of you in the cooler."

"Then I got tó go to the Cheerio tonight," Meep wails to me.

"The Cheerio," the mayor says, sort of to himself. "I always been wanting to go to the Cheerio," he says, "but I never dared, because the reformers might not like it. I hear they got a real hot floor show."

Well, a faraway look comes to Meep's eyes, and what happens but he gets to describing with hand motions and approving noises like "Boy, oh boy!" what a hot show there is at the Cheerio, till I wonder maybe if I'm not missing something myself. The mayor asks a few more questions about the show, and finally, what does he do but offer to go in Mr. Meep's place.

"Are you out of your head?" the chief attorney asks.

"Absolutely not," the mayor answers. "But the Bugle is going to run some pictures tomorrow that will make everyone believe I was at the night club. And if I'm going to get the blame for being there, I'm going to have the fun of going. How much," he asks Meep, "will you charge to let me go in your place? You'll have to keep it a secret though," the mayor says as an afterthought. "Besides, if you tell," he says, "Mr. Tooken probably will not pay you any longer to pose for pictures of me, when he can get me to pose free for pictures of myself."

Well, naturally, Mr. Meep is not turning down a proposition like this, where he can double his pay by cutting out his work entirely.

Now, I get to wondering about all this, especially whether the show at the Cheerio is anywhere near as hot as Meep says. So I drop in there myself after I close up. Right away I can see the mayor is having a great time. What time he is not busy trying to dance with all of the chorus together, he is sitting with a singer named Dotsy Blue on his knee, and is trying to get her to let him drink champagne out of one of her slippers. About every two seconds there is a flash as a photographer takes a picture. But the photographers never tumble this is the mayor and not Meep, for they make no mention of it in the paper the next day, when they run the pictures they take.

"Great stuff, Meep, old man," I say to the little guy when he comes in, that P. M. "The mayor sure carries the matter off in

(*Continued on page 60*)

"COAL?

WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH GETTING ME HOME?"

EXACTLY THIS- if the steady flow of coal were interrupted for only one week, there's no telling how long it might delay your homecoming. For, the ammunition, the steel, the chemicals, the power, the transportation—the very sinews of war—depend on coal!

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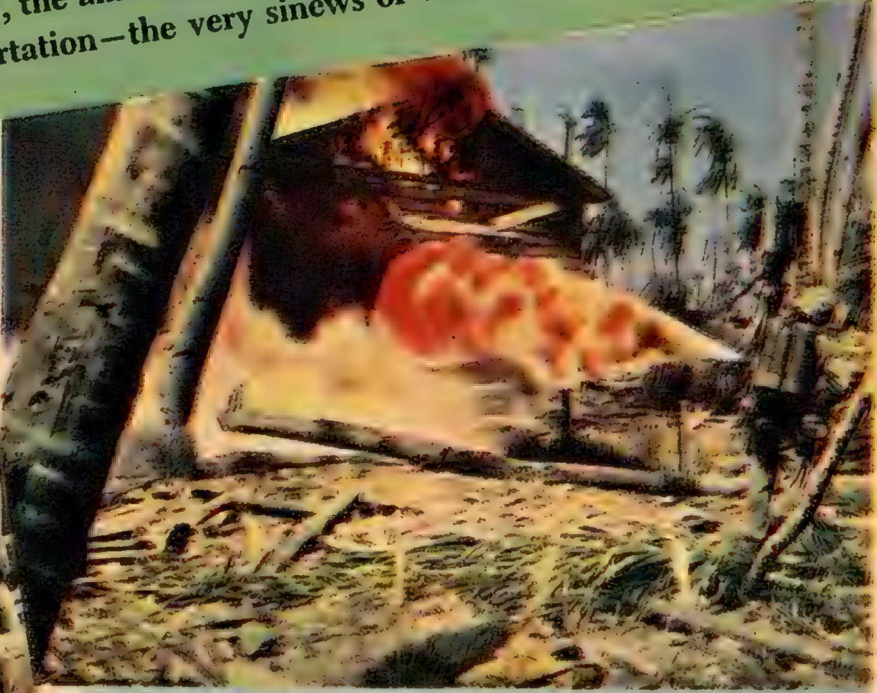
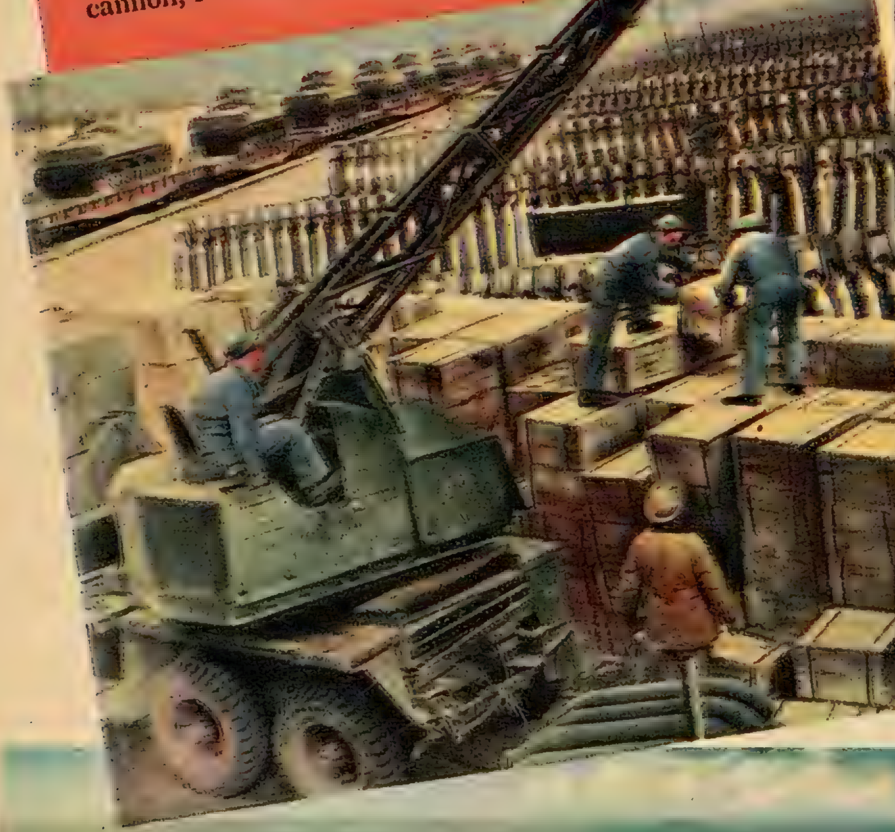
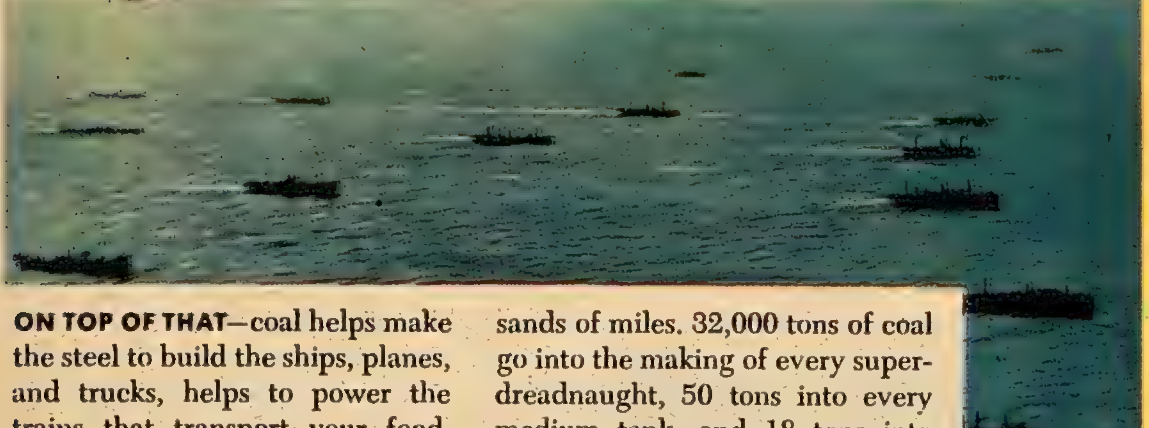




HIGH-EXPLOSIVE CHEMICALS are made in whole or in part from Bituminous Coal. TNT, Picric Acid, and Tetryl—for flame throwers, guns, mortars, bombs, and mines . . . Coal is also the base of 85% of all war plastics—for gas masks, bomber noses, radio apparatus, telephones, life rafts . . . Hundreds of drugs—including the life-saving sulfas, synthetic quinine, and aspirin—are made from coal. So are chemicals for waterproofing clothing. So are war-needed textiles such as nylon for parachutes.



ON TOP OF THAT—coal helps make the steel to build the ships, planes, and trucks, helps to power the trains that transport your food, ammunition and equipment thousands of miles. 32,000 tons of coal go into the making of every superdreadnaught, 50 tons into every medium tank, and 18 tons into every 4-ton army truck.

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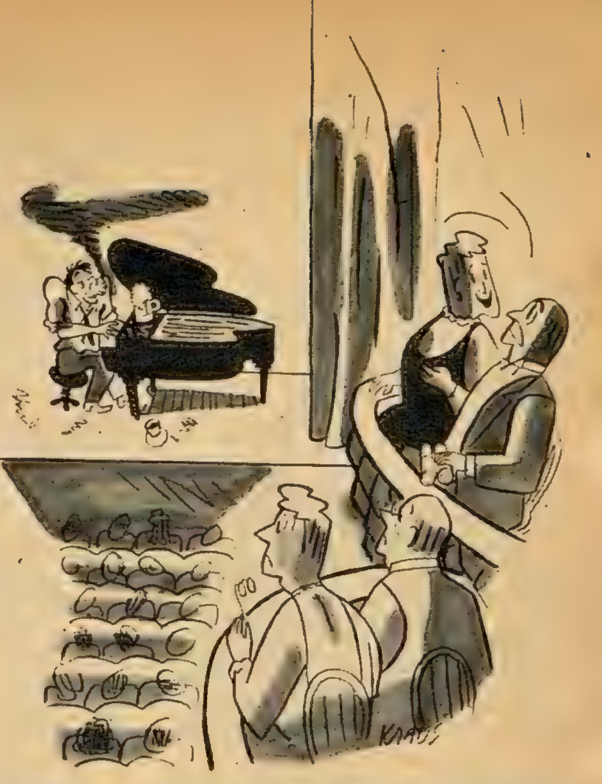


"They say he was discovered in a beer joint!"

(*Continued from page 58*)

great style. Everyone I see thinks the mayor is you."

"That's just it," he says bitterly. "So does Mrs. Meep. I am just about convincing her that I never hold a chorus girl in my life, and that the picture the Bugle runs is not an old picture of me, but is really a picture of the mayor imitating himself, when Miss Dotsy Blue calls and asks for me, calling me 'papa.' And she also asks about a mink coat I was supposed to have promised her, but which, of course, I never promised her, but is promised her by the mayor, who says his name is Meep."

"Why, the old son of a gun!" I say.

"And that is not all," Meep continues. "I go around and see the mayor and tell him he will have to quit my job. And he just laughs at me. He says if I can impersonate him, he can impersonate me. And, furthermore, the mayor says if I go and tell Mr. Tooken, Mr. Tooken probably will not give me a job when this is all over. But the mayor says if I let him imitate me tonight, he will give me a job himself."

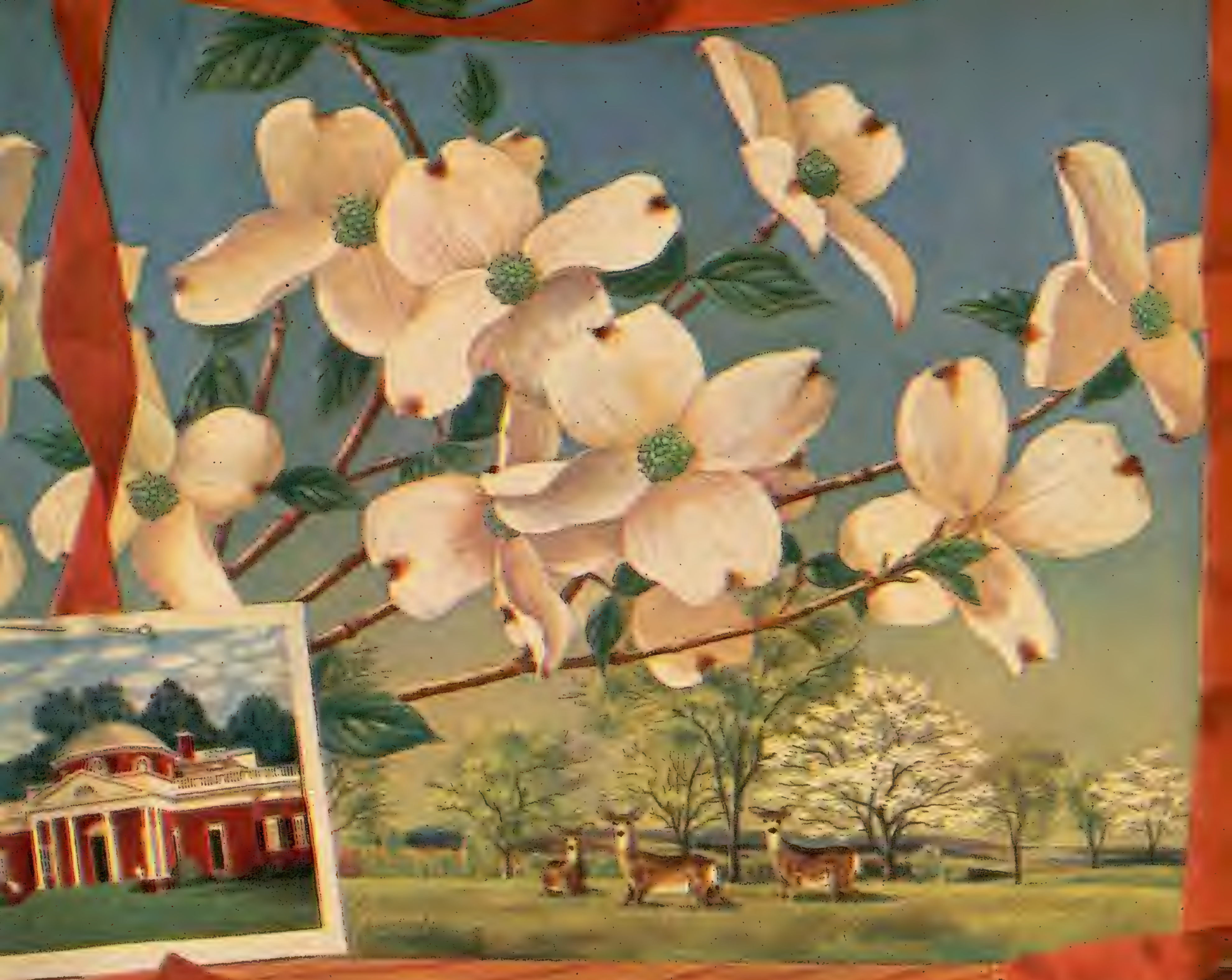
"Where are you going, or where is the mayor going for you tonight?" I ask.

"He is going to make a round of the gambling joints," Meep answers, "starting with Cold Deck's place, right next door. The mayor says he always has wanted to go to these gambling houses, but he never knew where they were, and that his police wouldn't tell him. He says he can't afford to miss it, because he will be on an expense account. But I made him promise there will be no more girls and no more mink coats."

As you can well believe, everyone by this time is interested in these pictures the Bugle is running. And about half the people think they are really pictures of the mayor, and about half don't. But most everyone is laughing at old Fancypants, and I got to hand it to Tooken and Nifty for their idea. And if I have any money to bet, I would be eager to lay it on Coletti, since by now it seems Bosterwick does not have a chance.

Normally I am not a curious person, but I figure I got nothing to lose, so I go next door into Cold Deck's place as soon as I hear that the mayor and the photographers arrive. The mayor is at the roulette table and he is having a row with Cold Deck who, it seems, wants the mayor to pose with a big stack of chips in front of him, like they are winnings. It will be a good

(*Continued on page 62*)



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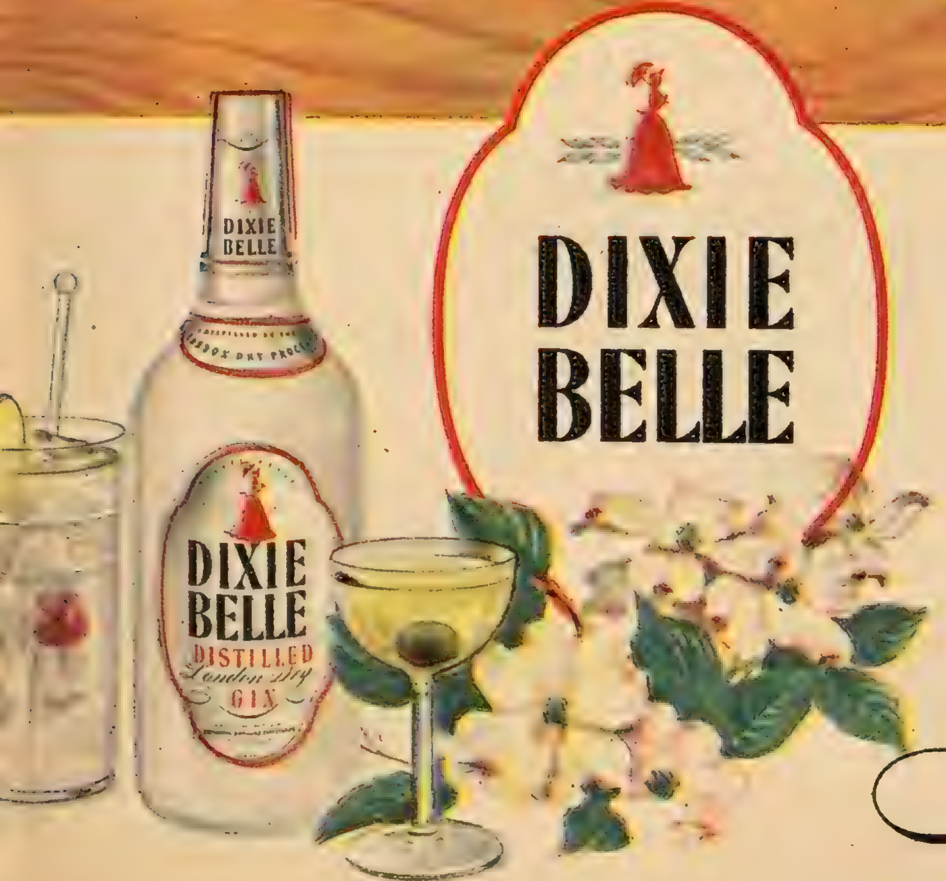
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(Continued from page 60)

advertisement for the game, he explains. But the mayor won't pose.

"I will not be a party to deceiving anyone," the mayor announces in a pious voice. "I will not pose with winnings unless I win them," he says. "That would be dishonest."

Now, Cold Deck thinks the mayor is Meep, and the chances are he will tell him to go jump in the lake if he doesn't figure he can win the money back right after the picture is taken. So what happens but the mayor starts winning. But after the pictures are taken, the mayor stops playing and cashes in his chips.

"Time to move on," he says brightly to Cold Deck, who is about to choke. "We got a lot more stops to make tonight."

And he makes a lot more stops too, judging by the Bugle the next day, which runs pictures showing the mayor in half a dozen different gambling places. Only, of course, they do not say they are pictures of the mayor, since they think they are pictures of Meep. And they run a small story about the subject of the pictures winning in all these places.

And this is true, as I gather from the beefs that night from Cold Deck and Mr. Respectable and the other gamblers to Mr. Tooken, when they gather as per usual.

"I have kicked in plenty of dough to lick Bosterwick," Cold Deck says. "But I don't like that stooge of yours coming in and nicking my table for two grand and then refusing to play any more."

"Aw, cut out the crabbing," Tooken says. "We had to get those pictures to tie the mayor up with the gambling element in this town. If the reformers win, they'll probably close your houses up entirely. I never said anything about your letting Meep win. All I wanted was the pictures to show what dives the mayor lets operate."

Just then Meep comes in, and he is plenty burnt up about something. He elbows in to where he is right in front of Tooken.

"Nice work, Meep," Tooken says in an easy voice. "Those last pictures are the best yet. Unless I miss my guess, Bosterwick is a gone goose right now."

But Meep is too mad to notice the compliment.

"I demand a retraction," he says, "or I quit."

"A retraction of what?" Tooken asks.

"A retraction that I win all that money gambling, like you say in the morning paper," Meep answers. "Even though I am home all evening, Mrs. Meep thinks those are old pictures of me, and that I really win that money. And now she wants me to kick in with some of that dough."

"Even though you are home all evening," Tooken repeats, like he does not understand. Suddenly he grabs Meep by the coat front. "If you are home all evening," he demands, "then who is it poses for those pictures?"

Meep goes white. He looks around as the boys close in on him. He sure makes a boner here. He tries to laugh.

"Oh, him," he says. "I been meaning to tell you, Mr. Tooken," he says. "But that is really the mayor. It is like this," he says, talking fast and desperate. "The mayor wants to see a little night life. So he offers to pose for those pictures in my place. And I figure if I let the mayor do that, you can run a story saying they are really pictures of him."

Mr. Tooken gradually relaxes.

"You may have something there," he says slowly. "We'll run a story tomorrow saying all of the pictures are of the mayor," he says. He starts for the phone. "No, we won't," he says, excited. "We'll get out an extra."

But he never reaches the phone. He is stopped by the sound of half a dozen police sirens as the patrol cars turn the corner and draw up next door and stop. Mr. Tooken and Cold Deck and Mr. Respectable and the rest rush outside. I follow right behind.

A BUNCH of cops are busting into Cold Deck's place. And soon we can hear them using their axes on the furnishings. The same is happening to Mr. Respectable's place down the street.

About that time Mayor Bosterwick climbs out of a police car and goes over and poses with an ax by the stack of piled-up furniture.

"Be sure and tell your readers I just visit these places to gather evidence," I hear him tell a reporter on the Chronicle.

Mr. Meep watches all of this, and then he gives a sort of a wave to Mr. Tooken.

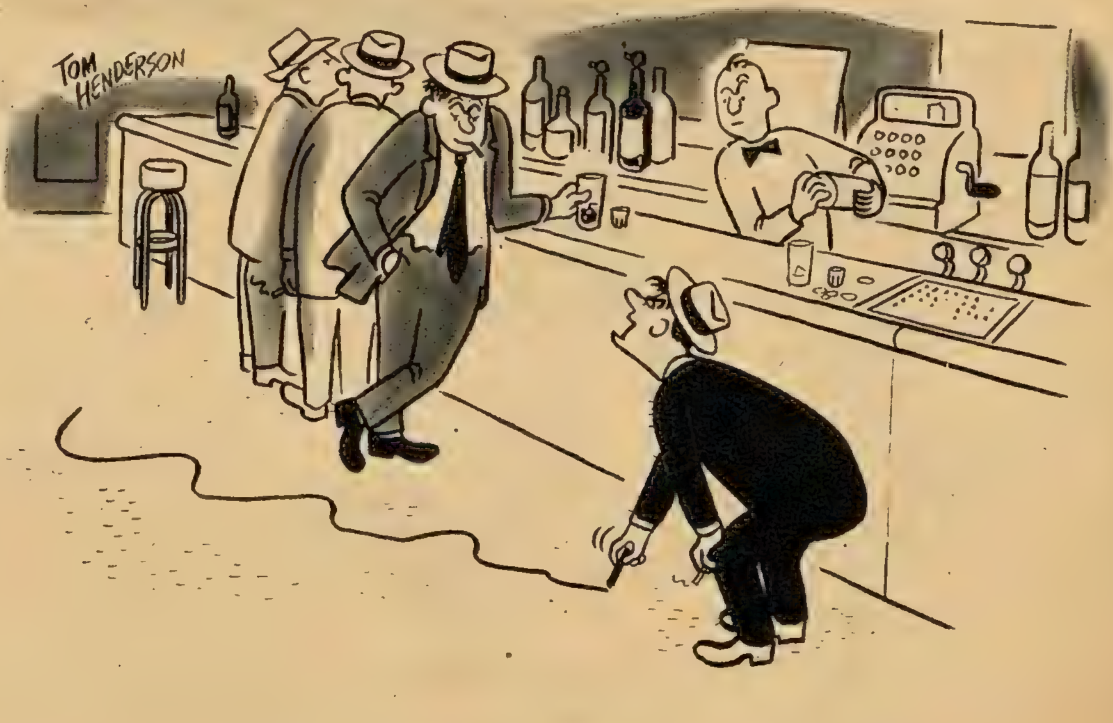
"So long," Meep says. "I'll be seeing you."

"Not out of your right eye soon," Cold Deck says, as he swings one from his shoe top.

"Nor your left eye neither," says Mr. Respectable, as he follows suit.

You can see Mr. Meep is completely recovered by now. But from that day to this he never gives any imitations I know of.

THE END



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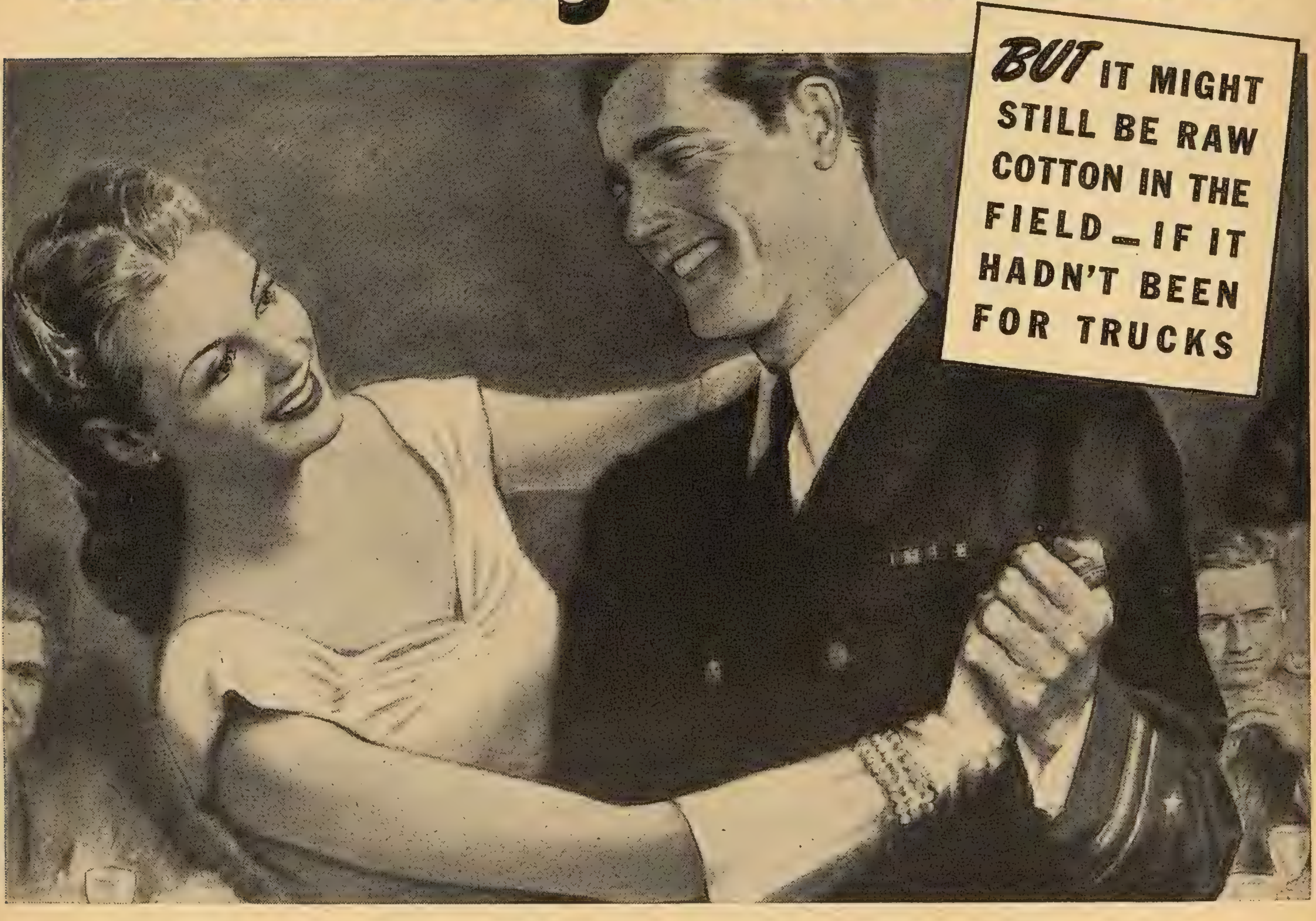
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A SALUTE FOR THE SERGEANT

Continued from Page 37

on the shady bank. It was going to have to last him a long time, this pampering and pleasuring himself! . . .

Saturday morning, when he started for town, the western sky was a battleground of churning lurid-colored clouds.

As he walked toward Du Frayne, he felt no wind; but the atmosphere had a smoldering brassy glint and the air was taut with a hush of leashed violence. Rolling masses of black clouds, like soft-coal smoke, obliterated the color in the west and swarmed low against the earth.

Uneasily he kept glancing into the west. And then he saw what he'd half expected. A low black cloud racing out of the west, with an appendage like a long tapering funnel that touched the ground.

Good Lord, a *twister!*

He stood rooted, staring, appalled by the speed with which the cloud approached. Like a prehensile elephant's trunk, the whirling funnel slanted and writhed and bent; and at the top of the cloud black objects wheeled and soared—debris sucked up through the funnel, trees and barn doors and hay and lumber—whatever had been torn up, whirling into the vortex of the twister.

So swiftly it came on!

FOR an instant Arlie felt panic. He'd seen what twisters could do. He'd seen steel bridges lifted from their concrete bases, hens plucked featherless, straws driven like spikes into tree trunks, and the roof of a house which had sailed a dozen miles. So his first impulse was to dive into a ditch, as if from a strafing Zero.

Then he realized that he wasn't in the direct path of the twister. The town was, however.

He started running toward Du Frayne.

Presently he could hear the thunder and bellow of the twister. It sounded like the roar of a freight train highballing through a tunnel. And he saw the twister hit Kelly's big red barn. The barn disintegrated. The funnel entered Eaton's apple orchard, and left a great wide swath of blowdown right through the grove.

For a heart-lifting moment, then, he saw the whirlwind cloud rise in the air, as if to skip right over town.

But then the twister descended agai and struck across the row of building flanking the highway.

Mason's Hay and Feed Store crumple inward. The roof and far wall of the Economy Store collapsed. Wortheim's Dres Shop and Madsen's Restaurant and Bu Stop slammed into wreckage. Neile Garage went too. And Neely's Furnitur Store. And beyond, the twister flattene a half dozen sheds and homes. Then whirled away into the fields, insensate an unaware, its capricious mischief leavin the west end of town in ruins.

AS he ran on, he saw smoke lifting fror the ruins of Neile's Garage. It was o fire! Maybe a gas pump had been knocke over and set ablaze.

The fire seemed to be under control b the time he reached the stricken end c town. People were digging into th wreckage and carefully bringing out th unfortunates who had been indoors whe the twister struck these buildings. Arli thought of the damage which clums handling could do to broken bones, an winced. Maybe he could help out a bit.

They were carrying the hurt people int the Christian Church, close by. He spran up the steps and went inside.

Blankets and mattresses had been has tily arranged on the floor and some doze victims were lying upon them. But ther was noisy confusion in the room, for rela tives and friends were crowded aroun Nobody seemed to be in charge her Everything was fouled up, people in on another's way, and nobody was directin traffic or making sense at all.

He saw Martha Kidwell bringing in big first-aid kit.

"Isn't there a doctor here?" he de manded.

She was white of face. "Arlie, the tele phone line is down. We've sent a car t Ashley for a doctor."

"Where's Dr. Laidlaw? And Dr. Ames?

"Laidlaw's in the Army—in Englan Old Dr. Ames has been carrying the who load as best he could. He's out at Danver farm. Lucia Danvers is having a bad de livery."

Not a doctor in town, then. It gave hi a touch of panic.

But he had to do what he could.

"Look, Martha. First thing, we mu fight shock. Get these hurt people cov ered with blankets and put hot-water bo tles at their feet. Where's your dad?"

"He's coming with more supplies."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

RUMEDY: Hot toddy for curing your cold.

SEWFA: Where mama sits darning.

HISS!TORY: Germany's contribution to mankind.

RATROSPECT: Looking back at Hero Hito.

QUESTSHUN: To ignore a quiz show.

INDIVID-YOU-ALL: A Southern character.

SAHARABELLUM: Camel brain.

CALMBAT: A quiet fight.

BALLYWHO: Which one gets the publicity?

PSALMERSAULT: David, head over heels.

POOL
1
2
3
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Lariar

"Sometimes I wish the race tracks hadn't closed!"

More injured were being brought in. rlie helped ease them onto mattresses. en he walked down the line of victims, s eyes narrowed in appraisal.

t was bad enough when soldiers got but somehow it seemed worse when vilians were hurt. Ten-year-old Timmy ason had a broken leg and lay biting s lip to choke back his sobs. His father t beside him, comforting him; though om the hunched way Mason sat and the ok of his face, he had broken ribs and her hurts. Olga Wortheim was bruised d scratched and looked as if still wacky om concussion. Not too bad. But Chuck adsen looked as if he'd been too close a grenade: his abdomen was laid open d he was in a coma from loss of blood. nd Pete Armor had a bad "sucking" ound that meant the lung was punc- red. A couple of men Arlie didn't know d broken legs. And a man and woman, rangers in town, were dead; falling ams in Madsen's Restaurant had hit em. Worst of the injured were the men ho had been in the garage when gas- ne exploded into flame. Big old Toby eile and his son Eddie and the mechanic ou Jaeckle were so badly burned that ey were already in coma from shock. p Marney, from the look of him, was ing under very soon.

They've got to have treatment in a rry!

AM KIDWELL came in then, carrying a box. Arlie met him.

Ir. Kidwell, can you give hypos of orphine?"

"I've given them sometimes in the drug- ore, Arlie—"

"Then get busy. You got any sulfa in at box?"

"Yes, son. Sulfathiazole tablets and sulfa wder."

"Fine! I'll use the powder. You give ery one of them a tablet by mouth. But ok, Mr. Kidwell, we've got bad cases of ock. Is there any blood plasma available ght away?"

"None in town, Arlie. We never had a ood bank here."

"Then we'll have to give whole-blood ansfusions. Fast as we can! Martha, you n back to the store and get all the ansfusion equipment you got and any- ing we can make do! And for Lord's ke get this crowd moving out from nderfoot!"

Arlie bent to his knees beside Pete rmor. The sucking chest wound had to be closed at once. He sprinkled it with sulfa powder and put thick sterile pads over it and taped it down firmly, making it airtight and leakproof. Meanwhile his orders were being carried out by older men who had overheard his directions to the druggist.

Arlie's uniform and insignia, his cool, curt directives, and immediate getting down to business, all carried authority. People quit wringing their hands. A mounting confidence and order brought quiet into the room. People who weren't aiding started moving out of the church.

Arlie wasn't aware. The need to give blood transfusions was a screaming urgency in his brain. But the set-up was so crude!

"We need blood donors," he announced. "One at a time, please. Come over to this table."

He had no time to determine the blood type of each donor and each patient. He dared take time only for cross-typing. He took a blood sample from a donor, a sample from a victim, mixed them in a test tube and shook it; and if the mixture did not agglutinate, the donor's blood would give life, not death, to the patient. . . . Martha came in as he worked, bringing tubing and needles and citrate solution and several transfusion bottles and other bottles out of which to improvise equipment.

AS he cross-typed, Arlie gave directions to the women who remained, eager to help. They gently undressed the injured, got them ready for treatment. Presently Martha came back with her transfusion bottles ready. And under his orders she rigged them up and put in citrate solution.

Arlie started drawing blood from his donors, filling the bottles. And then at last—though actually it was still a matter of minutes—he was inserting needles into the burned men's veins and starting the flow of blood into their depleted systems. And as the gift of life trickled slowly into their flesh again, color started into their cheeks and faint, halting pulses quickened and their breathing livened, and flushed awareness started returning to their faces.

Arlie didn't watch this familiar marvel; Arlie was busy checking up on his other patients. Morphine had eased their pain; sulfa powder had eased their danger.

So he came back to his burn patients. With returning consciousness, pain would

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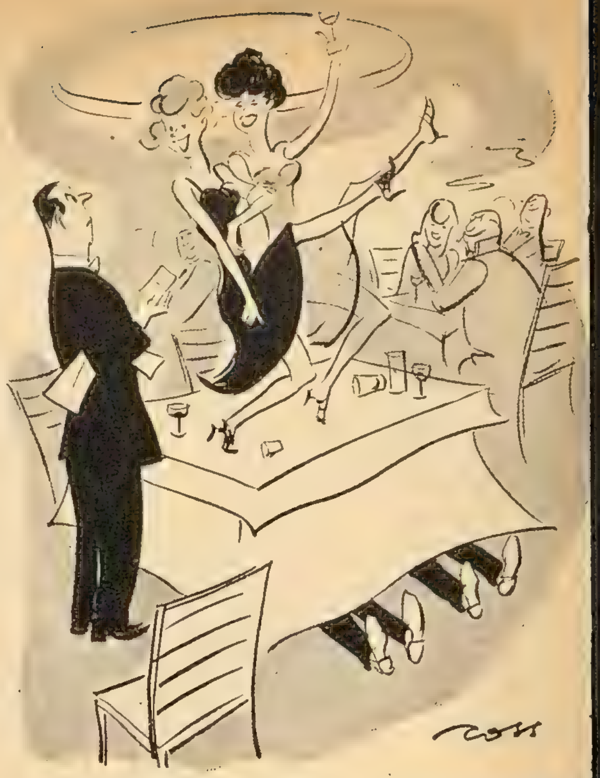
Available Gold Label and White Label. 86 Proof. Write for recipe booklet. National Distillers Prod. Corp., Dept. S14, P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N. Y.



"I guess they're under the table makin fools of themselves."

begin unless those burns were properl and quickly dressed.

"Martha, bring me those bandage rolls, he ordered.

He bent over Toby Neile, and dustec the burned areas of flesh with sulfa powder. Then he covered them with vaseline-smeared bandages and taped the roll down snug and tight; for that would tak the pain out of the burns, keep the ski smooth and firm and quick-healing, prevent the ugly knot and snarl of scars.

He had finished when he realized tha a man was standing beside him, watching

"Good job, Arlie. New technique, huh Better than a triple-dye spray?"

Arlie straightened creakily to his fee and instinctively lifted arm in salute, saying, "Yes, sir." Old Dr. Ames, lookin gaunt and tired, was smiling at him.

"I was a captain in the corps myself last war. Looks like you got things prett much under control, sergeant. What do w do next?"

There was plenty to do: fractures t splint and hastily-dressed wounds to dres properly. When he looked at Chuck Madsen's abdomen, at the deep gash throug the plate of hard muscle across his stomach, Dr. Ames looked bleak. The transfusion had helped, but Madsen was at lov ebb.

"Have to sew him up, Arlie. Unde anesthesia. Ether—"

Arlie said, "Sir, from ether he'll heav and vomit when he wakes up, and rip ou all your stitches."

"I've always used ether or chloroform boy."

"Let me give him sodium pentothal, sir.

Mr. Kidwell had the material in th pharmacy, and went hastily to get it. D Ames looked on then, absorbed, as Arli stuck a hypo needle into the injured man' arm.

"Count slowly up to twenty, Chuck, Arlie directed.

And as Madsen painfully counted *on . . . two . . . three,* at each count Arli put another drop of sodium pentothal int the man's veins. And by the time h counted *five* Chuck Madsen's voice wa getting lower; was fading out by *eight* and he was sound asleep before he got t *ten* at all.

Dr. Ames shook his tired head, murmured, "Live and learn. And when w medicos learn, people live. Good job, sergeant!"

It was suppertime when they finally finished. "Come home with me, Arlie," D Ames suggested.

“Thanks, sir, but I left my dog locked p in my shack. I didn't figure I'd be de-yed so long. Good night, sir.”

Arlie had been gone ten minutes when artha came back to the church, carrying tray of food she'd prepared in the drug-ore.

She looked around for Arlie. She was ery tired and high strung, and when she alized that he had gone, she could ot keep the tears from welling into her es.

Next morning was Sunday. For the last me Arlie cleaned up his shack and set ings to rights. He lit a cigarette, and ok a lingering final look around. Then locked up.

He took Two-bits across the fields back the Olehausen farm. And he started alking to town.

A car coming down the road stopped ruptly. Martha Kidwell was driving it.

“Oh, Arlie!” she called. “Dad thought u might have some heavy luggage, d suggested I come out and give you lift.”

“Gosh, thanks,” he said. He got in. Mar-a looked so pretty and sparkling that is pulse leaped as he sat down beside er.

“I was starting early, to drop in on Dr. mes—”

“Arlie, the doctor from Ashley arrived, d your patients are all just fine, so u've got nothing to worry about. *I* saw r. Ames, and he suggested I take you out the Fair. Care to go?”

“Why, yes, I'd like to.”

It was fun at the Fair grounds. Every-ody said hello to him. And when he ought ice cream for Martha and himself, threw rings over pegs and shot at ducks the shooting gallery, they wouldn't let im pay. “It's on the house, sergeant!” ey told him, like they enjoyed it.

T four o'clock, band music blared up, lively and exciting, and the crowd arted toward the speaker's stand.

“Come on, Arlie!” Martha urged.

White-haired acid-tongued Mayor Kyle as on the bandstand. He spotted Arlie d Martha and beckoned imperiously. he mayor himself drew them back to airs among the notables seated on the and.

Acutely self-conscious, Arlie couldn't ide his nisery. Martha looked at him, en squeezed his hand in hers and whis-ered, “But, Arlie, they *like* you! Relax.”

The band played a fanfare, and speeches arted: about raising funds to repair the orm damage, about buying war bonds.

TOO OLD TO DIE

There is a staring moon that
fills the night
Above some brave lad where
the snow seeps red,
Changed slowly by young lifeblood
from its white.
*We who are old men should
have died instead.*

I don't know whether I am
brave or not,
But thoughts of this will always
touch me grim:
My limbs are weak although
my heart is hot
*Who was too old to die instead
of him!*

—HARRY KEMP.

Here's one thing you can do while you're waiting for restrictions to be lifted on outboard motors:

Ask the owners of Sea-Horses if they aren't glad they paid a little more—to get the best.

It will be the same after the war. Get a Sea-Horse, even if you have to wait for delivery. You'll never be sorry. Years of extra service and top performance *all* the time, will more than repay you for your wait.

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES

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JOHNSON SEA HORSE

If you are interested in selling AND SERVICING Johnson Outboard Motors after the war, write us now—no matter what your location may be.

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you had SIX HANDS!

Stop your itchful thinking! When a burning skin condition makes you scratch and squirm, apply ZEMACOL for *quick* relief. Easy and pleasant to use, it covers affected parts with a soothing, medicated film that stays in prolonged contact, *and doesn't show on your skin!*

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- ✓ ATHLETE'S FOOT

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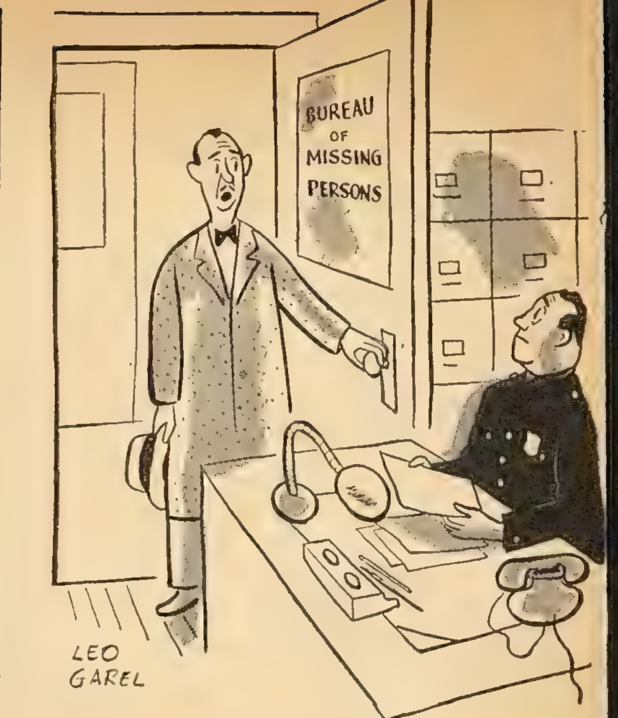


"I've disappeared! Can you find me?"

Arlie began to feel more at ease. An then Mayor Kyle rose from his chair.

The mayor beckoned to Arlie. Marth pressed his arm and whispered, "Stand u Arlie!" He did stand up. He walked forward in a kind of daze, and Mayor Kyl put an arm about his shoulders, and th band blared out, and the crowd went wil clapping and cheering and whistling.

Somehow the mayor got them quie finally so he could talk.

Briefly he talked but to the point; an he ended: ". . . though they left us as boys they'll come back as soldiers, as men wh will make vital places for themselves i our community. That we must realize They left us as boys who stole watermelons and knocked baseballs throug windows and tipped over privies on Halloween. They'll come back as men who'v gained strength and courage and self-knowledge and knowledge of the world They'll come back as men of sharpene vision, owning fine new skills, who wi build new homes and new highways, wh will see lacks and waste places in ou community and will fill them and cultivate them with the sweat and foresigh of young men matured in the harsh realities of war.

"Arlie Bradford is our first returne soldier—and our best beloved. Today h starts back to duty. We will miss him an will pray for his safe return." He grinne at Arlie, but very soberly he said, "W need you, Arlie—and you belong to u Don't ever forget it!"

The crowd yelled and applauded again and Arlie's eyes filled, so that the mayor' face was a kindly blur. And only Mayo Kyle and Martha heard him say, "I won't sir. I won't ever forget it!"

Arlie's bus came through at six o'clock Martha went to the bus stop with him The bus rumbled in and stopped. Passengers started aboard.

Arlie looked at Martha. She stood close looking up at him, her sweet face serious To shake hands and say good-by didn' seem quite right. Abruptly he bent an kissed her—and her lips were warm, responsive, and that *was* right, so ver right!

"All aboard!"

He grabbed his luggage and ran.

"Write to me, Arlie!"

"I will. 'By, Martha!"

As the bus started off, Arlie looked ou his window and waved. Martha wave back, smiling. And that was better tha a brass band and a cheering crowd. Tha was something to remember and cherish That was something to come back to.

THE END

Are you in the know?

Try this often, if you aim to be—
☐ A good skate
☐ A pretty Kitty
☐ Queen of the Ice Follies

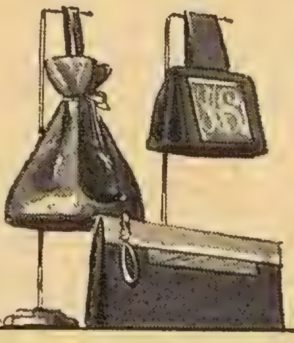
You're on thin ice, complexion-wise, without a daily workout. If you'd be a pretty Kitty, get that out-of-doors glow . . . it makes your skin look smoother, clearer. And you needn't skip those skating sessions on certain days. Moderate exercise is helpful—and *comfortable*, with Kotex. For Kotex gives you the kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Unlike flimsy napkins, Kotex *stays soft while wearing*. You can get hours of chafeless comfort with Kotex sanitary napkins.

Would you say this character was—
☐ Slightly balmy
☐ Learning sign language
☐ Getting glamour-hands

Time on your hands is well spent. Glamour-hands can be yours by faithfully massaging each finger with a softening cream. (Pretend you're smoothing on a snug glove.) Shrewd grooming helps to banish self-consciousness. So, too, on calendar days, self-consciousness departs when you're shrewd enough to choose Kotex. For Kotex is different from thick, stubby napkins because Kotex has *flat, tapered ends* that don't show. So no revealing lines can ruffle your smoothness, your poise.

For tearless tweezing, should you—
☐ Soften brows with hot water
☐ Spread skin taut
☐ Use quick, firm pull

When weeding out wayward eyebrows —weep no more, my lady. Just follow the routine given above. (All three answers are correct.) By the way, did you know that Kotex offers three answers to napkin needs? Yes, *only* Kotex comes in *three sizes* —for different women, different days. There's Regular Kotex in the blue box, Junior Kotex in the green box, Super Kotex in the brown box. For made-to-order protection, find the size that's right for *you*.



Which purse should "chubby" choose?
☐ Flat and largish
☐ Small and chunky
☐ Plump, drawstring

Let your accessories *flatter* your figure. A chubby chick should avoid styles that echo her own plumpness, so—she should choose the flat, largish purse. Looking your best brings self-assurance. And on problem days, a girl can always be sure of herself with the help of Kotex. That special *4-ply safety center* of Kotex keeps moisture away from the sides. It's expressly designed for *extra* protection exactly where needed most.

Kotex
Sanitary Napkins
Kotex
Kotex

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!

EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?

YOU NEED SHINOLA

● It's mighty easy to slip into the bad habit of neglecting the care of your shoes. But neatness, in the case of shoes, pays big dividends.

Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather . . . helps maintain flexibility . . . and that means longer wear. A shine is the sign of a healthy shoe. Why not KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA?

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Leather and wool jackets, work shirts, 250 shoe styles for men and women. Liberal Commissions. Write today for FREE SALES OUTFIT.

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GREAT DANE

Continued from Page 19

and fastened to the walls of his Los Angeles home. This house—which he calls The Viking—is one of three Melchior ménages, or menageries. Besides its terraced five and one half acres, with swimming pool, rifle range, and tennis court, he also maintains a year-round nine-room suite in New York's Hotel Ansonia and a 3,000-acre estate in Germany. Correction: He hasn't been maintaining that estate in recent years, not since it was taken over by a high-ranking Nazi who moved in, bag and baggage, a few summers ago.

His suite at the Ansonia has become celebrated as the scene of the annual reunions of the New York chapter of the Danish Royal Guards. Melchior is founder and president of the American (North and South) wing of ex-guardsmen. There are chapters also in Los Angeles, Chicago, Buenos Aires, and New Brunswick, but the New York group appears to be the liveliest. It meets on a pre-Christmas Saturday, toasts King Christian in beer and aquavit, gradually gets around to the main event—a shooting match.

Contestants with .22 rifles stand at one end of the apartment, aim down the hallway, through the door and across the corridor at a steel-backed target set up on a neighbor's wall. One guardsman stands duty with a white flag to keep innocent (or deaf) passers-by from straying into the line of fire. Mrs. Melchior bribes the other hotel guests with trays of smörgåsbord, Danish cakes, and punch. Winner of the shoot gets a year's custody of a silver cup with his name inscribed on it. Melchior contributed the cup, but denies this accounts for his frequently placing second, never first. He also denies that his guardsmen are hell raisers.

"If we weren't so well behaved, would they let us have shooting contests in hotels?" he asks with incontrovertible logic (of a purely Danish variety).

FOR all the hurly-burly of their existence, the Melchiors are a snug married couple. Kleinchen (Little One), as Lauritz calls his wife, used to be Maria Hacker, the Pearl White of Germany. One day she had to do a parachute jump, and the air currents romantically brought her down in his garden. They were married soon after. That was twenty years ago. Kleinchen still looks like a movie star. She is petite, gay, lively, and obviously the practical member of the family. Helped by her mother, "Mutti," whom Melchior idolizes and calls the world's perfect mother-in-law, she remembers his appointments, replenishes his wardrobe, keeps his books, balances his checking account.

Melchior habitually forgets that last detail. For Christmas he bought her a pearl necklace, paid for it by check, earnestly bound Mutti to secrecy concerning the amount. Kleinchen tactfully kept the secret when the canceled checks came in.

Both Melchiors are happy over his newfound movie career. Metro has tied him to a seven-year contract, already has announced his second picture—a musical tentatively titled Brighton Beach. If things work out, he may play hooky from the Met's tours henceforth and devote the time to Metro instead. The movies are livelier, he admits, but not so much fun as they could be. He didn't say so, but his friends suspect he may be warming up his pitching arm, will be ready on his return to peg a few snowballs at Hollywood's high hat. After all, someone has to replace Mickey Rooney.

THE END

Symbol of special thoughtfulness and gracious hospitality
The Grand Old Drink of the South
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Make quick profit showing charming cards for Birthdays, Anniversaries, and other Everyday occasions. Friends, neighbors buy them. Easy to take orders for these beautifu Assortments of 15 cards, retail for $1.00. YOU GET YOU PROFIT RIGHT AWAY. Extraordinary designs, fancy pa pers, startling effects—original, cleve wordings. Extra cash for you every wee this easy way. Write for Samples NOW

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Mix Magic
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SCRAP PAPER
is precious—the armed forces urgently need it. Save yours! Keep it clean!

Is Remington Rand making electric shavers now?

YES...AND FOR A VERY GOOD REASON. Shavers are needed in Army and Navy hospitals—in this country and overseas—because they're so easy to handle, so gentle and comfortable on the skin. The direct order for shaver production was urged by officers of both the Army and Navy. Typical users of the shavers will be airmen, whose faces are susceptible to frostbite. When your skin is raw and sensitive, a comfortable shave means a lot. That's why the Army and Navy will get every Remington electric shaver now being made.

SHAVES FOR CIVILIANS? NO... not now. But when military needs let up and you can pick a new electric shaver, see America's No. 1 shaver first. Remington! Of course. Because Remington was *first in sales* just before the war, *first to introduce multiple-head shavers' and first for clean, speedy shavers.*

* * *

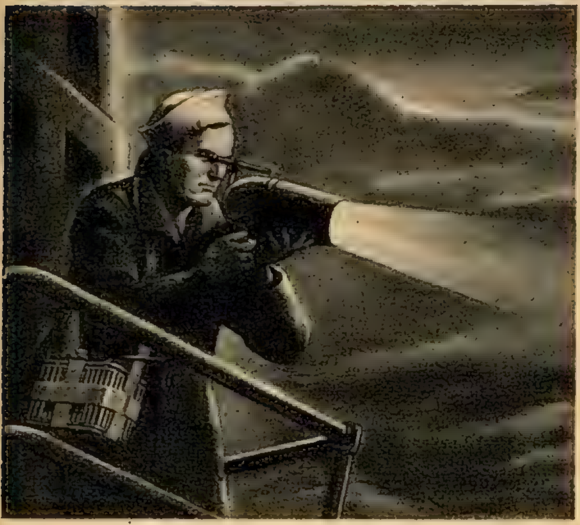
IF YOU ARE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO OWN A REMINGTON, keep it in good condition. There are Remington Rand service stations in 77 of the largest cities. Bring your Remington in or send it to the nearest branch. We'll keep it oiled and adjusted for you. Remington Rand Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Conn.

REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS

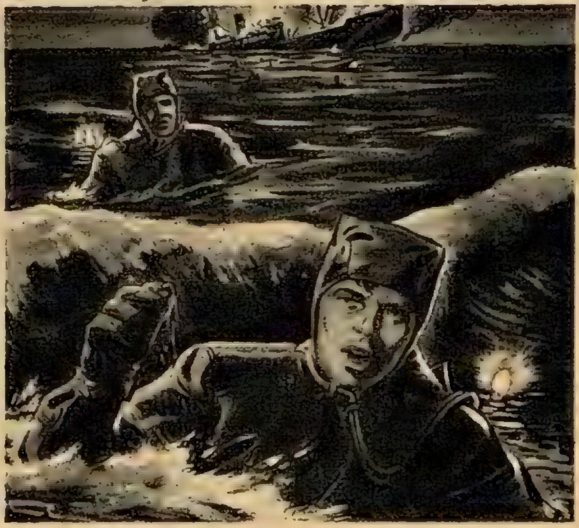
NO LATHER NO BLADES SHAVE DRY

Meet the Men

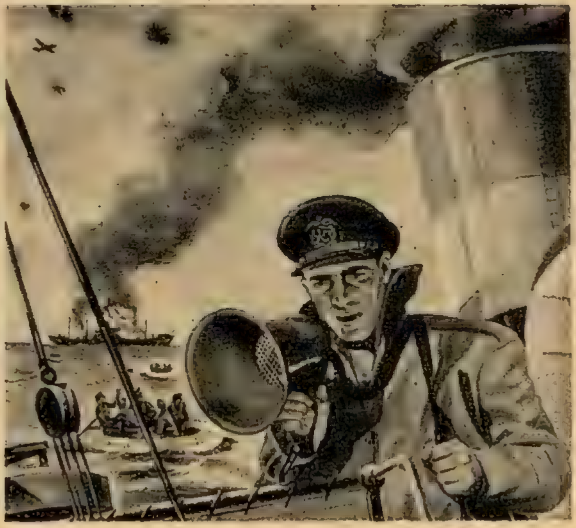
WHO USE YOUR BATTERIES!



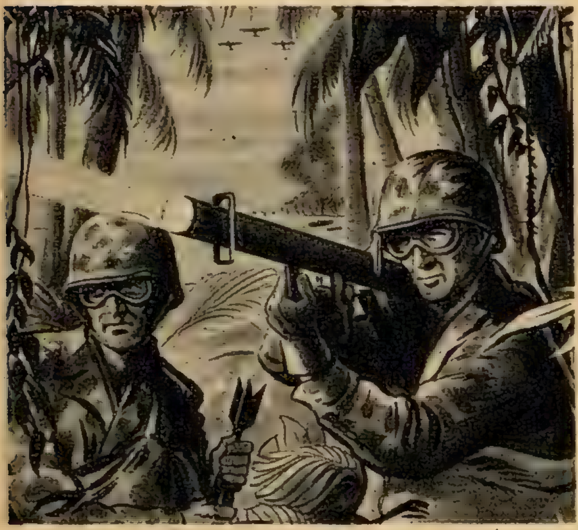
The Navy and Merchant Marine send rapid ship-to-ship messages by battery-powered flasher signal lights when radio communication might give a ship's position to the enemy.



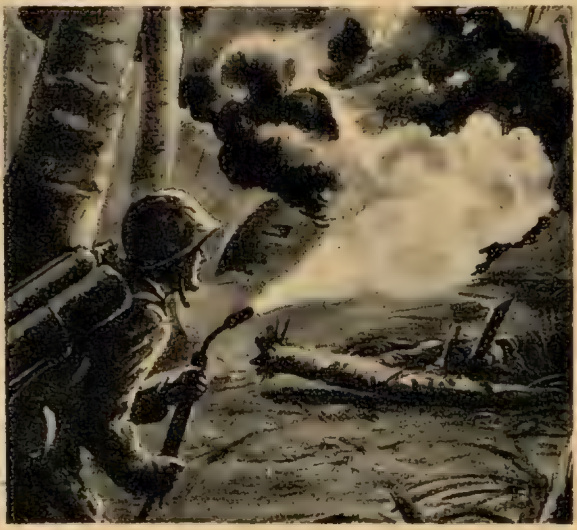
It's difficult to locate men drifting in the sea! Water-tight battery lights on buoyant lifesaver suits have meant the difference between life and death for many Merchant seamen.



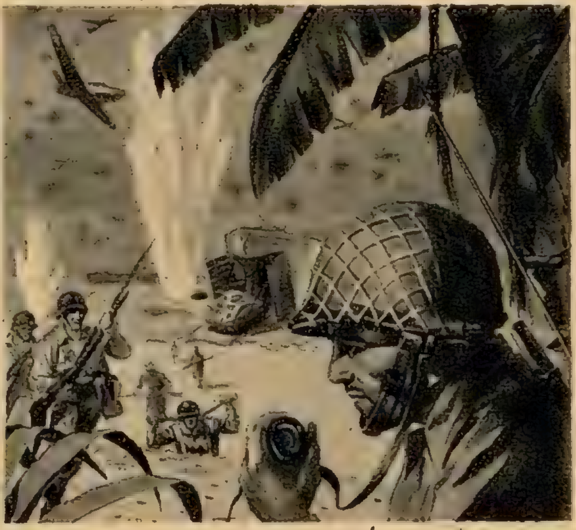
For emergency communication by voice, the Merchant Marine uses a portable megaphone to broadcast orders and instructions. Dry batteries give necessary power to the megaphone.



Two men and a bazooka make a winning team! But it takes large quantities of ammunition and dry battery power to keep these portable, hard-hitting weapons firing at the enemy.

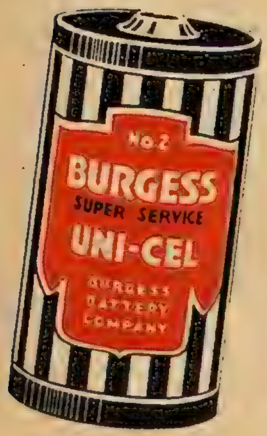


Deadly flamethrowers are blazing the road to Victory! Dry batteries help to create the spark that sends these efficient weapons into instant, flaming action against the enemy.



The Signal Corps man with a Walkie-Talkie has freedom of speech as long as he has plenty of dry batteries! Handie-Talkies also use thousands of war batteries to power vital communications.

When they come Home —Burgess Batteries will be back again, too... powering flashlights, telephones, radios, instruments and controls for millions of homes, farms and industries throughout America.



BURGESS BATTERIES

IN THE NATION'S SERVICE

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY, FREEPORT, ILLINOIS

Continued from Page 29

the defenseless Jews but the Antwerp diamond industry as well. The only way to preserve that industry would be to find another lot of raw stones. Then the Germans could be tempted to keep the shops open. That there was such a shipment De Wyspelaere knew, and for two years he had hunted it.

These stones, consisting of 397,000 carats of raw diamonds, had been on a Belgian steamer when the war broke out. The vessel, The Thysville, had taken harbor on the African coast, and her cargo of jewels had promptly been impounded by the French. Thereafter the stones had been moved, by destroyer, to Casablanca, and for two years nothing more had been heard of them. In 1942, De Wyspelaere got wind of some black-market transactions in Paris. He suspected the Casablanca diamonds were involved and went to Paris to investigate. He discovered that the missing Forminière diamonds were being sold through a private syndicate formed for the express purpose by Vichy officials!

De Wyspelaere immediately sued for possession of the jewels, and there followed a long and weird legal struggle, involving the armistice commission, the German government, the French government, and Forminière. Eventually, in addition to a 50,000-franc settlement by the Vichy government, De Wyspelaere obtained 30,000 carats of the shipment. The remainder was split up between Vichy and a German "technical" expert, one Herr Dr. Wahner, who decamped with 290,000 carats.

Though the 30,000 carats regained by De Wyspelaere was much less than he had hoped to get, it did play its part in helping to keep Antwerp's industry alive.

According to De Wyspelaere, the war effort in Germany could not have been decisively aided by the industrial diamonds cut in Antwerp. For German diamond experts themselves have stated that they needed 3,000,000 carats of industrials a year, and all the Nazis obtained during the occupancy of Belgium, apart from their deposit bank and raids on individual dealers, was 740,000 carats. There is no doubt that the diamonds secreted by the Antwerp merchants proved a real deprivation to the German war machine.

Though it is a simple enough matter for the survivors of Antwerp's years of torture to dig up these diamonds, the rebuilding of the industry will take a long time. Of its prewar 25,000 workers, only a scant 4,000 remain.

Burgomeister Camille Huysmanns, however, is confident that Antwerp will regain her eminence. Now that he is home again, Huysmanns is planning for repatriation of the surviving traders, technical experts, and workers. He believes with De Wyspelaere that Antwerp will again be the world diamond center because the feel of the trade is in Antwerp's people.

That the people of Antwerp know diamonds there can be no doubt. They have a vast store of the precious stones to prove it.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Strive always to be like a good watch—open face, busy hands, pure gold, well regulated, full of good works.
—*The Christian Union Herald.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

No Cooking worry... as your Gibson

REFRIGERATORS · RANGES

Gibson

THE FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATOR

The Gibson Kookall automatic electric range is truly automatic! It turns itself on and off—cooks the entire meal while you carry on elsewhere!

Those fortunate women who got their Gibsons before the war halted production know how the Kookall saves current by cooking with stored up heat, how it keeps kitchens clean, how it roasts, bakes, steams, fries or broils better *and with less attention!*

With Victory, Gibson will resume production—will again step into the lead with automatic features and innovations to make your cooking problems vanish into thin air! That's why you should wait for, watch for, the Gibson, the only range that will be equipped with UPS-A-DAISY, another Gibson innovation.

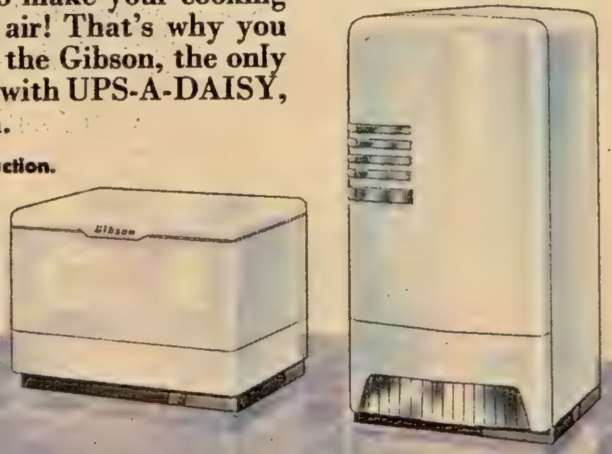
THE FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATOR

Say goodbye forever to old style electric refrigeration when you see the new Gibson Freez'r Shelf refrigerators—those Marvels of Tomorrow, with wide, unobstructed, freezing lockers, wall-to-wall shelves . . . and Strata-Zones, for the better preservation of foods and retention of vitamins!

Gibson is now engaged in war production.
Buy War Bonds and Stamps

GIBSON HOME FREEZER

For greater capacity, frozen storage at below-zero temperatures . . . scientific, long-term, home preservation of meats, vegetables, fruits. Keeps frozen foods farm-fresh for months.



GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

Export Department, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill. • Canadian Distributor, Rogers Majestic, Ltd., Toronto

TODAY THIS BOY DID A MAN-SIZE JOB. Today this little fellow collected enough scrap paper to make containers for 15 pints of blood. Now he's getting a well-deserved rest on his Beautyrest (made by Simmons). If *you* own a Beautyrest, you're lucky.

For you have a mattress with 837 individually pocketed coils, and a sag-proof border. Take the best care of your Beautyrest, for we don't know when you can buy another. We still have a good way to go, and we're neck-deep in war production. But if you need a *new* mattress now, we recommend a WHITE KNIGHT made by Simmons. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, *and* comfortable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! And the postwar Beautyrest will be something out of this world, and that's a promise! NEWS—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST

The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. *DID YOU BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS THIS WEEK?*

TARZANS OF THE A. A. F.

Continued from Page 25

'Come in, son—I have a nice steak for you,' I'm going to answer, 'Aw, naw, Mom! I'll just go out in the back yard and cook me up some grass.' "

We stamped through the bushes in search of oranges and grapefruit which, though green on the outside, were edible. We also learned about the carissa, a red fruit about the size of a Brazil nut which has a delicious flavor and which, Howard assured us, is as fine a fruit as grows anywhere. The carissa tree also furnishes thorns which make natural fishhooks.

Howard also pointed out some ripe prickly pears, but warned us to be careful of the tiny needlelike spines. Several went after them, and one promptly yelled, "Ouch, my fingers!" "Your fingers, phooey," spat Lieutenant Huey. "I got the damn things in my mouth!"

Howard outlined the evening's menu: Coconut-meat appetizer, fish chowder, boiled pigweed, avocado and heart-of-palm salad, lime-lemon-orange-grapefruitade, and anything else the men might pick up. Lieutenant John W. Forsyth, a serious spectacled Texan whom the others ungratefully nicknamed the Housewife, volunteered to scrape out some coconut shells for cups and fashion some serving platters from palm cabbage. Blandly ignoring the taunts, Forsyth, a newlywed and an ex-professor at Clinton (South Carolina) Presbyterian College, also did an elegant job of dicing palm cabbage and peeling avocado for the salad.

THE evening meal was a success. Sergeant Weaver had caught a mess of red snapper. Lieutenant Howard doctored up the chowder with some dehydrated milk (this was ruled ethical because the milk powder would be in the airplane emergency kits). Even Lieutenant Huey ate the boiled purslane and conceded it was O. K., though he wouldn't go so far as to admit he'd be clamoring for it in frozen packages after the war.

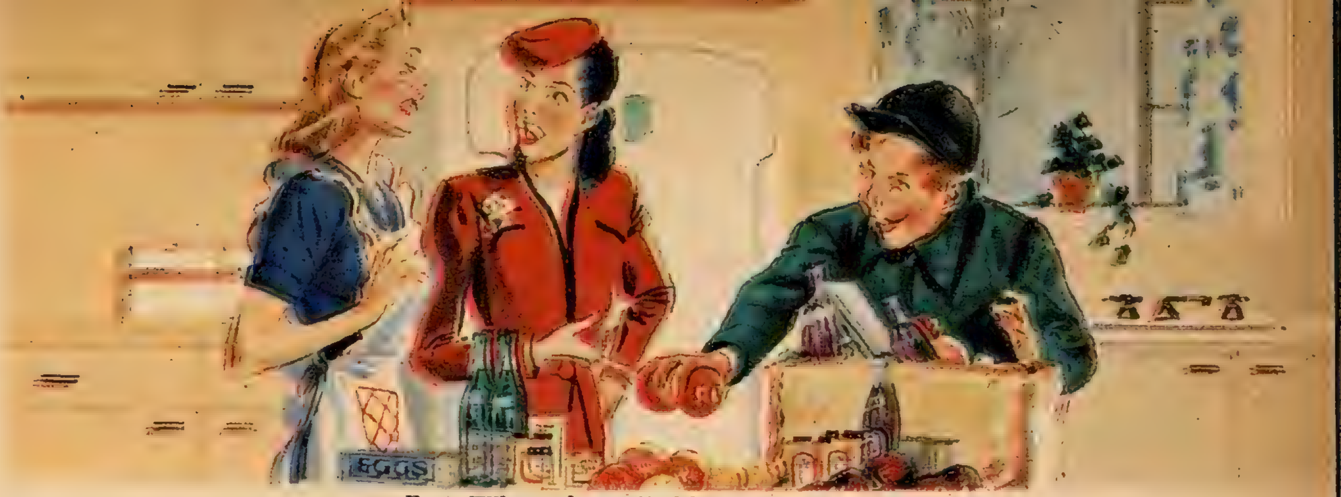
At dusk most of the men hiked back to the beach to burrow in under their sand shelters. Since neither I nor the public-relations officer who was my chaperon had built a shelter, we went off rather guiltily to near-by Lake Worth to spend the night.

Early next morning we drove back to the island to look for the foragers. This was the day they were supposed to rustle up their own breakfast and lunch without Howard's help. As Lieutenant Huey, Major MacCardle, and several others drifted up, I asked what they'd had for breakfast. Without exception, they answered, "Oh, some grapefruit and oranges." Even the resourceful Forsyth had breakfasted on fruit, although he'd been up early on an unsuccessful fishing expedition.

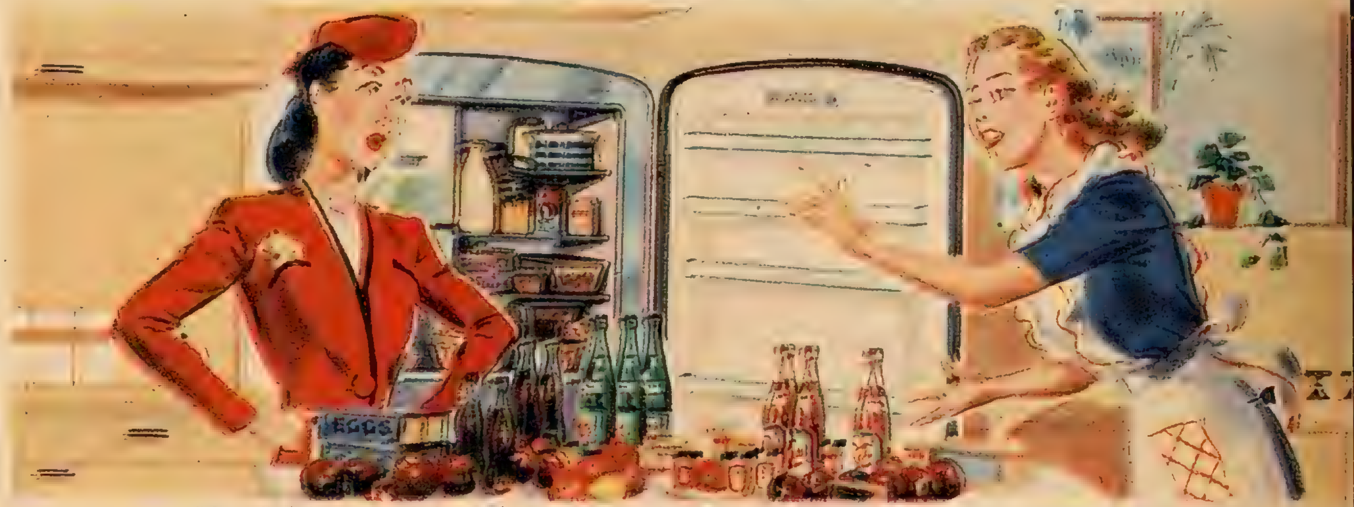
But now they all seemed anxious, even the skeptics, to please Lieutenant Howard by turning up a good lunch. Some waded into the lake after oysters, others fished, and some hunted—without luck—for squirrels and rabbits. Lieutenant Huey even picked some purslane, and Lieutenant John G. Hart of Poughkeepsie, New York, cleaned a catfish which Forsyth finally had managed to catch.

We left them to go to another part of the island where Private Mitchell was herding his six officers into a creek. They had built a skimpy bamboo raft and lashed their equipment to it. They were supposed to wade the creek, plod through the swamp, and come out at a point due east. Mitchell entrusted a waterproof compass to a captain. "Aren't you going

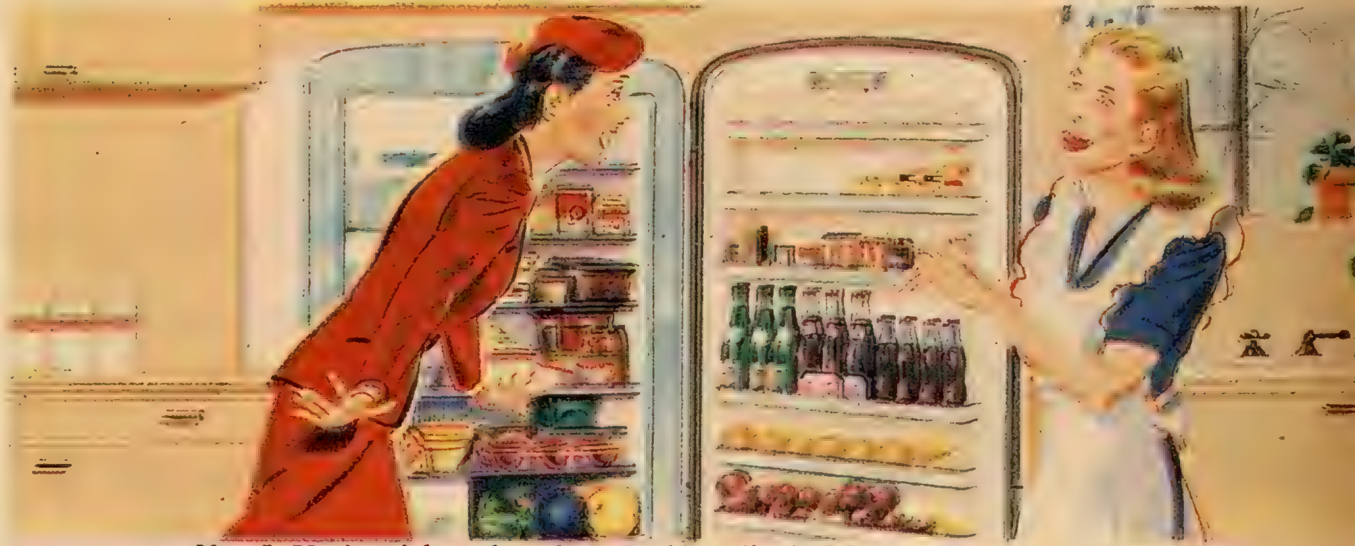
(Continued on page 85)



Boy: Where does all this stuff go, Mrs. Johnson?
Mrs. J: On the table, Jimmy; I'll put it away.
Mrs. B: Where? Do you have two refrigerators?

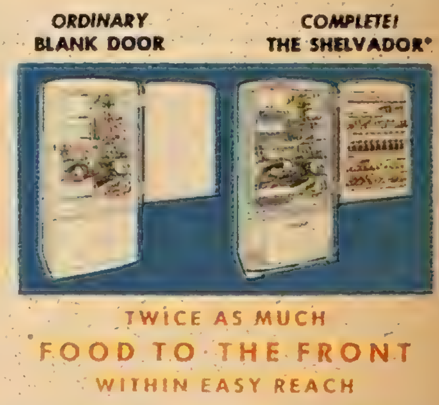


Mrs. J: Not exactly! Look! Opening the Crosley Shelvador* is like opening the doors of two ordinary refrigerators.
Mrs. B: Marvelous! — all that extra shelf space built right in the door; I've never seen anything so convenient!



Mrs. J: You're right — there isn't anything like it. There can't be — it's patented and exclusive with Crosley.
Mrs. B: Shelvador*! Crosley! I'm going to tell Harry about this. I'll make up his mind about our new refrigerator—it will be a Crosley Shelvador*—as soon as we can get one.

YOU CAN PLAN on owning YOUR Crosley Refrigerator with the Shelvador* just as soon as materials are released. You'll be glad you did. Because the Crosley is the only refrigerator of its kind — the only one with the patented, exclusive SHELVADOR* that brings Twice-as-Much Food to the Front, Within Easy Reach.



IT BRINGS you every major improvement and development in home refrigeration PLUS the patented SHELVADOR*. No other refrigerator has this important PLUS—none is really complete without it! The Crosley Corporation, Cincinnati. * *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.*

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"Let daddy carry the umbrella for a while!"

HOW TO CULTIVATE AN OLD LOG

Continued from Page 35

take them everywhere. A pasture mushroom twice the size of a silver dollar will give off a billion spores; a giant puffball, several trillion. These spores form the purplish dust we see when we kick a dried-up puffball. The spores, picked up by a grease board on an airplane, have been found 20,000 feet high, riding the winds to other lands or continents.

Now a word of caution about the dangers of mushroom gathering. Although, as medical reports point out, a large proportion of alleged mushroom poisonings are in reality caused by contaminated foods or other sources, it is well to be on the safe side. If you don't *know* what it is, don't eat it. Any person exercising ordinary intelligence and ordinary carefulness, however, should be able to go out and gather several specimens with no other aid than a good manual. W. B. McDougall's Mushrooms is a simple, factual book which treats only of the common species, has excellent plates and a good key. Thomas's mushroom book in the Putnam Nature Series is also good, though confined to the gill mushrooms. For the person who wants fuller knowledge, these books are recommended: George W. Atkinson, Mushrooms; McIlvane and MacAdam, One Thousand American Fungi; and L. C. C. Krieger's Guide to the Higher Fungi of New York State.

The facts about toadstools are these: Though there are several families of mildly poisonous mushrooms, only one family, the Amanitas, are seriously poisonous. One member of this family, the pretty, veiled, pale-white Destroying Angel, can be fatally poisonous, though a specific antidote for it is now known. These few poisonous species have characteristics by which they can easily be distinguished and avoided. Mushrooms all come well labeled. By their gills, spore prints, veil, shape, bulb, and other visible characteristics they can be surely and easily identified.

This identification is an interesting business just by itself. Take the making of a spore print, for example. The next time you find a gill mushroom—any kind—take it home, break off the stem, lay the cap down on a piece of white paper, put a glass or cup over it, and let it stay there overnight. The spores will drop down, and the gill pattern, often a beautiful thing, will be traced on paper in the color of the spores.

Yes, mushroom growing is fun; and, more important, it really pays off. Try it once and you'll probably be a convert for life, one who soon will be talking about fairy rings, brown Pezizas, deceiving Clitocybes, black urns, dew veils, and melons of the moon. Slightly balmy? Of course not: just a mushroom farmer in your own back yard.

THE END

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—from the findings of a group of distinguished doctors.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

FAIR LAND OF FRANCE

Continued from Page 33

sympathy that the independent Bouchards had become uncomfortable.

And then he had got the position with the French firm that still did a little import-export business with South America, and so was almost his own man again.

Being French and conservative, M. Bouchard did not think of taking a drink to clear his confused head. Instead, he turned into the restaurant of M. Michel.

M. Michel, who was standing by the desk in a short black coat and checked gray trousers, still served coffee and rolls for a quarter, and M. Bouchard sat down at one of the big shiny tables and sighed.

Robert, the young rosy-faced waiter, appeared and flicked off the table.

"Coffee and croissants," said M. Bouchard, still sighing.

Robert, who was in a constant state of perspiration, wiped his face with a napkin and was interested.

"You are *énervé* perhaps, *monsieur.*"

M. BOUCHARD, who really was in a fine state of nerves, was grateful it should be noticed. He told the richly-perspiring Robert all about it.

Robert, though sympathetic, was not surprised. "It is a commonplace," he said. "The parents, they wish to return to France, but the children do not like to leave America, of which they are fond."

"*Mon Dieu!* How can anyone be fond of this atrocious city?"

Robert became judicial. "Now, M. Bouchard, when you are at home, do you live in the center of Paris, or even Lyon?"

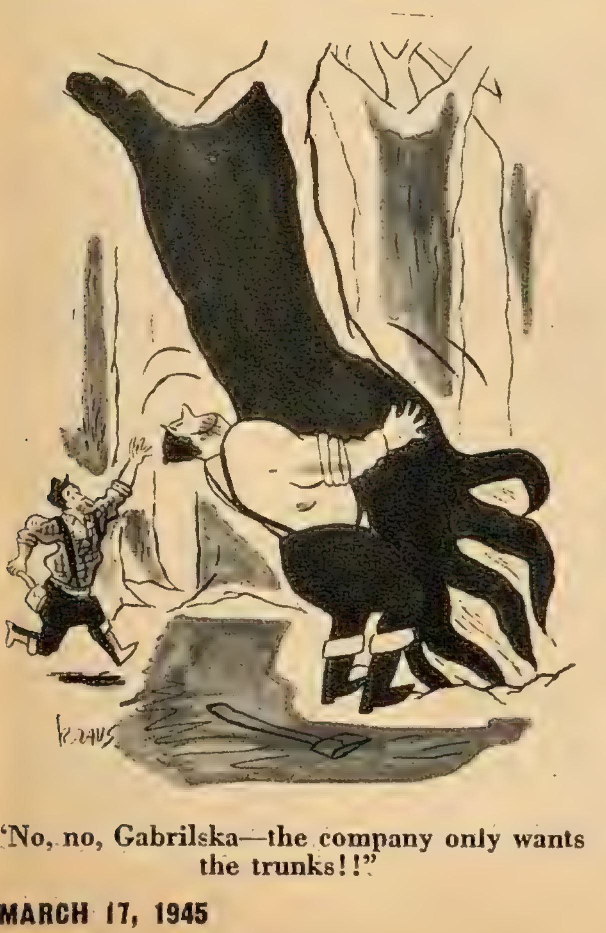
M. Bouchard said, with heat, that he wouldn't dream of doing any such thing.

"Then why, until it is practicable to return to France, do you continue to keep yourself in the middle of the largest city in the world when there are pleasant places outside?"

M. Bouchard took a gulp of coffee. "In America, they are only for millionaires."

Robert disagreed. "M. Achille Chénier, our *maître* of the kitchen, who is a nasty species of camel, is not a millionaire and he lives in Larchdale, where he has a garden. I shall summon that Achille."

M. Chénier, when summoned in his white apron and huge chef's hat, turned out to be a large round ruddy-faced man whose horn-rimmed glasses made him look like a learned professor at the Sorbonne.



"No, no, Gabrilska—the company only wants the trunks!!"

M. Chénier also must have been a person of much determination, for when M. Bouchard left the restaurant, he had engaged himself to go to Larchdale with the chef the next afternoon.

How he could have come to do such a foolish thing he could not imagine, as he started home a few hours later. For he did not wish to see Larchdale or any part of this atrocious country called America.

A truck jolted by; a large can fell off its rear end and clanged into the middle of the street, where a flood of milk flowed from it. The truck went on its way, and a small, dirty, infinitely thin white cat streaked down the street.

M. Bouchard shouted, for the small cat certainly would be killed. The traffic policeman turned about and blew his whistle. All traffic stopped dead and the small cat began to lap up the spilled milk.

The policeman walked over and watched it. "Take your time, kitty," he said.

M. Bouchard stared. The cat continued to lap. All traffic stood still.

"*Mon Dieu,*" M. Bouchard said, and borrowed a phrase from his wife, "but this is a formidable affair!"

He advanced slowly toward the center of the street and stared down at the cat.

He pointed at it. "Would you think, *monsieur*, that one would have a home?"

"Huh?" said the policeman. "Oh, you mean the kitty-cat. Nope. Wouldn't wonder if it slept in an ash can."

"Would anyone object if I adopted it?"

"Hell, no," said the policeman. He lifted the cat and put it in M. Bouchard's arms. "It's all yours, bud."

The cat, M. Bouchard observed, was a cat of some spirit, for it was still attempting to scratch him when he bore it up the stairs to his apartment.

He flung open the door. "Behold!" he cried. "M'sieu' le Chat!"

Then he stopped short. In his chair—his own chair—sat a lean, tanned, handsome young man at least six feet high who was busily rolling a cigarette with one hand while a sack of tobacco depended from his lips by a string. The young man's trousers were stuffed into high-heeled boots; his six-gallon hat reclined upon a near-by table.

At the young man's feet, on a hassock, crouched Amélie, her plump legs incased in a pair of brown cowboy boots.

In the corner stood François with his mouth wide open; beside him sat *maman.*

"Edmond," said *maman* calmly, "this is M. Chuck Saunders, a horseman of the Rodeo who found our little Amélie in tears outside, and so was kind enough to take her in to see *les* cowboys."

"And," Amélie broke in, "he gave me this beautiful pair of boots."

The cowboy—the very first M. Bouchard had seen in the flesh—arose with no embarrassment. "Shucks, that wasn't anything. One of the girls had an old pair she wasn't usin'. What you got there, sir?"

"A cat," M. Bouchard told him. "A cat who held up the entire business of this astonishing city of New York."

HE described the cat's adventures, while that ungrateful animal leaped from his arms and fled beneath the sofa.

The cowboy reached down, scooped up the white bundle of fur and put it on his lap. It ceased spitting and began to purr.

"Fancy!" said *maman*, much excited by the saga of the cat and the milk. "That could not happen in France. I think we will call it Angélique."

Another thing that could not happen in France, M. Bouchard reflected, was the actual presence of an actual cowboy in his

(*Continued on page 81*)

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

To the wildly spirited Thunderhead, a corral fence is only a challenge.

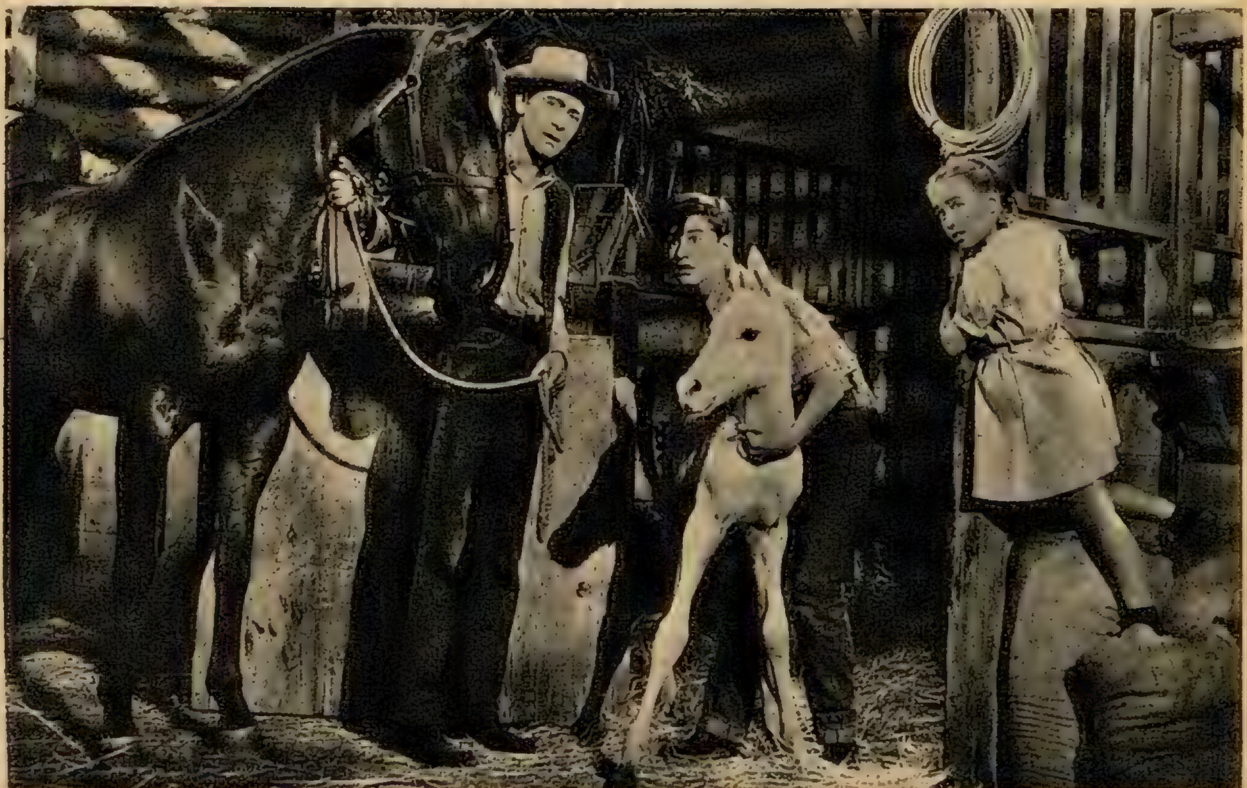
THUNDERHEAD—SON OF FLICKA

(Twentieth Century-Fox) Roddy MacDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson, James Bell

MARY O'HARA'S best-selling sequel to My Friend Flicka makes another charming and colorful fresh-air picture which makes you want to go right out and live on a horse ranch. Roddy MacDowall, Preston Foster, and Rita Johnson continue the idyllic saga of the McLaughlin family, which in this instance serves as vehicle for some breath-taking Western scenery, a good horse race, and some superb equine photography.

The story of Flicka's milk-white foal is a natural for the Technicolor camera. Whether he's struggling wobbly-kneed in surging gray-brown floods, shyly investigating a disgruntled porcupine on the reaches of green pasture, or galloping gloriously across the mountain-ringed range, his prima-donna coloring marks him as no ordinary colt. Under the canny direction of trainer Jack Lindell, the very spirit of a rebellious, unconquerable, and noble animal is sensitively portrayed. The same fine treatment is accorded the snorting outlaw Albino, whose cold blue eye glares out from under his pale forelock with blood-chilling effect. Most dramatic of all are the scenes in which the wild Albino raids the herd, cutting off the mares of his choice, the murderous fights with the lead stallion, and the final spectacular death battle with the grown-up Thunderhead himself. For pure pictorial drama, this climax is extraordinary. Rarely has a man-directed scene so well captured the magnificence of unleashed animal force and the wild splendor of nature in combat.

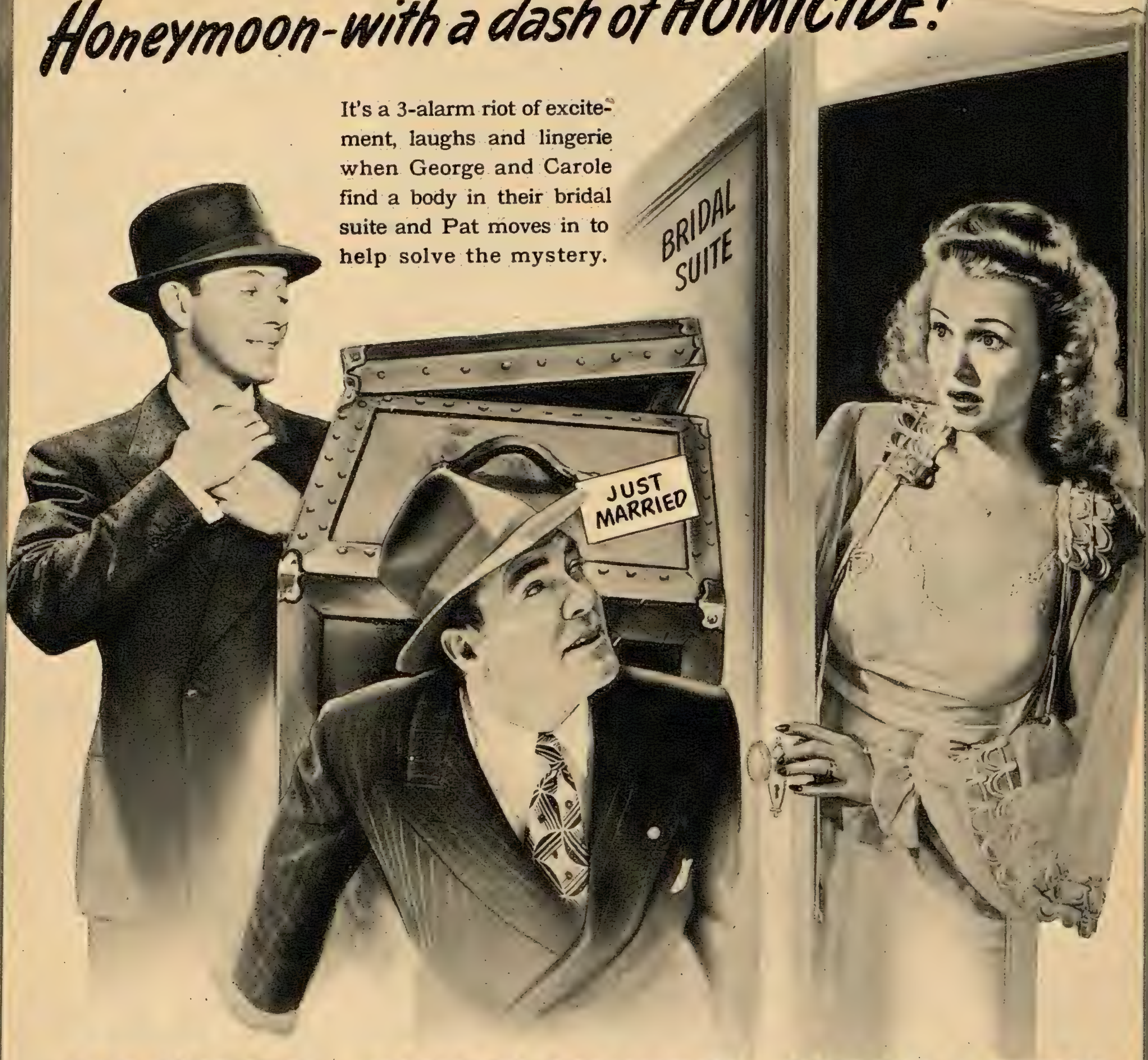
The human story here, though well directed, lacks the clarity and directness of the animal sequences. Hence, in spite of the appealing cast and outstanding bits by Roddy MacDowall, James Bell, and little Diana Hale, the scenery and the horses steal the show. *(Other review on page 80)*



Flicka's snow-white colt is a big surprise for Roddy MacDowall and his friends.

Honeymoon—with a dash of HOMICIDE!

It's a 3-alarm riot of excitement, laughs and lingerie when George and Carole find a body in their bridal suite and Pat moves in to help solve the mystery.



PAT O'BRIEN · GEORGE MURPHY · CAROLE LANDIS

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BREWSTER'S MILLIONS

(United Artists)
Dennis O'Keefe, Helen Walker, "Rochester"

THE original idea of this frantic little comedy has worn surprisingly well. George Barr McCutcheon's novel about a man having a terrible time trying to spend a million dollars has formed the basis of a stage play and two previous movies. Now that Edward Small has geared it to modern times and director Allan Dwan has stepped on the accelerator, it whizzes by with an engaging whoosh.

There's an irresistible irony in the spectacle of one man on a desperate spending spree in the midst of a money-grubbing world. Fast-talking Dennis O'Keefe faces up to Brewster's fantastic dilemma with a spurt of manic activity which includes everything from suffocating dubious Helen Walker in orchids to glorifying a Broadway flop. Forced by the terms of an eccentric will to spend a million in record time in order to inherit seven more, he backs horses that can't win, loads up on chinchilla, bad investments, and worthless stocks—and makes more money all the time. His horror as the profits pile up is matched only by his ingenuity in splurging 'em away again. "Rochester," June Havoc, Mischa Auer, and Gail Patrick circulate confusedly in his wake, and a smart, breathless script keeps even the nonsense zooming right along.

SPECIAL MENTION

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN (20th Cen.-Fox).
Peggy Garner, Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn.
HANGOVER SQUARE (20th Century-Fox).
Laird Cregar, Linda Darnell.
OBJECTIVE BURMA (Warner Bros.).
Errol Flynn, Henry Hull.
THE FIGHTING LADY (20th Century-Fox).
U. S. Navy personnel.
THE THREE CABALLEROS (Walt Disney-RKO).
Donald Duck, Joe Carioca, Panchito.
TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (Columbia).
Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair.

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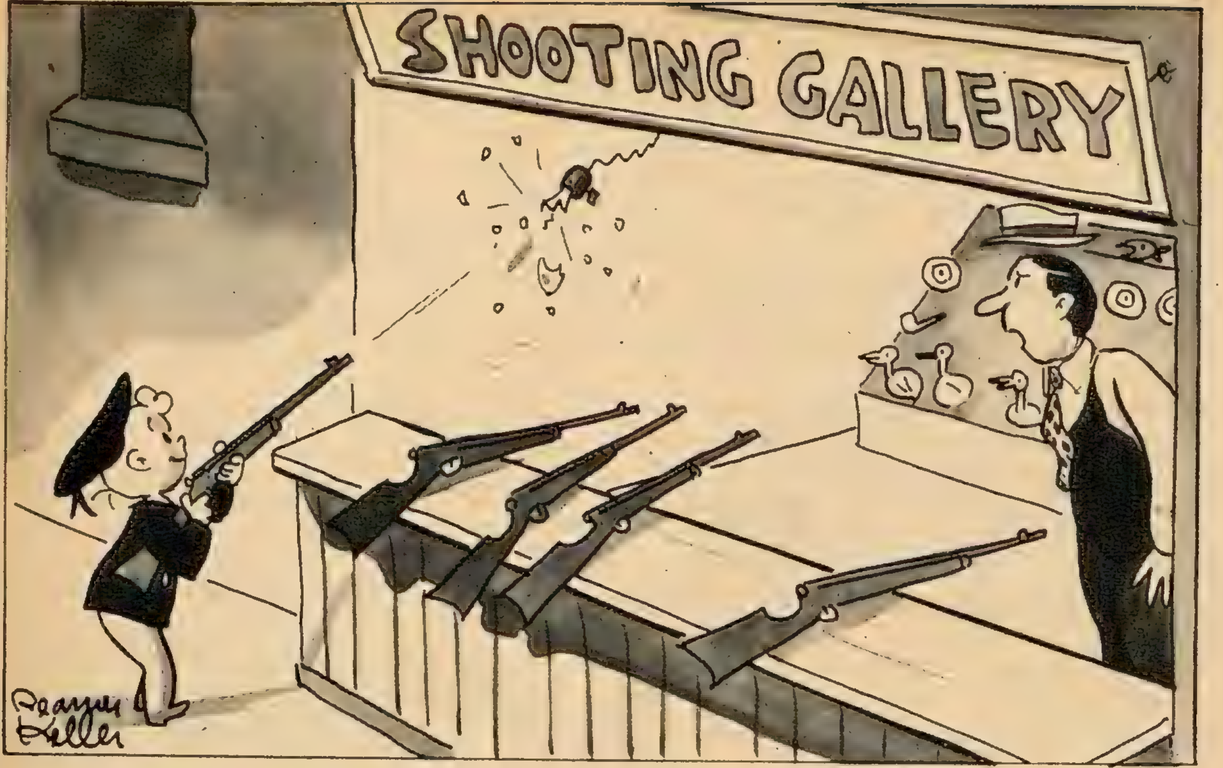

(*Continued from page 77*)

parlor—a cowboy who had taken his daughter to the Wild West show, given her a most beautiful pair of boots, and was now—in spite of the fact that everyone knew *les* cowboys were fierce fellows—stroking the ears of a soiled white cat.

Amélie looked up at her benefactor with eyes of adoration. "When you came in, papa, Chuck was telling us all about America."

"Not tellin' much about it," Chuck said in a slow soft drawl, "just the little corner where I come from. Nice country, New Mexico. Sort of wide and windy. Now, down by Magdalena—"

It was odd, but M. Bouchard could feel the wideness and the windiness come into this crowded little room. There was sagebrush in the cowboy's slow talk, there were purple mesas and lonely buttes and the sun going down beyond the mountains —and though M. Bouchard had never seen these things, he almost could, now, through the slow, soft, slurred words.

"Sorry your kids can't see it," Chuck was saying, "and I'd sure like to get Amélie up on a hawss. The old man's only got a small ranch down by Magdalena—we don't run more'n a hundred head of cattle or so—but if you ever get out that way, we'd be proud to have you visit."

Amélie shook her head sadly. "But we re going back to France. Papa says so."

France seemed suddenly very faint and ar away to M. Bouchard.

"Seems a pity not to see more of the ountry now you're here," Chuck was sayng. "But I reckon when most Americans o to France, all they see of it is Paris."

M. Bouchard sat bolt upright. "They are fools, for Paris is not France."

Maman stroked his shoulder as if to say that papa always came to the correct conclusion, even if he was rather slow about it. "Now, Edmond, give Chuck a glass of ubonnet while I prepare an omelet."

Chuck came to his feet. "Now, ma'am, I on't want you should go to any trouble—"

Maman put her hand on his shoulder. "Sit down, young man. All my life I have heard about *les* cowboys and now I have one in my salon, I am not going to let him go."

UPON the following afternoon, M. Bouchard, who felt that things were happening far too fast for his peace of mind, found himself and his family sitting with M. Achille Chénier in a suburban train.

M. Chénier, now clad in a vast gray hat and a vast gray topcoat, looked more like a banker than a chef. M. Chénier, having listened to François describe the arrival of the cowboy and the rescue of the cat, delivered himself of a booming sentiment. "Anything can happen in America."

M. Bouchard was ready to agree, but the sight of washing hanging from windows along the railroad track depressed him. He was beginning to believe—despite the assurances of Chuck—that all America consisted of windows filled with the week's wash.

Neither did the sad brown railroad station at Larchdale cheer him much, nor the glimpses of that suburb from a taxicab, which M. Chénier, with a great lack of native thrift, had chartered.

The taxicab came to a stop, and M. Chénier shepherded them all out. "Some say," he observed, "that this is the most beautiful section of Larchdale, but it has not quite enough *chic* for my taste."

M. Bouchard, greatly bewildered, beheld a green park, a bright sky, and blue water.

"Papa," shouted François, "it is the sea!"

M. Bouchard's eyes slowly began to focus. Before him, small silvery waves danced in the wind; before him, a small ferryboat set forth on a voyage; before him, all the trees of spring were slowly turning green and a plump red-breasted bird actually sang.

"It is not the sea," remarked M. Chénier. "Only Long Island Sound—a most inferior body of water."

It might be inferior, but it was certainly salt, for M. Bouchard could smell it.

"One finds here," M. Chénier observed instructively, "a slight monument."

There was a great glittering boulder and a bronze tablet was set in it. M. Bouchard bent over and began to read:

"ON THIS SPOT THE FIRST FRENCH HUGUENOTS LANDED ON THE SHORES OF AMERICA—"

There was a little more, but M. Bouchard skipped down to the short list of names.

"Jean Guion, Henri Fontaine, *Madeleine Bouchard*—"

"But it is unbelievable, that!" said M. Bouchard.

He was suddenly a small boy again in a dark house deep down in Brittany and his great-aunt was interminably going over the history of the family Bouchard.

"And though she was very young, this Madeleine Bouchard was a girl of spirit, for she left La Rochelle with all her be-

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longings tied up in a large handkerchief—"

And Madeleine Bouchard must have been quite bewildered and afraid when she first set foot on this strange and savage land—

"One feels at home here," *maman* said.

M. Bouchard blew his nose.

"See," François cried, "they erect a monument to the ancestress of papa! Even in America, papa is an important man."

M. Bouchard almost began to believe he was. "These Americans," he said, "have great graciousness."

Amélie could have told papa that some time ago, but she was now staring, fascinated, at a boy and a girl in a red sailing canoe that was coming up a sort of canal behind a single line of houses.

"Regard, *maman!*" she shouted.

But *maman* had been looking about on her own account. "Regard the château!"

It was a large, gray, turreted structure out on the point, so true to type it might have been brought bodily from the broad valley of the Loire.

"A mere imitation," said M. Chénier.

The sun beat down so strong it seemed to warm the very soul, and everything was so bright and clean and sparkling it might have been newly washed.

Upon the blue waters of the Sound, M. Bouchard beheld a rowboat. "Ah!" he breathed. "Here one might fish."

"Probably one would not catch anything," said M. Chénier with great gloom.

Maman was observing a pleasant-faced woman in blue slacks who was doing something with a hoe in her back yard. "Here, Edmond, one might have a garden."

Maman looked all along the line of modest houses. *"Regardez!"* she cried.

The small low house was built of gray stone. It hugged the ground so closely it might have grown there. And it was neither French nor English nor American: it was just itself, with a few bright flowers beginning to show in front and the land behind it sloping to the blue canal.

François, whose mind was agile, was already investigating it. "It has a sign. The sign says, 'To Let. Furnished.' "

"It is a miserable place," said M. Chénier.

MAMAN was already at its steps, exclaiming over the small diamond-paned windows, standing on tiptoe to peer into its interior, her eyes alight.

M. Chénier condescended to put on his glasses and look at the sign. "It is not a house anyone would care for." He paused and observed *maman's* excitement. "You would not want it."

It was entirely fatal to tell M. Bouchard he would not want anything, for then he inevitably did. "The name of the agent is upon the sign," he said loudly.

M. Chénier showed intense surprise. "'A. M. Reginald De B. Brown.' A great rascal, no doubt, but I will telephone him."

Whereupon M. Chénier, moving like a gloomy elephant, disappeared from sight.

The Bouchards, all in an extreme state of excitement, sat down on the steps of the stone house. M. Chénier reappeared.

An old car rattled around the corner and a small jolly-faced man jumped out.

"It is M. Brown," said M. Chénier, suddenly coming alive again. "He will show you the house and then assist you to the train. Me, I must be off."

He went down the road at a gallop, and Mr. Brown, grinning broadly, unlocked the front door and flung it open.

Even if the house had not been enchanting, Mr. Brown would have made it so. He was such a jolly little man with such a way of flinging open closet doors, of exclaiming over the turn of a stairway, of expounding the virtues of a stove.

But it was enchanting from the dark paneled drawing room to the bright bedrooms with their casement windows. To *maman* it seemed a house straight out of a fairy tale, while M. Bouchard was so bewildered by its being on the sea, by its having a canal in its back yard, by its sitting here only half an hour from New York, that he hardly knew where he was.

"They have told me," he said weakly, "that there are no houses to be had at all, and yet, indubitably, this one is. And a house of such *chic* and comfort—"

Mr. Brown, who now had one arm around Amélie and the other about François, seemed to twinkle all over. "The owner," Mr. Brown said, "is very particular about who occupies it."

He tickled Amélie's ear and she giggled. It would be delightful to live here, she thought, even if it was not the Wild West. She would spend most of her time in a bright red canoe.

François was also considering. It seemed to him that if one American school boasted a band, another undoubtedly would. If so, he could play the clarinet, and also, at odd hours, swim in the Sound. He did hope papa would show a little sense.

As for M. Bouchard, he had already made up his mind, and now wished *maman* to confirm that fact for him. "Lisette—" he began.

Maman, from long experience, knew what was expected of her. "You are quite right, Edmond. We cannot immediately return to France, as you have so well said." (M. Bouchard had said nothing of the sort.) "Therefore, let us, if the price is not too exorbitant, allow ourselves the pleasure of living here for a little time."

M. Bouchard nodded in agreement.

"And then—we will see. In these days it is not wise to be hasty. Perhaps, as you suggested" (M. Bouchard hadn't), "we will later take a short trip back to France. Maybe Combières will have changed, maybe we will have changed, ourselves."

Maman stared out the windows with thei small diamond panes. "America, I think, is a country that does not thrust itsel upon one all at once—unless, perhaps, on has the heart of a child. America has bee very kind to us, Edmond. It might be w should give it the opportunity to show its real self to us—"

Maman turned suddenly toward Mr. Brown "—provided, of course, the price of the house is not too much!"

HALF an hour later M. Bouchard cam out of Mr. Brown's real-estate offic with a copy of the lease crackling in hi inside pocket. *Maman* and the children, who had waited for him outside, perceived a look of utter stupefaction upon his face.

"Lisette, who do you think is the owner of the house?" The ends of papa's mustache stood up stiff with indignation. "That *type!* That camel! That atrocious hypocrite! Chénier, the chef!"

Maman placidly pulled on her gloves. "But that was obvious from the beginning."

THE END

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VHAT'S BEHIND THE QUARRELS OF THE ALLIES?

Continued from Page 23

he Panama Canal, our life line between he two oceans. That was not a wild I. G. Wellsian concept. It was a logical, ractical plan to immobilize or destroy ur striking power in concert with Japan.

Now that the immediate danger is past, ome Americans prefer to believe that it ever existed. It is astonishing to find solationists, such as Senator Wheeler of Iontana, who were proved wrong by Pearl Iarbor and everything that followed it, nce again coming forward with their reachments. The British naturally fear hat this may mean reversion to the strichlike isolationism of the prewar era.

Sometimes the differences seem to out-eigh the possibility of a common ob-ective once we have achieved victory to-ether. The Russians, with complete gov-rnment control of all the means of ex-ression, cannot understand it when an merican journalist goes to Moscow and n the basis of a six-week visit writes his nfavorable impressions. The suspicion is hat somehow the American government hust have had something to do with this.

An impatient editor in Britain or a areless politician in the United States an undo the work of months. A curious hing happens in the course of these con-roversies across the Atlantic. In America ve get the impression that all Britishers re fixed on a single point of view and hinking the same way on major questions. nd obviously in England they get the ame feeling about us.

Actually in both countries there are groups that think along much the same lines. Liberals and laborites in Britain have the same sympathies as liberals and laborites here. Conservatives have the same distrust of too much government in both countries. You would probably find the same degree of muddle and confusion about the objectives of the peace and how to attain them in both the British Isles and the United States.

Too often our thinking about our allies runs in terms of a united people bent on imposing their will on the rest of the world. It simply doesn't work that way. That oversimplification has its origin in the fears of an unstable world.

SOMEHOW we must come to understand peoples, their hopes and desires, and look beyond their governments. I know this has a somewhat futile sound. Yet I, for one, believe that understanding will finally prevail. When this war ends, we shall have perhaps ten years of peace-by-exhaustion. No great power will have the resources or the will to wage another war for a decade or more.

It is in that interval that we must work toward real understanding. If we allow ourselves to drift, then the end can only be still another conflict. And that conflict, as has been said so often, will be waged with weapons that will make the armaments of this war look like children's toys. Stalingrad next time might not be on the Volga but on the Mississippi.

THE END

HANDSOME IS

By Berton Braley

tt of quips from the fighter ships, and target of snorts and chucklings
re the hard-shelled guys on the PBYs—the crews of the Ugly Ducklings—
Vho ride patrol where the wide seas roll, who scout over tropic islets,
nd who do not fret at the laughs they get from the hot and the fancy pilots;
or though PBYs are slow to rise and not so fast at flying,
ou always know wherever they go they're certainly in there trying.
lumsy and stout, they cruise about, heavy and big and bumbling—
t out of the skies the PBYs send many a fighter tumbling.

ot built to dive, yet they will contrive, if there is the need, to do it.
t made to rear to the stratosphere, but sometimes they climb up to it.
u can't devise any strange surprise but the PBYs are ready,
any stunts that they won't try once—though their motto is "Slow and steady."
t their regular sweep is across the deep to see if they may discover
Vhere the enemy subs and carriers hide, or the enemy squadrons hover,
hen radio back and hit the track for home—and they hope they make it;
hough often they stay to dish it out, and also, of course, they take it.

the PBYs have another guise, and though they may lack in beauty,
men on a raft they are angel craft when doing their rescue duty.
nd they'll do that chore off a hostile shore where enemy guns beset them,
Vhere the wrecked survivors "can't be got"—but nevertheless they get them.
h, the Wildcat's swell, and the Hellcat's hell, and the Superforts are super,
t snap a salute to that husky brute, that sturdy and seasoned trooper
hat plods ahead with a motor dead and a load that starts wings to buckling—
ome, glasses high to the PBY, the beautiful Ugly Duckling!

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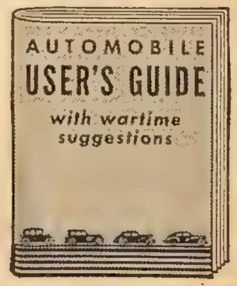
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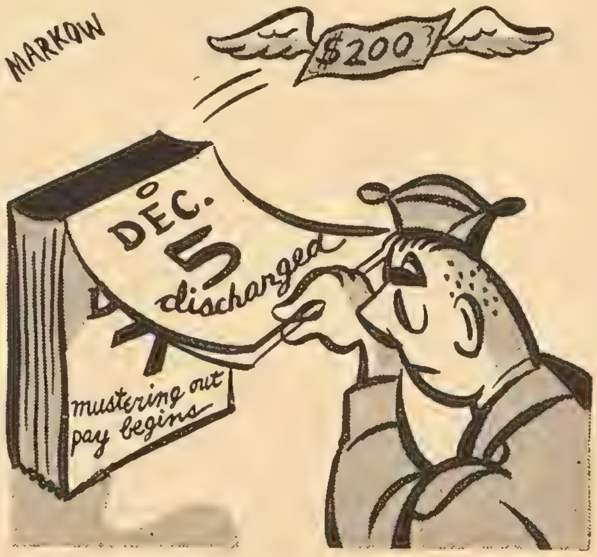
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

I HAVE a son in a German prison camp and all he can do is wait, wonder, and ask questions. He asks dad plenty, and I would like some help. (1) What becomes of his personal articles left in camp? (2) Does he get the same rate of pay as he did when captured, and when will he collect it?

J. J. S., Mobile, Ala.

(1) Personal property of a soldier taken captive by the enemy is shipped back to this country and held for his return at the Army Personal Effects Bureau, Kansas City, Missouri. (2) Pay and allowances remain the same, except flying pay. He will collect this accumulated pay on release as an exchange prisoner or at the end of the war.



Just missed

* * *

Here's a question concerning the G. I. Bill of Rights: Is it possible to take a series of courses which are all connected with the same vocation?

Sgt. L. P., Medford, Oreg.

You can take as many courses as you need to get the knowledge required for your chosen vocation, so long as you can get them within your allowance under the G. I. Bill.

* * *

Before coming overseas last May, I spent two years in the Glider Infantry. Since I left that branch, a pay increase has been allowed them. Is it possible for me to collect back pay included in that raise?

Pvt. T. F. H., APO, New York, N. Y.

No. The bill providing 50 per cent increase for members of glider troops went into effect July 1, 1944, and was not retroactive.

* * *

Can a soldier's wife apply for the additional allowance for a child born while the father is overseas?

Mrs. G. J., Chicago, Ill.

Yes. Expectant mothers should write to the Office of Dependency Benefits for form WD AGO 641. After the child is born, return the completed form with the birth certificate, and payments will be received dating back to the child's birth.

My uncle was awarded the Good Conduct Medal before he was discharged from the Army. Where could he send for it?

J. J. T., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Manufacture of the Good Conduct Meda ceased some time ago. Persons awarded this decoration now receive the service ribbon only. Your uncle's medal will be sent to him when manufacture is resumed after the war

* * *

If a fellow joined the service before September, 1940, is he entitled to free schooling under the G. I. Bill of Rights?

S/Sgt. B. C., Quantico, Va.

Yes, if he was in active military or naval service between September 16, 1940, and the end of the war, and served ninety days or more, or was discharged or released because of a service-incurred injury or disability. Discharge must be under conditions other than dishonorable.

* * *

My husband was inducted into the Army in Seattle, Washington. When it comes time to discharge him, will he be returned to that induction station or can he be sent to another? I recently moved away from there.

Mrs. A. T., Duluth, Minn.

He will be discharged from the Army separation center nearest the place of his induction and will receive travel pay at the rate of five cents a mile from the separation center to the induction station.

* * *

I was drafted into the Army March 24, 1941, and honorably discharged December 5, 1941. Some people say I was entitled to mustering-out pay; others say not.

J. A. G., Baton Rouge, La.

You missed $200 by three days. To collect mustering-out pay, you must have been discharged after December 7, 1941.

* * *

Can I get the Army to pay the premiums on my commercial insurance policy for me while I am overseas?

Sgt. B. B. G., APO, San Francisco, Calif.

Make out an application for a class E allotment, and the amount of the premiums will be deducted from your monthly pay and paid to the insurance company.

* * *

Something has been on my mind ever since I took out a Soldier's Deposit: Who gets the deposit if the soldier dies?

Sgt. P. V., APO, San Francisco, Calif.

A Soldier's Deposit is part of his estate and, if he dies, goes to whomever he has named as his beneficiary in his will.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

(Continued from page 75)

rough the swamp with us?" the captain emanded. "No, sir," the impassive Mitchell olitely replied. "I'll meet you when you ome out." The group splashed and slipped cross the creek and into the swamp, ursing the muck.

Mitchell, the P. R. O. and I followed hem a short way. The swamp was an erie place. It was low tide and the fiddler abs skittered around our feet and rough the twisted mangrove roots. We nk more than ankle-deep in the evil-nelling muck. "No quicksand here," itchell volunteered, "but you really can og down in this here muck. Had a lieuenant, a Yankee feller, here once, an' he ogged down to his waist. 'Stead o' keepin' is head and throwin' himself backward 's he could snake himself out, he got cared an' began threshin' around. I had to o and fetch him out. Had muck up to his eck an' he sure did stink."

WE cut back to the road and walked to the spot on the beach where the men ere supposed to come out. Mitchell figured should take them thirty minutes to wade rough. No sooner had we hit the beach oad than we heard a shout behind us, nd saw the party coming out of the brush least a quarter of a mile behind us, nd nearly half a mile from where they ere supposed to emerge. "Dadgum it!" itchell said resignedly. "Them fellows ound the old surveyor's trail and followed instead o' the compass. Heap easier that ay, but that way ain't east."

The swamp party waded into the ocean o wash off their clothes, and we trudged ack to see how the others were making ut for lunch. We found Lieutenant Howrd and Sergeant Weaver preparing two elicacies to demonstrate. One was a fish, utted, wrapped in pepsinlike papaya leaf which tenderizes the fish, then covered with swamp muck and baked in an open fire. I broke off a piece, seasoned it with the juice of a lime I'd picked, and it was the finest-tasting fish I'd ever eaten.

FROM:
PVT. J. HUGHES
CO. B. 16 BN.
FORT HENRY, KY.
Irwin Caplan

The other item was a turtle which Sergeant Weaver had cooked without any preparation, merely dropping it into an open fire. I nibbled cautiously at a sliver of the meat. It had a fine gamy flavor.

"You can eat it all—meat, liver, the intestines, after you split and clean them, and even the coagulated blood," Howard told the students. "The blood's really fine. We had a demonstration for some women fliers one day and set out a dish of this stuff, plainly labeled turtle blood. One sampled it and said it tasted like chocolate pudding. Another said it was like tomato juice. Anyhow, the whole dish was licked clean before those women got through."

I took inventory of what the men had eaten. Forsyth and a couple of others had fried some fish. Major MacCardle had found a few oysters. One officer had struggled with a palm cabbage. No one had been able to shoot anything. Oranges, grapefruit, and coconuts were widely consumed, and Lieutenant Huey had manfully boiled his purslane in an old tin can. None had tried beetle grubs, barnacle broth, or mashed fiddler crabs, but then they'd only been out a day and weren't very hungry.

LIEUTENANT HOWARD spent some more time with them, answering questions and giving them some last-minute pointers, such as how to catch an alligator by tying a toggle (a stick with sharp points on both ends) to a cord and baiting it with a quail or some other bird. The alligator would swallow the bait. Then, because the toggle would raise hell with his insides, he'd lie still until you came to dispatch him, Howard explained.

As the men trudged back toward their supper of candy drops and water, and Lieutenant Howard began tidying up the camp for the next group of foragers, the public-relations officer and I said good-by and headed toward town to find ourselves a bottle of beer and a steak. Any incongruousness suggested by the proximity of A. A. F. TAC's Jungle Survival Course to civilization and good restaurants was dispelled for us by the knowledge that throughout all the tropical combat areas, men who once had gone through the paces on Hypoluxo were teaching the real thing, and that the lessons were saving the lives of fighting men.

THE END

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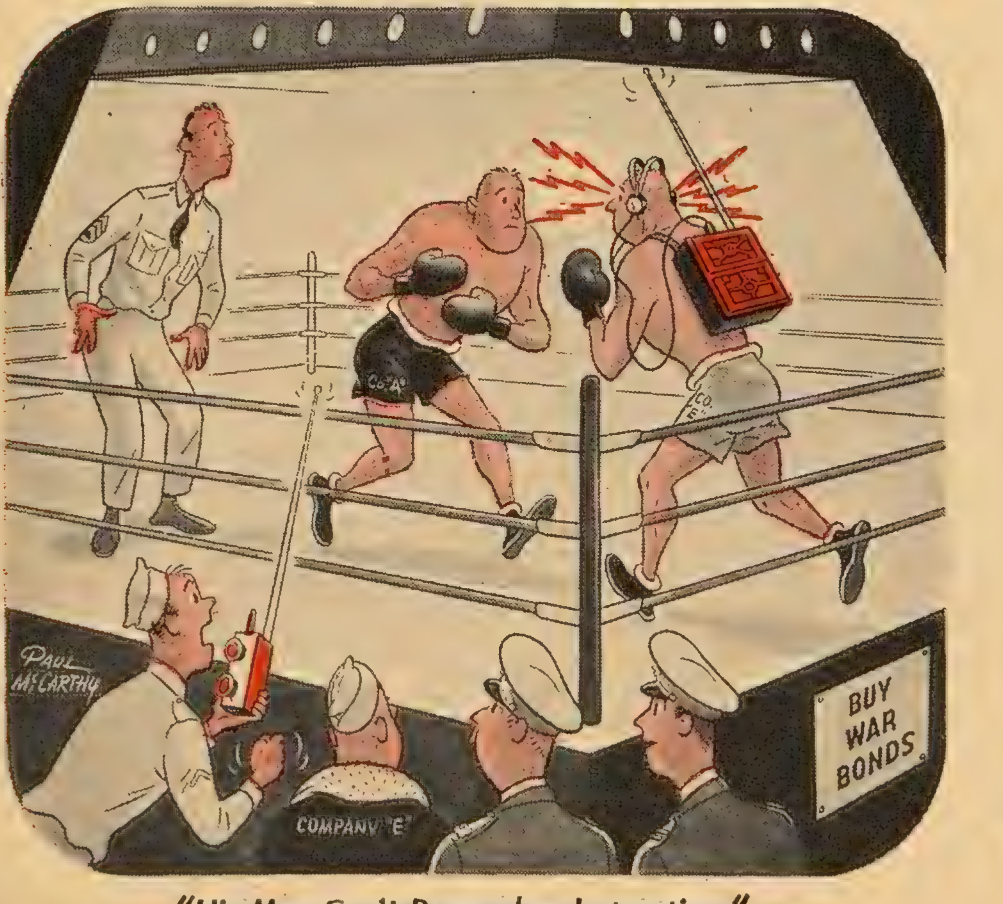

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

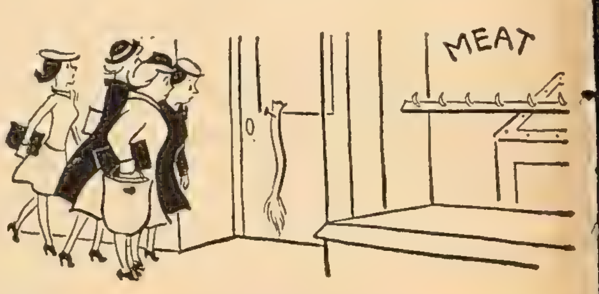
DOUGHNUTS AND MORE DONUTS: No matter if you incline to the old-fashioned spelling, *i. e.,* "doughnut," or prefer the streamlined phonetic "donut," you probably enjoy wolfing the well-known energy builder, whether you are a soldier about to duck back into his foxhole, or a Red Cross blood donor who has just given another pint, or a virile schoolboy erupting into the kitchen while the fat is still sizzling. In any case, a doff of the hat is indicated to one of America's first career girls, Mrs. Anna Joralemon, who opened the first doughnut shop in 1673 in New York City, on Broadway, near Maiden Lane. History has it that the doughnut got its start in the preceding century, when all good housewives kept rendered fat in a pot on the back of the stove. One day while a Dutch housewife was baking raised bread, called *ollie bollen,* or oil balls, she was momentarily vexed when she dropped one into the simmering fat. It promptly sizzled into a chubby golden cake, which she first nibbled, then devoured with gusto. Thus was born the ancestor of the nutritious goody which now follows our soldiers to battle fronts the world over. More than 400 doughnut machines are located at front-line areas. Some of these machines are set up at permanent bases, but most of them are installed in Red Cross clubmobiles which sneak smack up to the front lines to dispense coffee and good cheer along with the doughnuts. Shipments of doughnut flour from this country to the Red Cross clubmobiles indicate an average monthly production of 72,000,000. This figure, of course, does *not* include the millions of doughnuts served to soldiers and sailors by Army and Navy cooks.

HARE APPARENT

It does no harm to hope and think
Some day I, too, may snare a mink.
Meanwhile I'll happily inhabit
My lapin, better known as rabbit.

LEMONS AND PEACHES: Any day's crop of newspaper and magazine advertisements drops plenty of lemons and peaches into the consumer's lap. A high-class lemon was the recent advertisement by a large New York store which strove to break and mend my flinty old heart with this little gem: "You missed your chance to get a $300 bird-and-blossom Kakemono for $98.50. BUT YOU CAN STILL GET A $100 ANCESTOR PORTRAIT FOR $39.95." If my rugged covered-wagon forebears should look down from the blue and catch me even reading about $100 ancestors reduced to $39.95 they would want my head examined by board of such substantial characters as m great-great-grandmother who managed t complete the trip from Virginia to Illinoi with her nine children, after the death o her husband en route. Another irritatin appeal to that mythical snob conjured u by the advertisers was this brief paragraph accompanying a page of luxur clothes offered by another New Yor store: "Life is lived in restaurants thes days, and that calls for a very specia type of costume, informal but festive. D see our restaurant dresses and suits—sophisticated, definitely, and beautifull cut and adorned." Though life *is* lived i restaurants by many thousands who ca afford the price they pay for pointles steaks and chops, and sugar in their coffee the fact remains that most of us live a home and like it. . . . But there are peaches, too, among the advertisements such as this simple statement concerning linings of synthetic yarn which accompanies a picture of a lady in a restaurant coat thrown over the back of her chair: "When you are out dining—all that shows of your new coat is the lining. Its beauty is a lasting match for wool or mink. Its soft sheen reflects your taste for perfection."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: A disillusioned Connecticut butcher hung a dejected bovine tail on his door, with a sign reading, "That's all that's left of the cow." . . .



A Philadelphia storekeeper closed his doors and left this statement on a placard: "Out of meat. Out of poultry. Out of butter. Out of sugar. Out of patience. Out of town."

HONEST WOMEN: A massive woman gave a bus driver in Oregon two tickets, remarking, "I weigh 481 pounds, and I take up two seats." Sure enough, she did. . . . Miss Catherine Nash appeared in Kings County Court, New York City, and was asked by Judge Samuel Leibowitz if she loved Edward Kauhaus who had purportedly married her. She replied magnanimously, "He belongs with his wife and two children." When his wife, Mrs. Valerie Lance Kauhaus, was asked the same question, she answered candidly, "I don't want him."

UNADULTERATED: The shortage of Scotch moved artist Jack Skolnik to reminisce about the Scotsman who said he always shut his eyes when drinking whisky because the sight of it made his mouth water, thereby diluting the liquor.

SUITS 29.95 AT GOON'S STORES
Elsie WAVE SHAMPOO $1.29

"I absolutely cannot take on any more accounts."

MILLIONS COMING IN TAX REFUNDS

Continued from Page 13

Another friend of mine is going to get back between $200 and $300 because he dropped 2,000 smackers in a stock deal.

Most folks have only a hazy notion of what deductions they're allowed. The telephones in sixty-four collectors' offices from coast to coast are buzzing right now with questions posed by puzzled taxpayers.

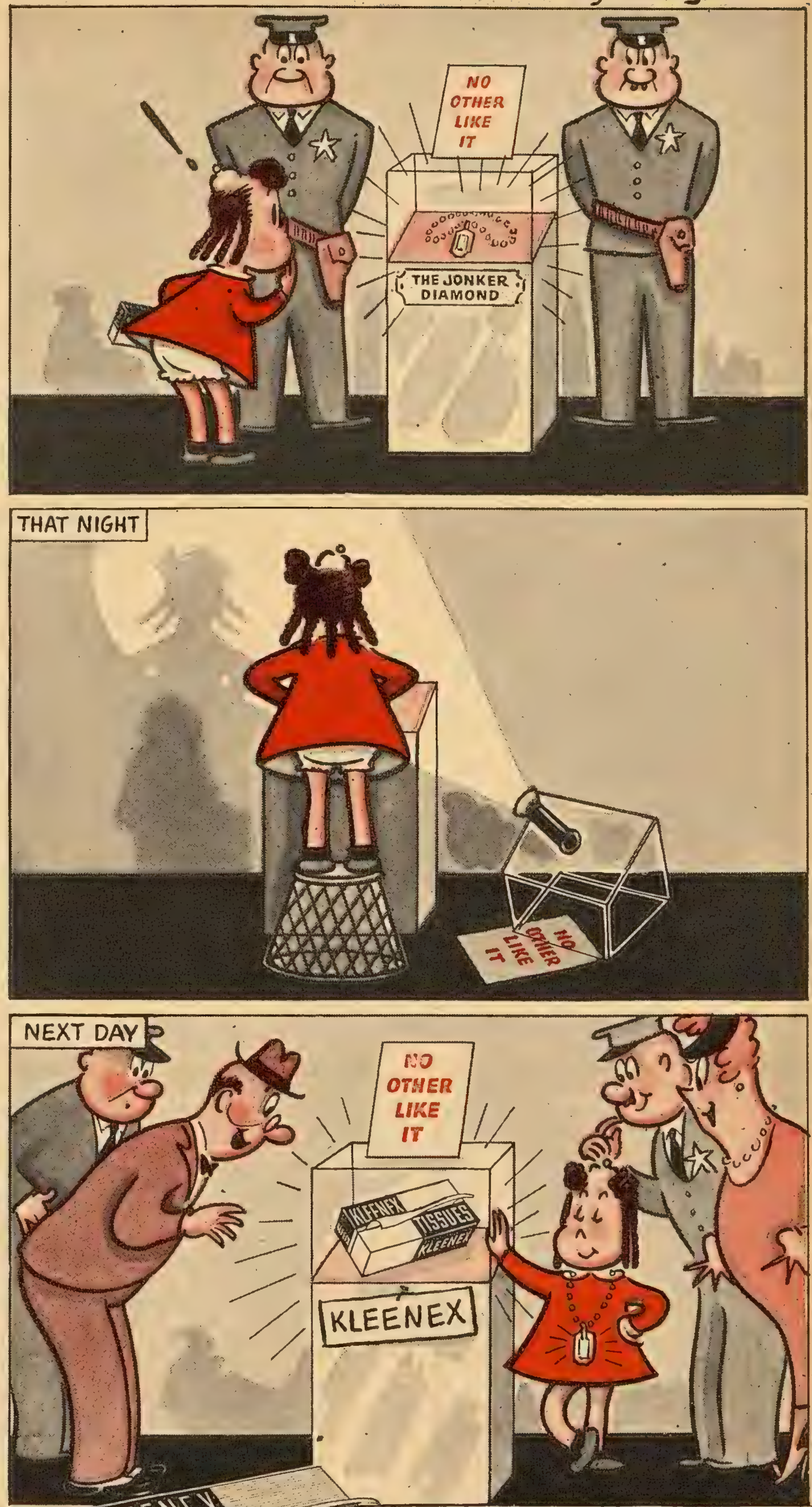
"Can I take off my rubber boots?" a fireman demands. (Yes, he is permitted to deduct their cost, since they're of use only in occupation.) "Can I claim a credit for my hearing device?" a partly-deaf officer worker wants to know, adding plaintively, "I can't hold a job without it." (Unfortunately, he may not.) "Is the strike assessment levied by my union deductible?" a taxi driver inquires. (Yes, the law allows it.)

YOU yourself probably have deductions you have overlooked. Did burglars ransack your home? Did the furnace blow up or your pipes burst last winter? You're entitled to deduct any amount not covered by insurance. Did your wife bake cakes, knit socks, or donate bric-à-brac for the church bazaar? You can claim their value as a contribution to charity, even though it wasn't made in cash. In figuring your medical expenses, don't forget the cost of Junior's dental braces, your wife's osteopathic treatments, the drugstore bill, and the amount you paid for hospital insurance.

No matter what part of the country you live in, your return will be checked and your refund, if any, scheduled by the Processing Division of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. This year-old outfit inhabits six floors of a yellow brick loft building in The Bronx, New York. When I dropped in the other day, 2,700 clerks, mostly girls, were cleaning up the tail end of the 1943 returns, and getting ready for the avalanche of paper work that will descend on them right after March 15.

Besides excess withholdings, the Processing Division unearths errors in elementary addition and subtraction which have resulted in thousands of overpayments. Each year the government refunds from twelve to eighty-eight million dollars to individuals who handed the Treasury that much more than they really

LITTLE LULU by Marge



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KLEENEX
KLEENEX TISSUES

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A special process keeps Kleenex
LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—
DEPENDABLY STRONG

Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box
that serves up just one double tissue at a time!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in technicolor at your favorite theatre

CORNS

SORE TOES, TENDER SPOTS FROM NEW OR TIGHT SHOES

Away
Goes
Pain

Instant Relief

Don't suffer! It's needless! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction and lift painful pressure on corns, sore toes. Prevent chafed heels, instep ridges, blisters and tender spots.
So soothing, cushioning—these thin, soft, protective pads put you right back on your feet. Used with the separate *Medications* included, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily remove corns. Are as easy to apply as a postage stamp. Stay on in bath. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toiletry Counters. Get a box today!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

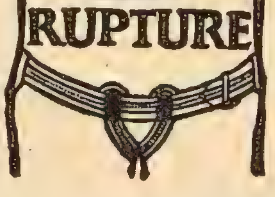
STOP Scratching
It May Cause Infection

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D. D. D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Calms itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

do you WORRY?

ABOUT RUPTURE



Why worry and suffer any longer if we can help you? Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and proof of results. All Correspondence Confidential.

Brooks Company, 210-C State St., Marshall, Mich.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE.** Write for it.

DERMOIL
PSORIASIS
EXTERNAL USE ONLY
SHAKE WELL

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. **Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 3424, Detroit 4, Mich.**

owed. The actual gray-green refund checks, ranging from one cent to $300,000, are issued not by the Processing Division but by twenty regional disbursing offices of the U. S. Treasury. Every refund of $1,000 or more must be approved by Washington.

The Processing Division's pet phobia is the taxpayer who becomes so excited over the prospect of a refund that he forgets to sign his name. Oddly, there are many like him. Other absent-minded ones omit their addresses or neglect to attach all the necessary forms.

Then there's the guy who gums up the works by submitting figures at variance with those of his employer. Joe Doaks, for example, states he received $2,758 from the XYZ Co. during 1944. However, the XYZ Co. reports that it paid Joe Doaks $2,760. Result: Doaks' return is referred back to the local collector's office, where it may lie for months until the two-dollar discrepancy is ironed out. Meanwhile Joe will be grumbling about not receiving his refund.

SOMETIMES it's necessary to query a taxpayer about his return. Asked how come his taxable income was so much less than the year before, one man reported: "Salary was cut 100 per cent." Another stated that his year-end business loss was "due to the recession receding."

When the collector wanted to know why a man in Omaha claimed a deduction for the support of his ex-wife, he got back the answer:

"Out of the goodness of my heart—averages twelve dollars a week."

Asked for an explanation of his claimed dependents, a Baltimore taxpayer wrote:

"Wife and daughter live with me, but can't explain it."

To prove a debt was really bad, a Cleveland girl reported:

"Money was loaned to a party who has since married, and since he is afraid to tell his wife, he can't repay it."

Even if there were no errors to contend with, sorting fifty million individual income-tax returns, checking them against three times as many withholding receipts,

---

PINT-SIZE BLUES

This is a tall girls' year.—Hollywood note.

A tall girls' year—that's all I hear!
With an insolent, stratospheric leer
Each Amazonian leggy brute
Taunts the poor gal who's more minute.
She steams like an overage destroyer
Regally through a night-club foyer,
Ogled with gawping awe by—Who?
Adoring lads who are five-foot-two.

I want to be fair and quite unbiased,
But I quote authorities of the highest:
Giraffe-like lovelies are, likely, ijits—
Meaty giants but mental midgets.
Why should a lady be thought attractive
Because her thyroid's been far too active
And Nature forgot to put a ceiling
On something that half of would be
appealing?
(And I'm glad
To add:
Most king-size guys
Like gals *my* size. . . .)

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

Acid Indigestion* CAN CAUSE Bad Breath!

Sweeten your Mouth and sweeten your Stomach—with quick-acting DOUBLE-PURPOSE

FOR EXCESS STOMACH ACID
JESTS

For Sour Stomach*

*Due to excess stomach acid.

10c A HANDY ROLL

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V MAIL a BELLO notification. Get it BY MAIL.

Avoid old blade cuts

TEACH HIM HOW TO SHAVE WITH MY UNUSUAL BELLO hollow grinding abrasive strop, sharpener. Gives 50plus, CONSTANT COMFORT, fast, clean shaves per double edge blade. HE-MAN'S GIFT, SERVICEMAN'S GODSEND. *Col. J. Joy, Texas, says: "3 blades 15 years in my Bello;*

SEND $4.95

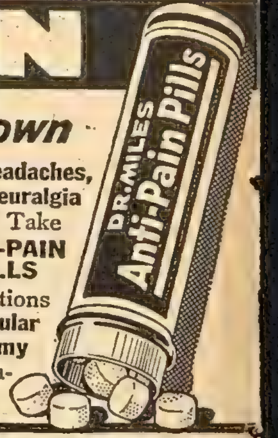
Or Write Bello, Ltd Gardner L3 Mass & Stores like Macy any Gimbel; Liggett May; Owl or Big Sears Jordans; Bamberger Ab'ham Straus; W&L Mandel; Famous Barr EKern; Higbee; AMA Fd'k Nelson; M Frank

PSORIASIS

PSORIASIS Sufferers: PIXACOL has brought relief when everything else failed. Use only as directed. Apply externally, dries quickly, convenient. Try regular $1 bottle without investing a cent! Write: PIXACOL CO., Dept. L-24, Box 3583, Cleveland, Ohio

FOR DRY SCALP ·JERIS· HAIR OIL

PAIN Pulls You Down



DO you sometimes have **Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia** or **Functional Monthly Pains?** Take **DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS** for quick relief. Read directions and use only as directed. **Regular package 25c. Large Economy package $1.00.** Miles Laboratories, Inc. Elkhart, Indiana.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Notice of change of address should be sent not less than four weeks prior to the date change becomes effective. Send the address at which copies are now being received and the new address at which you wish to receive copies.

LIBERTY

205 East 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. 242-R Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara Street, Buffalo 1, New York

ecords, certifying twenty million
nd issuing twenty million checks would e a Santa-sized job. So don't be disappointed if you don't find yours in the mail ext week. After all, the government pays sweet 6 per cent interest on whatever's oming to you—which in itself is in the ature of a Christmas present.

You can grease the machinery by makng certain that your name is spelled corectly, your Social Security number is iven, and your withholding receipts are ll attached. Doing this should bring your heck a little sooner.

When you do receive your refund, you ay feel like playing Santa Claus yourelf. The best way I know is to hand it ight back to Uncle Sam by investing it n war bonds.

THE END

* * *

Liberty
Book: ASSISTANT HERO
WHAT'S BEHIND THE
WELCOME BILL

WELCOME BACK TO THE JOB

BILL WEBSTER takes the last hurdle back into the civilian groove. On this week's cover he goes back to the old esk. The boss greets him with a big smile nd a handshake of welcome while the old ang crowds around.

Though Bill is about to pick up his career here he left off, he doesn't intend to stand till. Before the war he was a junior clerk, t he's learned a lot in the Army. A lad who an work up from grease monkey to flight ngineer on a Flying Fortress has a big future efore him, and Bill intends to get ahead ast.

Next month he's going to take advantage f the educational features of the G. I. Bill f Rights and start courses in blueprint reading, mathematics, and engineering. In the rmy he found the man who knows is the nan who wins promotion.

Besides, he's an engaged man now. He and Nancy want to get going on their postponed ives. They want to get married as soon as ossible; maybe even build a house.

* * *

MUST **YOU** PRACTICE

"The Art of Concealment"

BECAUSE OF—

PSORIASIS

Certainly it is tragic for charming women to be forced to dress for concealment because of unsightly psoriasis lesions. Is this your problem? Then try *SIROIL*. Perhaps *SIROIL* can help the situation for YOU as it has helped in thousands of other cases. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. L-55, Detroit 26, Mich.
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

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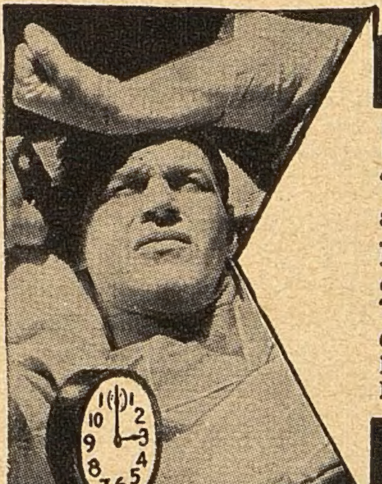
CITY__________ZONE____STATE________



WAKEFUL TONIGHT

Dragged Out Tomorrow

Yes, wakeful nights are unpleasant but the effects next day are still more unpleasant.

If Nervous Tension sometimes keeps you awake at night, or makes you irritable and fidgety in the daytime, try **Dr. Miles Nervine.** This time-tested sedative has been making good for sixty years.

Get a bottle of the liquid or a tube of the tablets at your drug store. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

DR. MILES **NERVINE**

JOB FOR AN EX-SOLDIER

A big and absorbing lifetime job is waiting for the ex-soldier who can qualify.

He *must* be a veteran of the present war, discharged for disability suffered in combat against the enemy. A missing arm or leg would be an asset rather than a handicap in this job.

He *must* have a good education and at least latent ability to write and to speak in public. Actual experience in journalism would be desirable.

He *must* like the Army and be anxious to devote the rest of his life to the welfare of his brothers-in-arms.

In addition to these *must* qualifications, the following would be preferable: Formerly an officer, not above the rank of captain, who saw service with the infantry in the European theater. The holder of one or more major decorations. About thirty years old. Forceful personality.

The job has great potentialities, and compensation will be ample. Location: New York City, with some traveling necessary.

Write fully to:

BOX 806
LIBERTY

205 East 42d Street
New York 17, N. Y.

MARCH 17, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

An OPA rationing board in session.

THE MUCH MALIGNED OPA

OF the various civilian agencies which administer our economy in wartime, the one most criticized by the public is the Office of Price Administration, commonly known as the OPA. This is understandable, for, of them all, OPA is the agency closest to the people. Nearly every citizen has contact with it in one way or another.

However, much of the public's grousing is based on misconception as to the purposes of OPA and its functions. The agency's job is to distribute available supplies fairly and to hold the line on prices. Thus it ranks as the best friend of the average family, not its enemy. Usually, in wartime, there is tremendous dislocation of the civilian economy, and the people suffer severe hardship. We have had a minimum of dislocation during this war and our hardships are scarcely discernible. Partly this is due to the sensational productive power of our country, but a good deal of the credit goes to the OPA. Occasionally it has guessed wrong as to the quantity of supplies available, but these instances are rare. By and large, rationing has been smooth and fair.

Despite constant pressure for inflation, OPA has succeeded in holding down prices to an extent not thought possible. Price rises during this war can't hold a candle to those that took place during World War I. We must conclude that OPA has done a masterful job in holding the line.

Criticism of the OPA on the part of the public reached a height recently when large quantities of outstanding blue ration points were invalidated. People felt this was unjust treatment and that OPA had done them dirt. The purpose of rationing, however, is to assure each individual and family the supplies it needs week by week. Anyone who finds it unnecessary to eat all the food available to him in any one week is entitled to a glow of patriotic fervor and nothing more. Large quantities of unused coupons can't be allowed to accumulate to be cashed in when perhaps supplies to meet them aren't available.

Some day the public will realize the OPA has been a good friend. When that day comes the agency will be accorded the credit and gratitude it deserves. Right now gratitude and credit can be postponed, but there is more need today than ever for the public to understand OPA and give it support and confidence. Pressures to break the price line are heavy. From all sides weight is being brought to bear to induce OPA to stretch the price line at this point here or that point there. As the war in Europe ends, these pressures will intensify. Only public support can enable OPA to withstand the maneuvering of pressure groups.

Inflation is still a very real danger. We have been enabled to fight this war with a minimum of civilian hardship and sacrifice largely because OPA has held the line and blocked inflation. It would do untold damage if inflationary tendencies were permitted to get the upper hand now.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

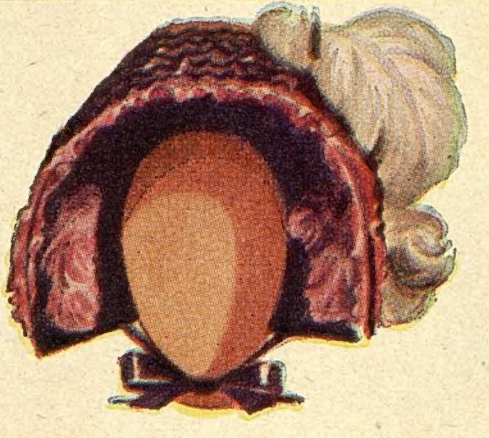
From the sweet sunbonnet of old to

Trick Hats of Today

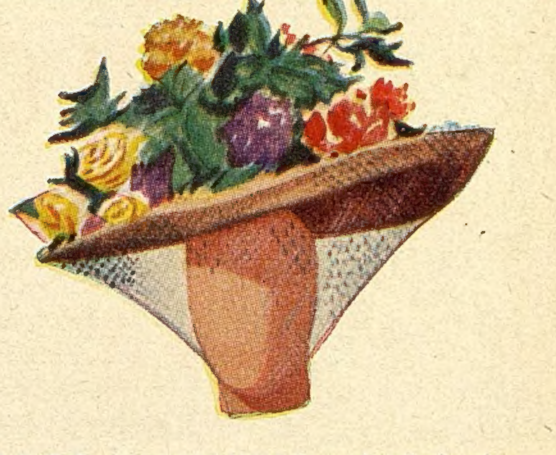
A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

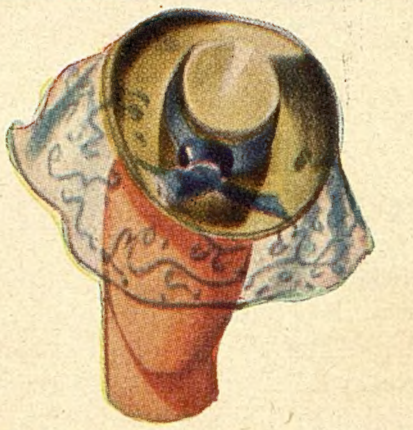
HAT—A NICOLE DE PARIS, INC. ORIGINAL



1858 **WHEN MEN** first began to see the name Corby's on fine whiskey, milady's bonnet was a very practical consideration; selected for beauty, yes, but also for protection from sun and weather while traveling afoot or in open carriages.



1908 **PERHAPS MEN** thought their wives got lots for their money in the days of ostrich plumes, stuffed birds and a handful of flowers to the hat. In any event, ladies' hats got larger and larger as Corby's rounded out its 50th year of whiskey fame.



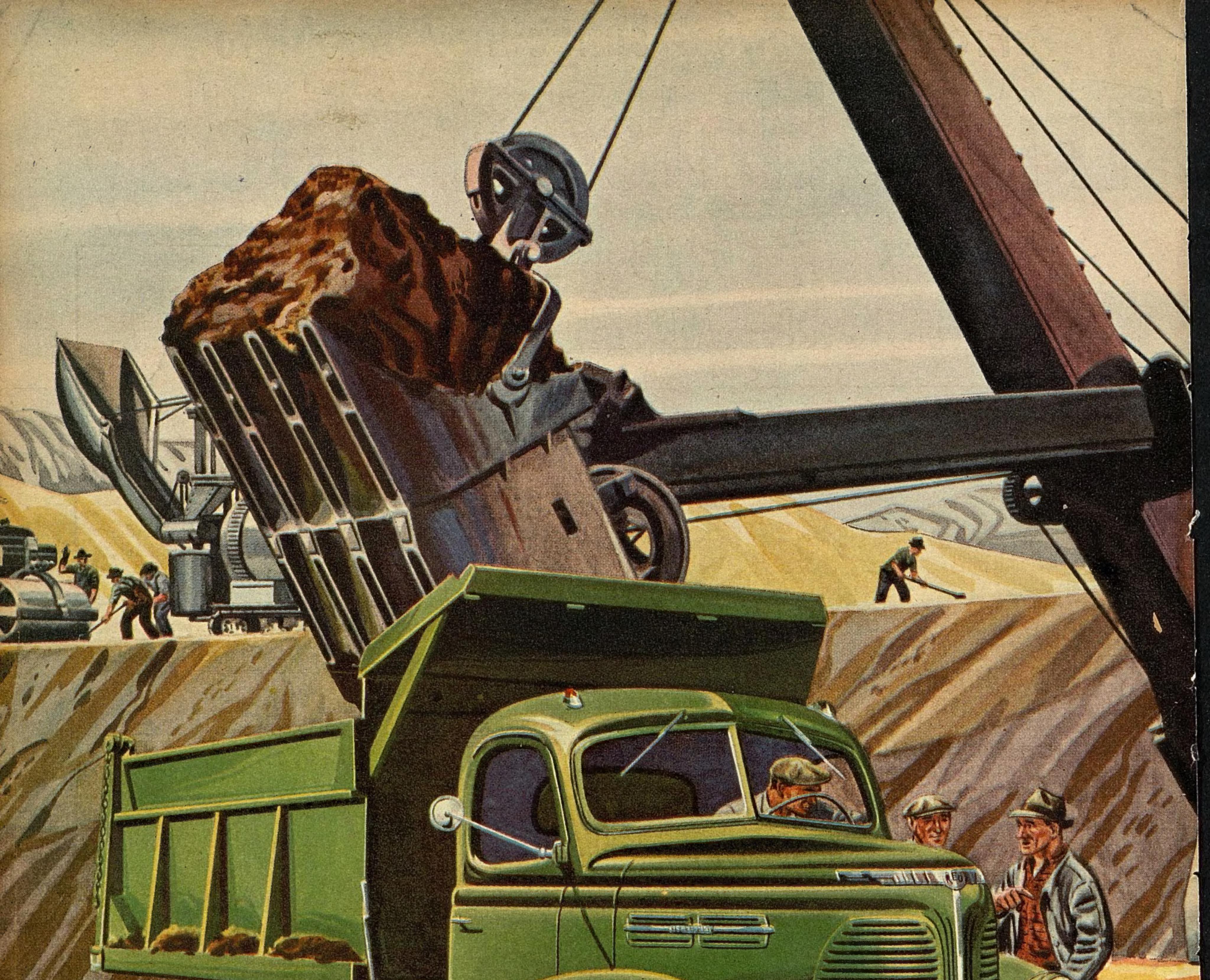
1945 **LIBERATED PARIS** suggests large hats made of fabrics intended for other garments. But American designers break with Paris to combine femininity with wartime materials and produce flattering styles in this, Corby's 87th year as a grand old Canadian name.

Back the attack—
BUY
WAR BONDS

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Ladies' hats show great ingenuity in styling under wartime restrictions. The same wartime conditions limit the supply of Corby's but you will soon have more frequent opportunities to meet this light, sociable blend. The name Corby's has been respected in Canada for generations; today this grand old Canadian name is your guide to a sure selection. Watch for Corby's at your bar or package store.

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits
Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited, Peoria, Ill.



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Helped build the roads for 40 years

Some 54,000 United States communities depend entirely on highway transportation for the necessities and luxuries of life. Since 1904, Reo has not only helped build the roads of America, but over them has hauled almost every kind of farm and factory product. Reo has the "strong back and broad shoulders" needed in road building. Because it has the ability to get there and back, quickly and economically. Reo is popular also as a highway carrier. Reo is still producing for war, but ask your Reo dealer about government releases for essential civilian service.

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